The New York Times
Book Review and Magazine
Section 3

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1923 THIRTY-TWO PAGES

(Copyright, 1923, by The New York Times Company.)

THE SWASHBUCKLING MUSSOLINI

Latest Heir of the Caesars Has Conquered Because His Countrymen Understand Arrogance

By ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

ROME.

AT the moment when dyspeptic Europe ceases to struggle with the digestion of more unbaked democracy than any continent was ever called upon to swallow before, when England recalls the Tories and France remobilizes the chauvinists, when Prime Ministers of a German republic begin to invoke the empire, when Turkey stands pat, when Albania clamors for a Scottish King, when all the new republics are dying of liberty and professional politicians resume everywhere a business of which amateurs are sick and tired, Mussolini the Autocrat mounts the tribune of the Caesars and creates one of those exciting diversions which sometimes change the course of history.

He shouts aloud all the dark and stabbing doubts of democracy that secretly assail those who have tried it. He plays up a hearty and unsanctified nationalism against the pale virtue of co-operation which the enlightened have been trying to cultivate as a super-national grace. He dares to call a Legislature in public what all men call it in private. He arrives at the hour of the sharpest decline in the stock of the liberals and uses language about popular government that relieves the pent feeling of its best friends. He finds Italy self-governed to a deadlock, in a literal paralysis of democracy, and sets the machinery going by turning out the tinkerers and running the whole works himself.

His presence at the head of an enlightened State is therefore in itself a challenge. Is he a symptom of the disease of politics that infects civilization, or is he a remedy? Is he autocrat, liberator or merely demagogue? How far is he going, and where? After eight months of practically unlimited authority what has his Government accomplished? Enough to prove one-man power to be less dangerous than the powerlessness of many men, to show that a general-manager form of control may be applied to a nation as well as to a town? Is he, in a word, as right as he is popular in proceeding on the assumption that people really desire government more than they desire a voice in government?

These are questions that are drawing to Rome reporters and observers from the ends of the earth. Political reviewers, journalists, politicians, bankers, business prospectors, reformers, flock here to make their varying deductions from what they see of Italy under the Facista régime. They gave it six months last October when the Black Shirt army made its sensational raid on Rome and seized the Government from a panicky Parliament and an eagerly acquiescent King. Now that it has stood that test they begin to suspect that there is something more in it than a scene in Italian grand opera, and inquirers arrive to satisfy what is apparently a universal curiosity in regard to its achievements and its intentions. They gather in the official and unofficial ante-rooms where one waits, sometimes vainly and always long, for different brands of ill-prepared information. They study the budget figures as presented in the recent statement of Minister of Finance de Stefani, perhaps the ablest member of Mussolini's rather too-personal Cabinet. They interview the President of the Council if they can catch him between his almost daily dashes to various points of the political battlefront. They talk to the officials who are primed for such inquiries, an industrial magnate or two, the handy head waiter, who speaks all languages. If their week's tour of inspection allows them to see anything they are not shown, or are not looking for, they take a glance around the country. Seldom by any chance have they the time of the words or the curiosity to talk to the people.

Yet in Italy even more than in most countries there is no use trying to study Fascismo and its chances of success without some understanding of the Italians. I had not been in the country a week before discovering that what Americans find most difficult to swallow in Mussolini and his movement is what the Italians gulp down with the greatest gusto. They love his swashbuckling and blaguer. They delight in his impudence to a Parliament which they all despise. They are enraptured when he reminds the recalcitrant that it is only by his forbearance that they exist; when he threatens his enemies with an army held in leash only by his good pleasure. Bouts of force feed their love of power and their disdain of weakness.

Like Barrie's "Tommy," with whom they have no sentiments and many tastes in common, they adore a masterful man. They have always flourished under a strong hand, whether Caesar's or Hildebrand's, Cavour's or Crispi's. That is because they are not a people like ourselves or the English or the Germans, loving order and regulation and government for their own sake, however weak their Ministers. Experience has taught them to distrust all government and instinct makes them resent the intrusions of authority. They have never been united except by force or by disaster, and they follow a leader as long as he leads, and no longer.

Mussolini is secure while he shows no fear. When his critics accuse him of unconstitutionality they only recommend him the more to a highly civilized but naturally lawless people. The youth, the bravura, the political intrepidity which the old politicians call inexperience, are the strength of the Facisti. Look at the great portraits that strut among the meek Madonnas and suffering saints of all Italian galleries—Caesars, condottieri, courtiers, Cardinals—and learn how these people understand arrogance.

Only last week a friend bitterly disillusioned with a Government that had promised the millennium and only increased his taxes came to me after a speech of Mussolini's in the Senate completely re-established in enthusiasm. "Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "He said that he made explanations but that he owed none. He declared that with sacrifice and solidarity in two years he would make over Italy. He snapped his fingers at all the barking canaille. He says he may be shot, but it does not matter if he is hit going forward instead of going back. At least a man can respect himself in following such a leader!"

Whatever Mussolini does not know, and there are said to be many things not dreamed of in his philosophy, he knows his own people. He knew when to turn on the drama, and I believe he will also know when to shut it off. No citizen of a strictly limited democracy like ours can imagine the relief of being ruled by a good, strong, forthright autocrat after the absolute, unbridled, impossibly logical form of self-government suffered in Italy. The people were already yearning for a dictatorship when Mussolini appointed himself a dictator. So far from a usurpation of authority against the popular will, his march on Rome was like an answer to prayer. The professional politicians had had their chance. They had all failed. Even the Fascisti could do nothing in the Chamber. They were a small group in a helplessly divided—(Continued on Page 15)

"The Italians love his swashbuckling and blaguer."

A Penny Plain and Two Pence Colored

Being a Reply to an English Critic

By PETER PHILLIP

ONCE more the British critics are after our literary scalp. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, critic of the sprightly, illustrated Sphere, thinks that our daily press contains no literary criticism. As a frequent visitor to our shores the best biographer of the Brontës keeps up his interest in us by reading all that we have to say about his world of books:

> I read American newspapers with avidity, perhaps with most enjoyment the literary supplements of The Boston Evening Transcript, THE NEW YORK TIMES and The Chicago Daily News. They may not be great in criticism, but they often give information about English books and authors, which is sent over, I suppose, and is not furnished to the English press. But occasionally they contain information which is far from accurate.

Mr. Shorter thinks that our literary criticism, such as it is, is written by young people with "no memory for the past." He then catechises Mr. Basil King for saying in The Transcript: "I think it is true that except in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Ben-Hur' the only American novel that has had any considerable sale in England is Sinclair Lewis's 'Babbitt.'" From his Victorian memory Mr. Shorter reminds us of the British popularity enjoyed by Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," of such vanished American thrillers of the British family circle as "Queechy," "The Wide, Wide World" and the "Lamplighter." Well, Master François Villon's ballade has adequately answered for human nostalgia.

Mr. Shorter might have reminded us, as all British critics like to remind us, that they discovered Stephen Crane and Frank Norris, just as today they are busy telling us that we produced a genius called Hermann Melville. We forget exactly what we were reading in the period of our antimacassar days: But we, too, have our strange loyalties. And among them was George Meredith, who at last came into his own through American readers. And it is not so long ago that Henry James, long a resident in their midst, was discovered outside the circles of the British cognoscenti. We leave the gage of battle flung across by Mr. Shorter to our Boston contemporary. There remains that veiled charge that our criticism is of the "puff" variety, based, perhaps, upon those advance notes sent over by British publishers for our private guidance. Well, it is true that but for this service we should have remained in ignorance of the Kailyard School or of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns. Perhaps the British railroads were really behind our pilgrimages to Lorna Doone's country and Thomas Hardy's Wessex.

A humorous disciple of Stevenson may yet give us a story about our young men and their "cream-puffs." Until then Mr. Shorter and his colleagues will remain puzzled by our vociferant type of pseudo-literary persiflage, exemplified in our so-called "colyumist," who embellishes our matutinal page with picturesque details as to the follies and vices of our demigods. There is also sometimes some good-natured "boosting" of each other's books and a sort of mutual admiration of the books of friends that resembles the chatter of the grackle these Summer mornings of the commuter's hurried reading. But our English cousins go us one better on this score. The personal predilection and tastes of their literary and dramatic stars in out and latter press still remind us of the Victorian days when the British photographer discovered the classic features of the Jersey Lily and her contempararies among the British nobility. Today we are as familiar with Mr. Kipling's Sussex as we are with that literary cul-de-sac in Adelphi where Messrs. Barrie, Shaw and Galsworthy once sought sanctuary, while their modern version of the Gaiety Girl seems to be in league with the British "realtor" and automobile salesmen.

It is the old human story of Penny Plain and Two Pence Colored. And rightly so, according to a fickle public. We are a nation of readers and passionate pilgrims. Our idols are of the market-place. But they threaten to spoil this national penchant now that they have taken to coming over to lecture in person. Gone is that distant enchantment: the gods are now demigods susceptible to mal-de-mer and frog-in-the-throat. If Mr. Shorter objects to our advance information of best-sellers and their creators, of the sundry uses one makes of his stymie, how another loves best of all to avoid that American letter containing royalty checks by slipping out of the scullery of his Jacobean cottage in a disreputable suit of Harris tweed armed with a rod and dry flies, then he has forgotten our great protagonist Sainte-Beuve. We are not likely to forget their leisured vanities when their latest volume comes to our desk. Grudging them these luxuries bestowed by an inchoate, undiscriminating American public, they cannot fail to receive their literary deserts.

If Mr. Shorter is denied all these choice morsels sent us by English publishers, how is he to divine where worship leaves off and criticism begins? Certainly not when we ask him and his colleagues seriously to admire the literary output of our Ouija board. At any rate, he more than makes up for the omission. Failing this service, he has developed a technique of his own. Seldom are our literary supplements guilty of the sort of gossip that passes through the literary machine of a British daily. We make no charges, except for bona-fide advertisements; the rest we leave for the "colyumist." Meanwhile, we quote from Mr. Shorter's own columns the drastic dicta of his London contemporary, The Morning Post, apropos of Shakespeare's birthday:

> The art of literary puffing had not then been carried to the perfection to which Mr. Claudius Clear (the late Sir Robertson Nicoll) and C. K. S. have now brought it, nor was it then counted a necessary part of culture to know where a poet bought his trunk hose and why he left his second best bed to his wife.

If, as Browning contends, it was thus that Shakespeare unlocked his heart "the less Shakespeare he," Mr. Shorter may retort that, since Shakespeare's copyrights have expired he is entitled to go to Sir Sydney Lee and Sir Israel Gollancz for his "inside dope."

"Slipping out of the scullery of his Jacobean cottage."

And yet we must admit that our English cousins puzzle us with their searchlight enthusiasm. Now it flickers upon our classic past, on Cooper, Hawthorne, Whitman or Poe; next on Melville or Norris or Hergesheimer. It is not uncommon for them to shame us by apposite quotations in their political hurly-burly from the "Biglow Papers," or from Leland's "Hans Breitmann," or John Hay's "Pike County Ballads." No, it must be written that, except for our humor, the British are comparatively more ignorant of our literature than we are of theirs. Our humor they have always admired. Mark Twain told them his jokes in person, and no ship's library is complete without his works. How many of our editorial writers quote the shrewd Yankeeism of Hosea Biglow? And yet British political writers still adorn their columns with his racy lines. Then there was the American Borrow—John Godfrey Leland and his "Hans Breitmann," that led the British workingman to believe that lager beer was an essentially American liquor. The late war has made those sentimental accents anathema, but there was a time when America and Victorian England had on their tongues' end for all and sundry occasions:

> Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
> Vhere is dot barty now?

Perhaps, today, only over the self-dissant imperial mantelpiece at Doorn would those lines find a fitting resting place.

Professor George Woodberry has noted that our national literature consistently avoids passion; that it gives the impression of having been produced in an atmosphere of leisure and placidity. The observation is certainly true of our early writers down to Poe. Perhaps this is why the English read them and overlook the subsequent or present-day school of sexual storm and economic stress, with its reverberations of our modern hectic existence and its bewildering but natural cosmopolitanism. It is more likely that our European readers fail to recognize it. It makes us feel a trifle uncomfortable and under-read to have Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe and Whitman quoted at us; to have the philosophic young Chinese, Japanese and Hindu behalor us with Emerson. We have no leisure to read them, except as prescribed textbooks in our youth. Leisure remains a transatlantic perquisite. It takes leisure to produce literature, even "best sellers," and our "best sellers" are usually British creations. And so the European readers searching for what is American are still obsessed with the picturesque and vanishing genus Yankee. Because they found him clamantly expressing himself in our humor they are still looking for him in the novel that will justify their preconceptions. But how we puzzle them! Successively it is the Hoosier school, or the Californians or the Spoon River or Winesburg, Ohio, and, more recently, "Main Street." With what entymological glee they must have pinned down the "typical" Babbitt!

The only real literary impact we have made upon British litefature is through the short story. Next to samples of our humor our short story has given them glimpses of the genus American, besides influencing, more than they care to admit, British technique. On the modern French school, before the war, Poe's influence was considerable. But did not Bret Harte, master of Kipling, bask in British appreciation? Mutatis mutandis, so many of Bret Harte's Californian sketches might have been written along the foothills of the Himalayas, while his popular verses "Dickens in Camp" and the various rhymes of Calaveras evoke the nostalgia of so many of the Anglo-Indian Departmental Ditties. When Mr. Kipling wrote his well-known poem on the American he used the stark psychology of a Bret Harte character. Then, too, did not the British discover our elusive genius, Ambrose Bierce? There may come day arise a British historian who, tracing the influence of this early Californian school and its romantic theme of adventurous exploitation upon Kipling, will perhaps ascribe the first stirrings of British imperialism to these records of our last and vanished American hinterland on the Pacific.

But going back with Mr. Shorter to our antimacassar days, let us remind him of that past when, for political as well as literary reasons, the classic British short story, now buried in the files of "Blackwood's," was "The Battle of Dorking." Next arose Mr. Wells, irked by its disingenuousness, with his pseudo-scientific improvements on its technique. Since then the war has had its revenges and brought us back to the vibrant humanity of an O. Henry. But we did not let the British rest with this authentic American type. Next came the cosmopolitanism of Potash and Perlmutter and Miss Ferber's stories to puzzle them, just as the Victorian satisfaction with Hosea Biglow was shattered by Hans Breitmann. Verily, the European quest for the typical American novel or short story is arduous and futile. Small wonder that in exhaustion they fell upon "Babbitt" with a cry of recognition. At last they will begin to take seriously the stories retailed in the dull Winter season by their hotel and inn keepers. One thing is certain: We keep our pennies at home and spend our two pence abroad.

We wonder how much they know of what we may be permitted to call our modern literature—the fiction since Hawthorne? From the national limbo many valiant names arise, among which we must include the cosmopolitan Marion Crawford, the Victorian idol of the young British ladies who subscribed to Mudie's Library. But for the present and future let us place the blame upon American publishers. They might take a page from Barnum and go abroad with their literary Tom Thumbs. Those advance notices that have been denied Mr. Shorter and his brother literary critics, which galvanized our interest in Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, and now remind us of their Bennetts and Lockes, the shy Mr. Hutchison and Miss Dell, should evoke reciprocal service from us about Messrs. Dreiser, Anderson and Lewis. These may not be our idols by the time the three-mile limit is extended, but at least they will acquaint the European with our latest since Cooper and Hawthorne. Meanwhile, let our younger critics chant with Mr. Shorter and the English-Speaking Union, for the sake of the past:

> Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
> Vhere is dot barty now?

Venezuelan Politics in Fiction

LA MASCARA HEROICA. By E. Blanco-Fombona. 298 pp. Madrid: Mundo Latino.

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is one of the most interesting of the many effervescent personages of the politico-literary world of Latin America. A Venezuelan by birth he had chosen to exile himself in Spain, because of his violent opposition to the present Government of Venezuela that overthrew the Castro régime fourteen years ago. His hatred of these forces he bases on their variance with the unifying ideals of Simon Bolivar, the great liberator, and the object of Blanco-Fombona's sincerest devotion. He has undertaken the edition of the Liberator's letters—a dignified piece of work in three volumes—and has devoted two others to a laudatory estimate of Bolivar and his mission. Blanco-Fombona is perhaps best known to the American public through the English translation of his "Hombre de Oro" ("The Man of Gold").

His most recent publication, "La Mascara Heroica," bears as its subtitle, "Scenes in a Barbarocracy." He explains his work in a prefaced letter of dedication to Jacinto López, editor in chief of the Reforma Social.

> My editors have chosen to style the book a novel [he writes]; it were better named "Intimate Scenes in a Decayed State," or, best of all, "The Fruits of a Society in Decomposition." For, in truth, it is not alone the State that has rotted like Shakespeare's Denmark, but the entire nation has become infected with the deadly gangrene.

"La Mascara Heroica" is a series of scenes—an exposition. And the subject of the pieces exhibited is all the same: the Government of Juan Vicente Gómez, which the author ingeniously styles a barbarocracy. The scenes purport to be, not lifelike, but actually photographically accurate. Imagination, exaggeration and ruses of fiction are said to have no part in the work.

The content of the book may be briefly recounted: Gómez, an illiterate gaucho and plainsman, designated throughout as "The Monster," was a creature of President Castro. Through his obsequious servility he succeeded in winning the President's confidence, and in securing a post of trust in the Administration. During Castro's illness, in 1909, when it was necessary for him to seek medical aid in Germany, Gomes organized a revolution, overthrew the Government of which his benefactor was the head and constituted himself dictator in chief, with absolute authority, which he maintained by means of a régime of brutality. Thus the reign of terror of the barbarocracy was established. So much serves as exposition. The scenes of the book itself are composed, in the main, of oft-repeated polemics—each one adding a bit more vigor to the vituperation of the one preceding—against "the Monster" and his henchmen; his cowardice, his cruelty, his fear of armed opposition, his methods of maintaining order and the like. Actual plot development or graduated succession of events there is none.

It seems almost traditional for North Americans to find some element of humor to be lurking in even the gravest of South American revolutions, "La Mascara Heroica," for all its fervor, does not tend to mitigate this impression. A good third of the book, for example is devoted to the rather stormy narration of the methods of "el amigo Marquéz" in gaining Gomez's favor. After having issued a tome of flattering biography Marquéz "discovered" a non-existent plot against the dictator's life, apprised him of it, with the utmost secrecy, and succeeded, after much loyal effort in stamping it out and winning himself a promotion.

Señor Blanco-Fombona has excellent material, evidently well at hand, but his method of presenting it is a bit too vociferous. He feels his hatred so intensely that he has not been able to free himself from the grip of factionalism. And revolutions are best studied from the angle of the third person.

Americana for Americans

Collector's Story of the Clements Library, Just Opened to Students of Our History

A Review by
LAWRENCE C. WROTH

THE WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS LIBRARY OF AMERICANA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN. [By William L. Clements.] Ann Arbor: Published by the University.

BY the formal dedication of the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor, a private collection of Americana of international reputation has passed into the ownership and control of the University of Michigan. As a result of this gift, the State and university become possessed of facilities of unusual importance for the study of the history of the three Americas during the periods of discovery, of colonization and of national beginnings, and because of the existence of this library within its limits, the Middle West, already strong in this department of knowledge, assumes a notable position among those sections of the country provided with specialized libraries for the study of American history.

The formation of the Clements Library and its establishment as a semi-public institution calls attention once more to the oldest and most reputable of the hobbies wherewith men have sweetened their leisure. The book collector who bears on his conscience the imagined necessity of justifying the pursuit of an expensive hobby finds in the assembling of the Clements collection and in its devotion to public uses an effective reply to the petulance of an unsympathetic wife or to the remonstrances of common sense friends, for any pursuit which has among its potentialities the formation of a great and permanent library with the consequent widening of horizons and enrichment of life needs for its defense only some such reminder as this, that out of the collectors' folly may come the people's good. This defense is valid even though, unhappily, few collectors are so fortunate as to be able to make a noteworthy collection of books, and fewer still are able to provide suitably for the maintenance of such a collection for the benefit of other generations. Death finds most bibliophiles still wondering what to do with the books which they have gathered with commingled pain and pleasure, and too often a reputable collection, or even a conspicuously fine one is brought together only in the end to provide a show for other bookmen at Sotheby's or at Anderson's. When the man with vision and with means comes along, however, he provides against this eventuality. A good number of the celebrated libraries of the world have grown out of private collections, and in this country the John Carter Brown, the Lenox and the Huntington libraries, to name only the best known, and now the Clements library, to name the latest, furnish in their actual and potential usefulness whatever excuse may be required for the unreasonable and, it seems sometimes, the incommunicable enthusiasm of the bibliomaniac.

Few conceptions have so changed in character in the last generation as that which ordinarily takes form in the mind when the term "book collector" is made use of. No longer does one hearing these words think of a somewhat seedy Charles Lamb sort of person, picking over the ten-cent boxes of the second-hand booksellers, hoping and never ceasing to hope, that some day Providence will treat him kindly as it is fabled once to have treated a certain Wilson, alias "Snuffy Davy," who found in a stall and purchased for 2 pence a perfect copy of Caxton's "Game and Play of the Chess." This picturesque type of an earlier century has almost disappeared, and with him have gone the miraculous bargains which he now and then met with; in these base days neither Caxtons, nor yet, alas! plain Revolutionary pamphlets, are to be found in the stalls. Even those booksellers who are not quite certain what it is all about, yet have a feeling for values, and although there are still fine things to be had in the shops, it is not often that the ten-cent box holds anything except ten-cent books. Not the least terrible of the tragedies of Paris are those daily disappointments of the bookmen who search the stalls of the quais for the *très recherché* items of Brunet and of Graesse, which, like their English fellows, have been gathered into the shops and the libraries.

Modern book collecting is a matter increasingly of specialties. One cannot think of those gentlemen who gather at the auctions as buying indiscriminately in this or that subject as the fancy takes them. It was another age of collecting which furnished the prototype of Eugene Field's "Bibliomaniac," that naïve soul who prayed to God that if he must that day be tempted to buy a book then

> Oh, let it such a volume be
> As in rare copperplates abounds,
> Large paper, clean and fair to see,
> Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

Such casual ingathering by whimsical old gentlemen is not the pursuit which book collecting has become in the last generation in America. The modern collector of note is likely to be a captain of industry, a man who brings to his hobby the same intensity of purpose and the same intelligent determination as that which has brought him success in the world of business. Usually he has come to play the game as a relaxation from care; in many cases he has stayed to regard it as the serious business of life.

It is this change in the personnel and in the motives of the players of the game which has made possible the accumulation in the past generation in America of some of the greatest libraries ever brought together by individuals. The notable English and Continental private libraries usually have been formed by the slow accumulations of generations of book buyers in one family, and rendered distinguished perhaps by the additions of one or two ardent and discriminating collectors among them. The famous collections in this country, on the contrary, have represented the accumulations of single lifetimes. Among these the Clements collection is notable from the fact that it began only in 1903 with the purchase of 1,000 volumes from a library of merely local repute. In the preface of his book Mr. Clements tells how this astonishing growth was made possible, and in the relation he has recorded facts of permanent interest in the history of book collecting. At no other period has the wealthy collector of books had the opportunity for the formation of a library which began with the dispersal of the Robert Hoe collection in New York in 1911. Following this sale, which put book auctioneering into "big business," came the sale from 1911 to 1914 of the nine parts of the Henry Huth collection. About this time also Mr. Henry E. Huntington began the disposal at auction of the duplicates which came to him as the result of his purchase en bloc of a number of famous English libraries. The sale of the Rowfant, Devonshire, Christie-Miller and Bridgewater libraries brought into the market superb collections of English literature and no small amount of exceptionally important Americana. During those years there occurred battles of the giants in the New York auction rooms, when by day great dealers and great collectors contested the field and by night winners and losers sat at supper in a famous hotel and discussed amicably the offerings and the purchases of the day. What the future may bring in the way of book sales cannot even be guessed, but it is certain that for many years the period 1910 to 1920 will remain in memory as the heroic age of American book collecting.

This feverish activity in the public sales served merely to put a sharper edge to the appetites of the buyers and sellers of books. Great libraries are not formed solely in the auction rooms, for after all there is little possibility of selection in this method of purchase. When a collector wishes to fill out certain sets or to complete his material for a certain period, he does not sit by in the hope that the desired books will come up at auction. Here is where his friendship with alert and intelligent booksellers and with friendly fellow-collectors is of critical importance, and it is through the booksellers in the long run that his collection is rounded out and made a library instead of an aggregation of books. The collector must be a dilligent reader of booksellers' shelves and of booksellers' catalogues; he must follow the book markets of England and of the Continent as well as those of America; he must use the telephone and the telegraph; he must follow the game in all its twists and turns "as the pony follows the ball." He soon learns what his bookseller already knew, that the market is not yet exhausted and that prizes, even great prizes, are still to be had, although they take more searching and more money than they did in the days when Obadiah Rich was filling boxes with Spanish Americana and selling them to John Carter Brown and to James Lenox.

Doubtless there has been too much written here and in other places about the rich collector and his ways, for that lean figure poking near-sightedly through the ten-cent boxes was, and still is, in a sense, the most important of all collectors of books, for, though he fails usually to bring together a great collection, yet his sympathies are so broad and his sense of historical and of bibliographical values so keenly developed that it is he as often as not who rescues from oblivion much that would otherwise go to the dust-heap. The great desiderata have passed through his hands and have been treasured by him when they were little sought by his wealthier contemporaries. How many rare American tracts, what noble volumes of De Bry or Hulsius, what bibliographical riches have been saved from oblivion by his care, is known only to the angel that keeps the balance sheet of book collecting. In the long run, the transactions of this quiet fellow show up large and important in that celestial statement.

Portrait of Las Casas and His Autograph.

From Justin Windsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America."

The book which Mr. Clements has written to signalize the donation of his library to the University of Michigan is an American history as seen through the writings upon which our knowledge of the early period of the continent is founded. The plan was put into effect more than a generation ago, in a much more elaborate and more technically scientific manner, in Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America." Mr. Clements has popularized the method with pleasing results. Neither history nor bibliography, strictly speaking, the book is yet a contribution to both studies, and almost the only statement in it to which one would take exception is in that sentence in the preface in which the author modestly makes known his fear that because of its form "the book may not interest bibliographers." There are few bookmen, however, who stand on so high a pinnacle of knowledge as to fail either to be interested or instructed by this narrative, in which the history of America is interwoven with and illustrated by citations of the books which contain its sources.

Many readers of Mr. Clements's book will thank its author for bringing back to their minds the memory of the sheer, stark romance of American history. Most of us hardly remember from our schooldays the wonderful works of that old time which historians know as the Period of Discovery, that era of bold ventures which were the physical manifestation of the Renaissance, the epoch in western history when men were charting Northwest Passages through the seas of science and of letters, as well as literally seeking them through unknown oceans and around the shores of silent continents. Prince Henry the Navigator, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan and Drake—these are apt to remain with us as names, as statuesque figures in the niches of our consciousness. Now and then, however, some writer shows them to us at their work, upstanding, forthright men, infused with the spirit of their adventurous age, obsessed with ideas and out of ideas, by the very "vehemency of their spirits" bringing forth new worlds.

It is clear that this spirit of romance, present in a measure in all book collecting, has run like a silver cord through the making of the Clements Library. The books which Mr. Clements has chosen for particular mention in his story, from Pierre d'Ailly's *Imago Mundi*, a book known to have influenced the purpose of Columbus, down to the least important tracts of the American Revolution, compose this shining thread of romance, of bold venturing, of great purpose and of hardship met and despised. This does not mean that the workaday material has been neglected, for here in the desired editions are Aristotle, Strabo, Ptolemy, Solinus and Pomponius Mela, the ancient geographers, whose ideas became the stuff of museums when Peter Apian began to issue the books and maps in which was gathered the exciting new knowledge brought back to Europe by the discoverers. Of other foundation books, such as the Columbus Letter printed at Rome in 1493 by Stephen Plannck, the Decades of Peter Martyr, "the first historian of America," the Maximilianus "De Moluccis Insulis," with its first printed account of Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe,

(Continued on Page 21)

Unacademic Memoirs of a College Don

"The O. B." of Cambridge Gossips of His Great Days

A Review
By P. W. WILSON

REMINISCENCES OF LATER YEARS. By Oscar Browning. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AMONG Americans there is at the moment an insatiable zest for European gossip. Any volume that retails the tittle-tattle of the Old World is devoured with an avidity reserved as a rule for fiction, under which circumstances there is no reason why the latest and, one assumes, the final "memories" of Oscar Browning should fail in the libraries. What "the distinguished Englishman and man of the world" here offers is, of course, an encore. He has written on a previous occasion his earlier adventures. But at the age of 86 this game old Victorian, sitting there in his celibate apartment amid the ruins of the Rome he has always loved so well, still finds ginger hot in the mouth. As once I remember him sipping ripe benedictine in his rooms at King's College, Cambridge, so now he mulls over recollections of Lloyd George, Curzon, Campbell-Bannerman, the Duchess of Teck, and last but not least, himself. Of the illustrious he talks with a truly terrifying familiarity. "I paid three visits," writes he with admirable imperturbability, "to Pius X., one to Benedict XV., and Pius XI. has written me a letter." And yet this daring diarist survives!

On Popes, then, as on Prime Ministers and Emperors, "the O. B.," as we used to call him at Cambridge, is still the doyen of connoisseurs. He has sampled eminence as the expert tastes teas. He tells us, for instance, that, among the Pontiffs he has known, "Pius X. was most attractive, although a peasant by birth, * * * he was dignified and sympathetic and looked like a saint, as indeed he was." On the other hand:

> Benedict XV. was hump-backed, with no charm of countenance. He had an untunable voice and no dignity of manner. He was dressed with special care and his gold ornaments were very fine, but this was all, in my judgment. Since his death he has gained credit for having pursued a successful policy in troubled and difficult times, but I do not think that he will ever have the reputation of having been a great Pope.

Thus does one learn the difference between a Pope who grants you three audiences and a Pope who polishes you off in one!

As Boswell perpetuated Johnson, so do men like Browning inflate the reputations of others. It is always wise to invite to your table any one who may be trusted to boast about it afterward. Browning was thus the constant guest or host of those who desired a subtle publicity. As Viceroy of India, Curzon suddenly remembered his old friend and, I think, teacher at Eton, and asked him to Government House.

> "Well, Mary dear," said the quasi-royal husband of Miss Leiter of Chicago, "whatever I am in life I owe it all to Mr. Oscar Browning."

And Mr. Oscar Browning adds with ecstasy:

> I sat on a sofa and had a confidential talk over old times, in which for the last time I called him "George," all the decencies being completely preserved after this. He told me that he had greater power than any European sovereign. * * *

So did Browning bask in the sunshine of that super-imperial smile, going to bed "with much joy" because he was allotted "a vestibule, a sitting room, a bedroom and a bathroom," with a light burning all night as a warning against cobras.

At receptions "no one moved till the Viceroy gave the signal," and when a Russian Prince apologized to Browning for staying so long, Curzon remarked sharply, "Why, the fellow did not suppose that he was going to get up before I did."

It is, indeed, always a question just how long one is supposed to stay on these awe-inspiring occasions. Had Browning been his own master, we should have found him still in one of those four rooms which he describes with such affection; but we read:

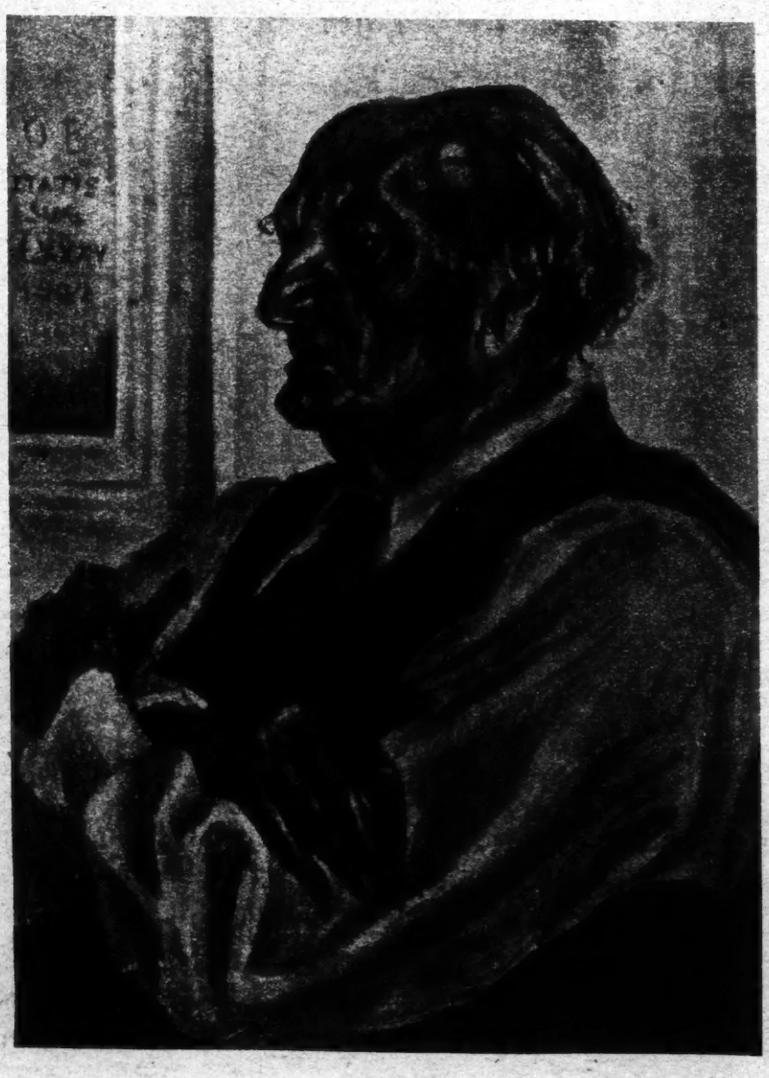
> When I had been at Calcutta some time, Curzon asked me whether I was not intending to see something of India. I said that I had come not to see India but to see him, and what was the smallest amount of India that I could see without losing my self-respect? He said that I must see Benares, Agra and Delhi. * * *

And so "the O. B." "had to exchange the splendid hospitality of Government House for hotels," which hotels in India "beggar description."

Oscar Browning was thus the Benvenuto Cellini of the University of Cambridge. As Cellini was an efficient silversmith, so was Browning an efficient teacher of history. There is no reason to doubt his statement that he rose every morning at 6 o'clock and studied forty-three languages and other subjects. But as evening drew on he was more interested in conversing with forty-three Kings, and there was one rapturous day when a greater George—to be accurate, Prince Alexander—than Curzon and a greater Mary than Miss Leiter asked to be shown the university. It happens that I was at this auspicious moment a freshman, and I am still stirred by the remote thrill inspired by the approach of prospective majesty. In these pages, however, we have the ceremony at close quarters; the breathless drive in a hansom cab to secure a special waiting room in what the Great Eastern Railway considers to be a good enough station for mere learning; the hurried call for red carpet; the happy circumstance that the college cook had been trained in Windsor Castle and "knew exactly what to do," providing even "'reh-rucken,' the prepared back of the roe deer, a very royal dish"; the proud sense that "I had no fear about the wine, as my cellar was one of the best in the university"; and finally the bliss of commanding the attendance of "the Master of Trinity and his accomplished wife (Miss Ramsay, who beat the merely masculine senior classic and called her children Greek names), who helped me very much in everything." Still, even on that red-carpet day, when Queen Mary that was to be climbed forty-six stone steps to the O. B.'s rooms, there were might have been! "We should have been photographed in the Court, but that also I had forgotten." The only comfort was that as we drove to Newnham, the Royalties and myself in one carriage and the Lord and Lady-in-Waiting in the other, the only possible arrangement, as I had to be showman. An organ struck up "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." The Duchess began to sing it. Prince Alexander did so also, and I am ashamed to say that I did likewise. I have never been able to determine whether it was a breach of etiquette or not.

The fact that Queen Mary once sang "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" is thus historically attested, and it is useless for modernists to challenge such a record. Among other things, the miracle explains the Prince of Wales on his mother's side—that Prince who, when the O. B. addressed him, remarked with such ironic grace, "Oh! I know all about you." It is the kind of utterance that courtiers treasure.

Like Cellini, Browning was thus supreme as an egotist. And with such men you never can tell how far their naïveté is assumed. The O. B. says with truth that at Cambridge he cultivated the undergraduate. Every one there who was any one enjoyed his exuberant amity, and as Treasurer of the Cambridge Union for twenty-one years he was frequently received with hilarious applause. But the applause had in it a touch of good-humored ridicule. He was an admirable and indispensable jest. For instance, on occasion he would sing, and while, as he confesses, he "had no voice," he "could make a good noise." The spectacle of a "don" or member of the Faculty who, as the saying went, was "as obese as he was O. B.," chanting "The Baby on the Shore" or "Funiculi Funicula," or diving globularly into the surprised waters of the Cam, did naturally evoke affectionate enthusiasm. But these amusements destroyed the O. B.'s real career. A man may disport himself as "boss" of a hotel at Majola, may there dress up as a Roman Emperor, variously identified as Augustus, Nero or Vitellius; may put his proud foot on the neck of Henry Fielding Dickens, who was arrayed as a savage, and may have "a delightful time dancing with a vestal virgin." But if he does these things he cannot expect to become Provost or even Vice Provost of his college, and he must not mind if Lord Acton is selected as Regius Professor of History.



Oscar Browning.

Oscar Browning writes with a beautiful art. On the whole, the Apologia of Newman itself is not a more perfect narrative than is this book, and the story of how at last the O. B. was "fired" is exquisitely told. The office of Provost of King's was vacant and Browning was Senior Fellow. Knowing that he himself had no chance he supported Montague James and, as Senior Fellow, he announced to James his appointment. But the blow, none the less, fell. "Shortly afterward," writes the O. B., "as he (the Provost) was walking with me out of morning chapel, he said: 'Are you not nearly 70 years of age?'" But why prolong the painful scene? "Of course, it was all entirely wrong." As Newman left Oxford when young, so did Browning leave Cambridge when old; and, in different senses, both went to Rome, never to return.

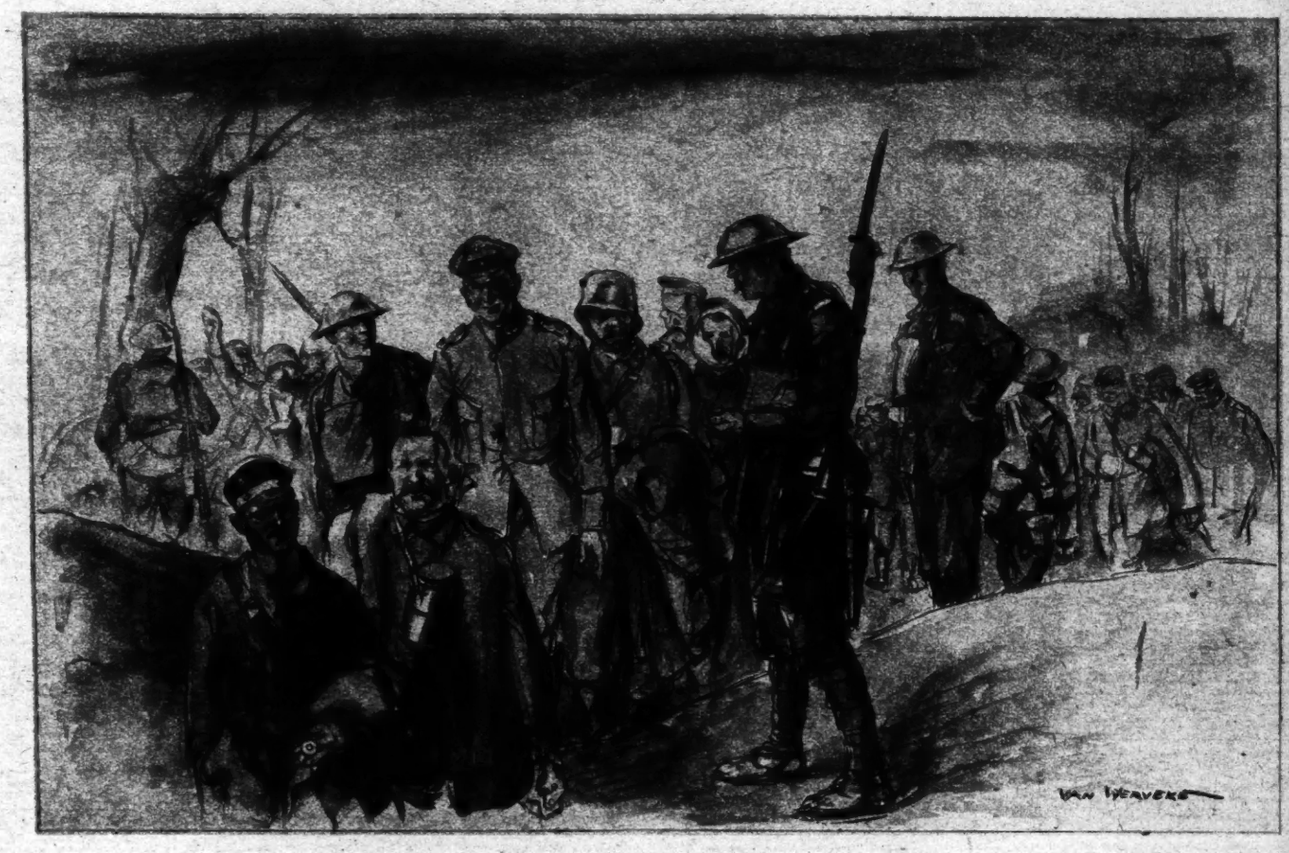
Most men, thus dismissed from all that had been their life, would have been killed by the crash. Browning almost succumbed. "Majesté, vous mangez trop," once said Princess Metternich to King Edward, and of Browning it was not less true, as he admits, that he ate too much. He collected vianda as he collected languages, and boasts of dining at Rome off snails, frogs, porcupine, hedgehog and wild boar—these at one meal. Hence the eczema and other troubles, culminating finally in pneumonia on the very day when the sufferer was invited to meet Sven Hedin. As he lay in bed the O. B. said to himself, "I wonder if I am going to die," but he turned on his side and "repeated earnestly several times our Christian Science maxim, 'God is love.'" "I went into a sound sleep," he continues, "had a violent fever sweat and woke up next morning with my nightshirt drenched. The poison was gone and I felt quite well." Whether he had been prescribed a dose of aspirin does not appear in the evidence, but the patient has been since that day a Christian Scientist in communion with the Church of England, and the Christian Science ritual, read each morning at 6 o'clock, is, he says, "the source of my happiness, prosperity and health." It is twenty-five years since I knew the O. B. No one then would have believed him set fair for his eighty-sixth year.

Extravagant, he admits that he knew not how much he owed in the various regions—Cambridge, Berhill, London—where he had establishments. Happily, he recalled the saying of Lord Rothschild that "no man could be happy unless he lived on half his income." Browning therefore decided on Italy. The City of Florence had offended him and he punished her by preferring Rome. He gave away his books or sold them for a song. The statues disappeared. The heir to the Maharajah of Tagore gave the O. B. a magnificent "sari," made in one of his private looms at Benares, which, if it caught fire, would pour out silver and gold. Unfortunately, this priceless treasure had been stolen by a servant. Nor had the books been always a commercial success. Still, there was money enough for a room in the Eternal City, for a piano and for mild patronage of young musicians who had discovered that Mozart is a greater composer than Beethoven. So dwells the O. B.

It is untrue that he was a fool. His mistake has been that he played the fool. And the world accepted him at his own valuation. In his serious moods no man displayed a shrewder sense. His statement that the break-up or—more mildly—the decentralization of the British Empire began with the Boer War is profoundly sagacious. So is his perception that the English language is to this day a foreign language to David Lloyd George, who thinks in Welsh. The O. B. was a good and might have been a great Liberal. And if he had an enemy, it was himself.

THE IRISH GUARDS—*By RUDYARD KIPLING*

IX.—Beginning of the End for Germany



"The capture had turned a very blank day into something of a success."

Drawn by George Van Werveke.

In the preceding instalments of his History of the Irish Guards Mr. Kipling has told the story of the war, as they shared it, from the very beginning of the German advance, through all the fierce fighting and deep digging in of the years from 1914 to the Spring of 1918. He has pictured the life of the trenches under the rain of shellfire and the courage and unquenchable good humor of the men and officers of the two Irish battalions in retreat, in face of the horror of gas, in the long task of waiting and holding on, and in those desperate adventures over the top in the dimness before the dawn. The chapter just past dealt with the Germans' last effective thrust in the Lys salient.

The tenth and last instalment, next Sunday, describes the days of the enemy's collapse and the armistice.

EVERY battle has its special characteristic. St. Léger [Aug. 28, 1918] was one of heat, sunshine, sweat; the flavor of at least two gases tasted through respirators or in the raw; the wail of machine-gun bullets sweeping the crests of sunken roads; the sudden vision of wounded in still-smoking shell holes or laid in the sides of a scarp; sharp whiffs of new-spilled blood, and here and there a face upon which the sun stared without making any change. So the hours wore on, under a sense of space, heat and light; death always just over the edge of that space and impudently busy in that light. • • •

The prisoners, ninety of them, were herded into a wood, where they cast their helmets on the ground, laughed and shook hands with each other, to the immense amusement of our people. The capture had turned a very blank day into something of a success, and the Irish were grateful to the "bag." This at least explains the politeness of the orderly who chaperoned rather than conducted the Hun officer to the rear, with many a "This way, sir. Mind out, now, sir, you don't slip down the bank." They put a platoon into the captured trench and lay down to a night of bursts of heavy shelling. But the enemy, whether because of direct pressure or because they had done their delaying work, asked for no more and drew back in the dark.

When morning of the 28th broke, "few signs of enemy movement were observed." Men say that there is no mistaking the "feel of the front" under this joyous aspect. The sense of constriction departs as swiftly as a headache, and with it, often, the taste that was in the mouth. One by one, as the lovely day went on, the patrols from the companies made their investigations and reports, till at last the whole line reformed and, in touch on either flank, felt forward under light shelling from withdrawing guns. An airplane dropped some bombs on the battalion as it drew near to the St. Léger trees, which wounded two men and two gunner officers, one of whom—not Fowler, the boy who arranged for the barrage—died in Father Browne's arms. On the road at that point, where the wounded and dying of the fight had been laid, only dried pools of blood and some stained cotton wads remained darkening in the sun. • • •

Lagnicourt was shelled a little by a high-velocity gun between Sept. 4 and Sept. 6, and seventeen bombs were dropped on the battalion, wounding two men.

By all reason there should have been a bitter fight on that ground, and full preparation for it was made. But the enemy, after St. Léger, saw fit to withdraw himself suddenly and unexpectedly out of all that area. For one bewildering dawn and day "the bottom fell out of the front," as far as the Guards Division was concerned. It is a curious story, even though it does not directly concern the battalion. Here is one detail of it:

On Sept. 2 the Second Brigade toiled in from Mouchy, in full war-kit, and, tired with the long day's heat, formed up west of Lagnicourt before dawn, detailed to win, if they could, a thousand yards or so of chewed-up ground. They "went over the top" under a creeping barrage, one gun of which persistently fired short, and—found nothing whatever in front of them save a prodigious number of dead horses, some few corpses and an intolerable buzzing of flies!

As they topped the ridge above Lagnicourt they saw against the first light of the sun dump after German dump blazing palely toward the east. That was all. They wandered, wondering, into a vast, grassy, habitationless plain that stretched away toward the Bapaume-Cambrai road. Not a machine gun broke the stupefying stillness from any fold of it. Yet it was the very place for such surprises. Airplanes swooped low, looked them well over and skimmed off. No distant guns opened. The advance became a foute march, a Sunday walk out, edged with tense suspicion. They saw a German cooker wrecked on the grass, and, beside it, the bodies of two clean, good-looking boys, pathetically laid out as for burial. The thing was a booby-trap arranged to move our people's pity. Some pitied and were blown to bits by the concealed mine. No one made any comment. They were tired with carrying their kit in the sun among the maddening flies. The thousand yards stretched into miles. Twice or thrice they halted and began to dig in for fear of attack. But nothing overtook them, and they installed themselves about dusk in some old British trenches outside Bourlon, four miles and more as the crow flies from Lagnicourt! At midnight up came their rations and the punctual home letters across that enchanted desert which had spared them. They were told that their brigade artillery was in place behind the next rise, ready to deliver barrages on demand, and in due course the whole of our line on that sector flowed forward. • • •

On Sept. 15 they relieved the First Scots Guards in the old trenches west of Lagnicourt. There they managed to put in a little box-respirator drill, which at the best is a dry fatigue, but, be it noted with gratitude, "beer was obtained for the men and sent up from transport lines." The whole area reeked of the various gases which the enemy were distributing with heavies. They hung in the hollows and were sucked up by the day's heat, and no time or place was safe from them. Gas discipline had to be insisted on strongly, for even veterans grow careless of a foe they cannot see; and the new hands are like croupy babies. • • •

Operations against the Hindenburg Line were to open on Sept. 27 [1918] with the attack of fourteen divisions of the First and Third Armies on a twelve-mile front from opposite Gouzeaucourt in the south to opposite Souchy-Lestrée, sister to Bauchy-Cauchy, under the marshes of the Sensée River in the north. It would be heralded by two days' solid bombardment along the entire fronts of the First, Third and Fourth Armies, so that the enemy might be left guessing which was to hit first. When the First and Third Armies were well home, the Fourth would attend to the German position in the south, and heave the whole thing backward.

The share of the Guards Division in the northern attack was to cross the Canal du Nord at Lock 7, north of Havrincourt, on a front of a mile; then work through the complicated tangle of the Hindenburg support line directly east along the ridge from Flesquières village to Premy Chapel, which stands at the junction of the roads from Noyelles, Marcoing and Graincourt, and to consolidate on the line of the Marcoing-Graincourt road. • • •

Enough rain fell the day before to grease the ground uncomfortably, and when at 3:30 A. M. the Irish Guards moved off from their reserve trenches west of Lagnicourt to their assembly positions along the Demicourt-Graincourt road to Bullen Trench, the jumping-off place, it was pouring wet. They were not shelled on the way up, but the usual night work was afoot in the back areas, and though our guns, as often the case on the eve of an outbreak, held their breath, the enemy's artillery threatened in the distance, and the lights and "flaming onions" marked their expectant front.

Just before the battalion reached the ruins of Demicourt there was an explosion behind them, and they saw, outlined against the flare of a blazing dump Lagincourt way, a fat and foolish observation balloon rocking and ducking at the end of its tether, with the air of a naughty baby caught in the act of doing something it shouldn't. Since the thing was visible over half a department, they called it names, but it made excuse for a little talk that broke the tension. Tea and rum were served out at the first halt—a ritual with its usual grim jests—and when they reached the road in front of Demicourt they perceived the balloon had done its dirty work too well. The enemy, like ourselves, changes his field lights on occasion, but, on all occasions, two red lights above and one below mean trouble. "Up go the bloody pawnbrokers!" said a man who knew what to expect, and, as soon as the ominous glares rose, the German trench mortars opened on the battalion entering our communication way that led to Bullen Trench. Our barrage came down at zero (5:20) more terrifically, men said, than ever they had experienced, and was answered by redoubled defensive barrages. After that speech was cut off. • • •

No. 2 Company (Captain C. W. W. Bence-Jones) supported No. 3, and No. 1 (Lieutenant the Hon. D. A. A. Ogilvy) No. 4. They stayed for a moment in the trench, a deep, wide one of the Hindenburg pattern, which the Scots Guards had left. It was no healthy spot, for the shells were localized here and the dirt flung up all along it in waves. Men scrambled out over the sliding, flying edges of it, saw a bank heave up in the half light, and knew that somewhere behind that, was the canal. By this time one of the two Stokes guns of the mortar battery and half the gunners had been wiped out, and the casualties in the line were heavy; but they had no time to count. Then earth opened beneath their feet and showed a wide, deep, dry, newly-made canal

(Continued on Page 23)

The Tournament of the Boy Scout Duke

A Fifteen-Year-Old Earl Marshal Presiding Over the Second Jousting in England Since Henry VIII.'s Time

By F. CUNLIFFE OWEN

ONLY once since the days of Henry VIII. of the many wives have the British Isles seen that knightly medieval spectacle, the tourney. The pageant of chivalry set for the end of this month at Arundel Castle, where the boy Duke of Norfolk will revive one of his long-disused privileges as hereditary Earl Marshal of England, is thus the second such event comprised within the period of the entire history of America. The other happened in 1839, when the Lord Eglinton of that day got up a tourney at his Castle of Eglinton, in Ayrshire. The Earl himself, the thirteenth of his line and a magnificent figure of a man, rode the lists in full harness, and among the others who, armed cap-à-pie, broke lances in sincere medieval fashion with other foreign Princes and British peers was Louis Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. The Queen of Love and Beauty was the lovely "Sheridan" Duchess of Somerset. This pretty show cost Lord Eglinton half a million dollars.

Now it happens that the hereditary President of the ancient Court of Chivalry of all England, to whom belongs by right of birth "the supreme direction and superintendence of all tournaments, jousts and trials by combat," is a fifteen-year-old lad, not very tall for his years and frequently seen about in a Boy Scout uniform, for all that he is the Premier Duke and Premier Earl of King George's realm.

Bernard Marmaduke FitzAlan-Howard his name is and his titles read: Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey and Norfolk; Baron FitzAlan, Clun, Oswaldestre and Maltravers, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England. He was born in May, 1908, and is commonly called "Barney."

It was his father, the fifteenth Duke, who by genealogical prescription presided over the ceremonies of the coronations of King Edward and King George, and his mother, Gwendolen Mary, the now widowed Duchess (consenting party, at least, to what is being planned at Arundel Castle), is not only Duchess by marriage but peeress in her own right as twelfth holder of the good Scottish Barony of Herries, the creation of which dates back to 1490—or two years before Columbus's celebrated discovery of a new world.

As for Arundel Castle, in the great tilting yard of which the revived medieval jousts are to be held under the curious eyes of this modern Boy Scout as President, that dates back more than a thousand years. For there King Alfred the Great and Good made his home, held his royal Court and dispensed justice; there King William Rufus, son of the Conqueror, is on record as having spent Easter A. D. 1074, and there the Empress Matilda or Maud, daughter of King Henry I. and widow of Henry V., Empress of Germany, made her headquarters while she strove with Stephen of Blois for the Crown of England, which was never really hers till her son by Goeffrey Plantagenet wore it as Henry II.

It may be proper to mention here—as bearing on the decline of tournaments—that Sir Henry Lee, and, after him, the Earl of Cumberland, acting as required by their ancient office of Champion of the Sovereign, rode in Elizabeth's time to ride periodically into the tilt yard of the Palace of Whitehall. With the Queen's glove worn proudly on his helmet, the champion challenged all comers to contest her rights to the Crown. But the challenge was never taken up. In France the tourney, which, here as elsewhere, was restricted to knights qualified by birth and blood to take part in such ceremonial encounters, and could be held only by permission of the sovereign, went out of fashion when the Count of Montgomerie accidentally poked his lance through the visor and into the eye of King Henry II. with fatal results. That was in July, 1559.

Down to the fifteenth century, however, the favor of the tourney was high with gallant nobles and fair ladies, and the Kings of Europe encouraged these entertainments as a means of rallying to the throne the chivalry of the nation, keeping up good feudal customs, encouraging the gentry in military accomplishments and perpetuating the traditions of King Arthur and his devoted Knights of the Round Table. Every King could fancy himself likewise nobly served and surrounded, and perhaps afterward sung. The great tilting yard at Arundel Castle has seen many a trial of knightly skill in the past, when jousting was a part of military training and social ceremonial routine, and many a brilliant assembly has watched from the battlements of the ancient seat the real thing which is now to be simulated for a modern gathering.

There is no more sensible, level-headed, unaffected and unostentatious woman than the widowed Duchess of Norfolk. And if she has given her approval to the holding of this medieval pageant it is because she has considered it wise to recall the feudal prerogatives of her only son, who, though he be called "Barney," is none the less the first peer of England. Tournaments are his rightful affair in his capacity as President of the Ancient Court of Chivalry, to which are referred all questions of honor, of heroism and all disputes about hereditary rights and statutory precedence.

The Duke is a wholesome, sturdy, nice-looking boy, if not particularly tall, and has been brought up by his mother with a keen sense of the vast extent of his responsibilities and obligations. He is too young to take actual part in the tilting. But he will figure for the first and probably the only time in his life as the President of the Tourney, and it will fall to him to receive with proper state the armored, visored and plumed knights and to welcome to his castle his guests, the flower of the old English titled and untitled aristocracy.

In the days of the Norman and Plantagenet monarchs the three principal dignitaries of the realm were the Lord High Constable, the Lord High Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal, and the Earl Marshal. The office of Lord High Constable was abolished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, since which time no one has been appointed to the post, save for one day only, in order to attend the coronation. King George upon his coronation selected Lord Kitchener. The Lord High Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal has become a mere Cabinet official, who always changes with the Administration.

Arundel Castle—The Tilt Yard and Keep From the North.

But the office of Earl Marshal still continues after many hundreds of years, hereditary in the illustrious house of Howard, of which Sir Bernard Burke asserts in is standard Peerage that "the Dukes of Norfolk stand next to the Blood Royal, at the very head of the peerage of England, and are descended from Hereward the Wake, to whose grandson King Henry II. granted lands at Wiggenhall, in Norfolkshire, designating him by the name of Howard."

The office of Earl Marshal dates from the reign of King Stephen in A. D. 1139. In right of that office the present Duke of Norfolk is entitled to sign the proclamation to the people of war and of peace, as well as those announcing the death of the sovereign and of the succession of a royal heir. In conjunction with his staff of King-at-Arms, heralds and pursuivants, who have their headquarters at the Royal College of Arms, he is besides entrusted with the direction and conduct of all great State functions and of big official ceremonies that partake more of a national than of a Court character, and is responsible for granting and supervising and controlling all armorial bearings.

Until now the widowed Duchess has kept her boy rather in the background, so as to prevent his being spoiled. His appearance is perhaps less familiar to his countrymen than any other peer of his rank. In fact, the tourney at Arundel Castle will be really the fourth time that he has attracted public attention. The first time was when as a boy of 10 he was received by King George in official audience at Buckingham Palace to return to the monarch the insignia of the Order of the Garter worn by his dead father. The insignia of the Orders of the Garter, of the Thistle and of St. Patrick have all to be returned to the sovereign on the demise of the knights, and cannot be retained by the family or heirs. The King selects the member of the dead knight's family to undertake this duty of restoration.

Generally, if he is grown to man's estate, the eldest son and successor in the hereditary honors is chosen. In rare cases, where he has incurred royal displeasure in one way or another, or has been guilty of misconduct, he is passed over, and this in itself is regarded in the light of a stigma. But where the heir is a minor one of the adult members of the family is usually invited to undertake the task and the selection of the young Duke of Norfolk to hand back his father's order to the King constituted the first instance of a mere child of 10 fulfilling the duty. George V. in making this choice manifestly wished to mark his warm regard for the late Duke—an admirable character in every way—his sympathy for the widowed Duchess, and his particular interest in and good-will for the young Duke.

The next occasion of which Duke "Barney" was brought into prominence was when a couple of years ago he was called upon to unveil Sir Bertram MacKennal's lifelike bronze effigy of his father lying in his Earl Marshal's robes and resting recumbent on the late Duke's tomb in the Fitz-Alan Chapel at Arundel, where for 540 years the long line of the Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk have been laid to rest, their statues well-nigh filling the ancient fane. It was a very solemn ceremony, carried out in the presence of all that was most notable in the old Roman Catholic Patriciate of Great Britain. Among the quiet-faced nuns of the Convent of St. Wilfred's, at the castle wall, who attended was the dead Duke's sister, the Lady Etheldreda, now in her seventy-fifth year and for more than half a century a member of her religious order.

The last occasion on which the youngster came in for public attention was in connection with an extraordinary newspaper story for which an American journal was responsible. It was a story of the most circumstantial character to the effect that the Duke in his capacity as premier peer of Great Britain, and as the acknowledged leader of the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, had visited Rome and had demanded and obtained an audience of the Pope for the purpose of presenting his vigorous objections, on political grounds and on account of his Irish origin, to the elevation of Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes to the Sacred College and to his investiture with the red hat. This story, widely reprinted in England and on the Continent of Europe, created a considerable amount of entertainment in the Old World, where it formed the theme of several cartoons, in one of which the Duke arrayed in his Boy Scout uniform is shown in the antechamber of the Holy Father at the Vatican handing his pogo-stick to a Swiss Guard before entering the presence of the Supreme Pontiff.

It is said that nowhere did this preposterous tale create more amusement than at the Court of the Vatican, where, despite the ecclesiastical atmosphere, the sense of human humor is not necessarily dulled.

The young Duke of Norfolk may be grateful to his stars that he has been born in the twentieth century instead of in medieval times. John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, was killed fighting by the side of King Richard III. in the battle of Bosworth Field. His great-grandson, known as the Earl of Surrey, was found guilty of high treason, together with his father, the third Duke, in 1547, and, although the life of the Duke was spared, the Earl of Surrey was beheaded. Thus he shared the same fate as his two first cousins, the Queen Catharine Howard and the Queen Anne Boleyn—a Howard through his mother—both among the unlucky consorts of the much-married King Henry VIII.

The fourth Duke of Norfolk, son of the Earl of Surrey, was found guilty of high treason on account of his infatuation for Mary, Queen of Scots, and the warrant for his death at the block on Tower Hill bears to this day the sign manual of Queen Elizabeth. Philip Howard, his son, the Earl of Arundel, met with a mysterious death while a prisoner in the Tower of London, in 1595, and in 1680 William Howard, Viscount Stafford, a cadet of the family, was beheaded on conviction of complicity with what was then known as the Popish plot.

Most of the members of the House of Howard are represented by lifelike paintings on the walls of Arundel

(Continued on Page 25)

The Duchess of Norfolk, Mother of the Boy Duke, as a Puritan

Flammarion's Dream of Other Worlds

Depressing Musings of an Old Astronomer

A Review by
HORACE GREEN

DREAMS OF AN ASTRONOMER. By Camille Flammarion. Translated from the French by S. B. Fournier D'Albe. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ALTHOUGH, as the title indicates, this volume is ostensibly an imaginary conception of life in other planets, the noted French astronomer makes startling assertions of fact. As frequently the case with Flammarion, the most interesting lights are hidden under a bushel, in this case toward the end of the book.

One of the findings of "Dreams of an Astronomer" is that Mars is inhabited; that its citizens are so far superior to us that we can no more understand their intellectual processes than a flea can understand ours; that the inhabitants of Mars are today, perhaps have been for several centuries, trying to communicate with our astronomers. The assertion is worked out in this manner. Von Littrow, an astronomer of Milan, has with infinite care constructed a detailed map of Mars. The telescope shows great stretches of luminous patches (they cannot be snow, since they extend to the Equator), laid out in triangles, squares and rectangles. Several of these patches form meridian parallels of latitude, and on seeing them one involuntarily thinks of geodetic signals.

Mars, the author points out, is several million years older than the earth and correspondingly further advanced along its path of destiny. It is possible, with their superior reasoning—the author is ironic on the subject of man's inability to conceive greater brains than his own—the Martians have been endeavoring for thousands of years to tease a smile of recognition from our baby world. Flammarion qualifies this statement by saying that they aren't necessarily trying to communicate, but that if they were doing so they could choose no better method.

The subject of astronomy, as Mark Twain used to point out, is both beautiful and depressing; and Flammarion in the present work being in super-astronomical mood, is both extremely beautiful and extremely depressing.

The average citizen, no matter how imprisoned by subway routine, realizes vaguely when he looks at the stars on a beautiful, clear, Summer night that his own earth is just a speck in the limitless scheme of creation. When this same citizen pits his wisdom against nature—let us say by defying gravitation, or matching his strength against a tornado, or his wits against the laws of natural reproduction—he sees quickly enough that he is the merest molecule on God's footstool. He realizes, too, if allowing himself time for philosophy, that his own schemes, plans, movements, politics, jealousies, hates, wars, loves and deaths are when looked at from the viewpoint of the centuries fore and aft on our own globe and from the viewpoints of the thousands of other globes constituting the universe the writhings of the most contemptible worm.

But the average mortal does not like to be reminded of his littleness. So he surrounds himself with evidences of importance: a finer house, a better position, a better dressed wife, &c., than his neighbor. He doesn't want to think, to search for truth (this is particularly true, we gather by inference, of the genus American); on the contrary, his ambition is to make millions, to be influential, to be an executive, to press electric buttons.

Therefore Flammarion's volume, suggesting as it does the above reflections, will not achieve Main Street popularity. None the less, it is fascinating.

Camille Flammarion, as generally known, is one of France's most noted and most popular astronomers. In spite of, or perhaps because of, his eighty-three years, he holds a commanding position as interpreter of a specialised field of mathematics. He published his first work in his early twenties, was famous at 20, founded the French Astronomical Society in 1887, and is author, among many other volumes, of "La Pluralité des Mondes Habités," which ran into thirty-six editions within a few years of publication. In relation to astronomy it may be said that he holds the same position that Edison does in relation to electricity, that Ford does to standardized mechanics, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle does to psychic science, that Wells does to old-fashioned history. It will also be recalled that Flammarion recently completed his great trilogy on psychic research, which was translated into English under the titles "Before Death," "At the Moment of Death," and "After Death." These purported to prove by nearly 5,000 authenticated instances that the dead continue to have a conscious entity which in rare cases communicates with the living.

The "Dreams of an Astronomer" opens with the author seated at a window in Venice on an exceptionally clear and still night, gazing intently upon the moon and stars. He is struck by the depth of universal stillness, intensified by the regular tick-tock of a large clock in a moored gondola. Examining the shining disk of the moon with an astronomer's practiced eye, he notes its mountains, forests and seas, remembering that this neighboring world is 240,000 miles from our own. What strikes him most forcibly is the fact that the moon, outwardly so tranquil, has moved a thousand yards between each tick of the clock.

In the lower depths of the moon he observes the effect of sensible atmosphere and surfaces effected by the sun's rays during a day fifteen times as long as ours; also something like geysers in activity and "short, live plants without any terrestrial activity." One wonders at this stage whether he is looking through a telescope, or whether his previously acquired knowledge has by this time melted into the dream. At all events the old philosopher is now in the midst of his Eutopia, having arrived by a far simpler process than Wells's motor trips.

While thus traveling, Flammarion asks himself whether in some ancient lunar city a thinking being, with eyes raised to the sky, is not contemplating the earth and asking the same questions. The seer then skips to Mars—a very small jump, astronomically speaking—only 37,000,000 miles from the earth. To the inhabitants of Mars we are a brilliant morning and evening star, as Venus is to us, and "no doubt their mythology has erected altars to us."

Hopping from Mars to Saturn, which is 750,000,000 miles from our earth, the astronomer engages in a discussion of time, the conception of which, he maintains, is merely relative to our state of mind. When soundly asleep or encased in absolute blackness, a gap of seven or eight hours in our life is no more than ten minutes. Miners entombed for five or six days believe they have not been cut off for more than twenty hours. Persons who have suffered much in a short time may doubt Flammarion's statement.

This idea of the human relativity of time is enlarged upon. Time is created by the movements of heavenly bodies. If neither the earth nor the stars moved, there would be no time. One may move all the clocks backward or forward, but daylight saving cannot change the course of nature. Time being purely relative, a sleep of a decillion years would be the same as the sleep of an hour. If we suppress life, the sensation of time disappears; time itself ceases to exist; furthermore, in the heavens time does not exist. In empty space a thousand centuries are no longer than one minute. To nature and to God everything is spread out. It is today; to the universal eye everything is in the present.

It is difficult to follow this reasoning. Certainly there is little comfort in it, as there is little comfort in the remark of the philosopher Renan, who said "Heaven does not exist; it may in a decillion years. Those whom a tardy justice places there will believe they have died the previous evening." And how can Flammarion reconcile the attitude with his belief in the survival of human consciousness beyond the grave?

For a space our celestial interpreter overwhelms us with astronomical figures so staggering that we cannot think, much less argue, whereupon he slides into realms of purest fancy, concerning the condition of our world eons upon eons ago, and the condition of this and other worlds in the eons upon eons to come. The reader has the sensation of being unfairly seduced. We are at his mercy, like the widow overcome by an attorney's legal verbiage.

Suddenly we are living a million years ago, which in the history of creation passed like a day:

> They dwindle and disappear, a fugitive dream, into the bosom of an eternity which absorbs all.
> • • •
> It would have been a wonderful spectacle for the thinker to contemplate the great work of all those beings. In passion or indifference, in pleasure or pain, in laughter or tears, in movement or repose, they lived; fighting, forgiving; accusing, forgetting; loving, hating; being born and dying; drawn into the fatal whirlpool; blindly succeeding each other through the generations and centuries, not knowing what gave them birth; ignorant of the fate in store for individuals and souls; playthings of that nature which forms worlds and beings, stars and atoms, centuries and minutes, like soap bubbles blown by a child into the air; and all plunging into the sea, like those whirls of sand which the desert wind raises and blows along in the typhoon or the breeze. It is the same spectacle as that which the earth offers today; living multitudes fighting for life and knowing only death.
> • • •
> One can hardly think without terror of the innumerable beings which have lived on the worlds now lost, of all the leading spirits who have thought, acted, guided humanity in the path of progress, light and liberty. One cannot think of Platos, Pascals and Newtons of the vanished worlds without asking what has become of them. It is easy to reply that that is nothing, that they died as they were born, that all is dust and returns to dust. It is an easy answer, but it is not satisfying. • • •

We can see here how Flammarion's train of thought led him to join forces in the spiritualist hunt, endeavoring to disprove Bacon's saying that scientific observation would be gradually victorious in every domain of research except that covering the soul of man, which latter study must remain always within the domain of religious faith.

Of man's conception he says:

> It is strange that man, still in a coarse, savage and barbarous state, hardly emerged from the primitive shell of ignorance, incapable of knowing even his own body, hardly able to spell the great book of the universe, should have considered himself capable of describing God. He does not know his own little ant-heap, and he pretends to discover the unknowable.

And this of the Church:

> The Church has organised marriage, birth and death into ceremonies which seduce the imagination and please the women. Compare the civil marriage and the religious marriage; the former cold, dull, insipid; the latter impressive and attractive, with altar garlanded with flowers and the enchantment of the music which makes the creator descend into the the bosom of the spouse. "Veni, Creator Spiritus." It will be centuries before the religious form of marriage is entirely replaced by the civil. A certain free-thinking father refrained from having his four boys baptised, so as to leave them entire liberty of conscience. All four got baptised on the eve of their marriage, as their brides wished to be married in church. Faith of convention, that is how the world goes—and the priests smile at the simplicity of the layman.

In "Dreams of an Astronomer" Count d'Albe has done an excellent bit of translation, keeping to a great extent the original beauty of thought and diction. But the index, whoever is responsible for it, is insignificant, practically useless.

"The Martians have been endeavoring for thousands of years to tease a smile of recognition from our baby world."

Boosters of Brittany

The Saga of the George F. Babbitts of Finistère

By HUDSON HAWLEY

BRITTANY? Brest? I knew them as a doughboy. Brest particularly. Mud. Slush. Fog. Cold, drizzling rain. Muddy coffee in the Red Cross canteens. Town full of the toughest military and naval police in France. Bedraggled girls, with the look of drowned rats. Narrow streets, so choked with allied officers a man's saluting arm went lame before midday. Could any one sell me a trip to Brittany, even four years after? I defied any one to try it.

And then along came the Breton Booster—a regular George F. Babbitt of Bretagne. In an expansive moment I told him what the A. E. F. generally and myself particularly thought of his "little fatherland." Being French as well as Breton he listened politely to my tirade, and when I had finished he asked:

"Did you ever take the sail across the harbor of Brest to Plougastel-Daoulas on a June Sunday for the Fête Dieu procession, winding through the old streets of that cliff-built town?"

"No, Monsieur," I replied. "Passes were rare for the likes of us in those days, and—"

"Did you ever dance the gavotte in the village square of, say, Huelgoat, up in the hills, to the tune of the biniou and bombarde, with your partners rosy-cheeked girls clad in century-old costumes of lace and brocade?"

"No," I repeated, slightly intrigued.

"Did you ever eat fresh sardines, right out of the sea, on the terrace overlooking the bay and the old walled citadel at Concarneau?"

"Nor that either," I rejoined. "It sounds interesting."

"It is," replied the booster, quietly. "The reason I mentioned these things is that the Syndicat d'Initiative—something like your, what do you call them, organizations for the promotion of something—"

"The Rotary Club?" I suggested.

"Perhaps that is it," he resumed. "Well, the Syndicat d'Initiative of the Department of Finistère is sick and tired of hearing tales of disgruntled soldiers and sailors describing Brittany as one vast Camp Pontanezen [I shuddered] where the Generals themselves had to go out and lay duckboards. It is out to—"

"To boost?" I put in maliciously.

"That's it, parbleau!" he exclaimed. "Boost—ah, les richesses of your language! It is out to boost Brittany and the Bretons, and for that purpose it is now organizing the Semaine Touristique du Finistère—a week's voyage of discovery of the department. Journalists like yourself, artists, travel experts, photographers, not only from other provinces of France but from all over Europe, are being invited. There lacks to us an American. Will you come?"

I reflected. Already my last image of Brest was receding into its own fogs. It was raining in Paris, with no promise of a let-up. After all, Brittany couldn't be much worse.

"All right, Monsieur the Booster," I replied. "Just to show I'm open-minded I'll take you on, and with thanks. When do we start, and where from?"

"Morlaix," he replied. "Early on a Thursday morning. Costume of voyage. No hats 'high of form.' No ceremony. See you down there."

I was sold. And here let me introduce the charming people who sold me.

Now, among the very first in all the booster tribe in Brittany ranks Monsieur le Curé. Like the pastor of the First Congregational, the Centre, or the Prospect Avenue Church in America, Monsieur le Curé of St. Thégonnec or of St. Herbot is the sine qua non of all booster gatherings. And for clever, artful, insidious boosting he hasn't a peer in the whole countryside.

No, he doesn't come to the big banquets to say an unctuous grace or to make a speech on our community. He stays right in his frame, standing on the doorstep of his five-century-old church, smiling and doffing his beretta as the "caravan" of visiting delegates draws up on either side of the road are massed the children of his parochial school, smiling, cheering, waving their hats and hands, while up aloft in the belfry his bellringers are tugging away with might and main to make the great chimes sound a fitting welcome for the parish's guests. A fine figure is Monsieur le Curé, with his snow-white hair and his wrinkled old visage tanned by the winds of many a Winter that he has driven over the landes to administer the last sacraments to his flock. His eye is sparkling, his handshake warm, and his mellow old laugh contagious.

And he doesn't stop his laugh at the church threshold! Horror of horrors to those of us who were brought up by the book to consider it a mortal sin to have "talked, gazed or laughed in church!" Monsieur le Curé talks about all those twelfth century figures of the Apostles. He gazes, and invites his guests to gaze, with admiration on those intricately wrought grapevines in wood that wind about the pillars of his Lady Chapel. And he laughs his whole-souled, tolerant, ever youthful laugh as he surreptitiously takes an apparently sympathetic visitor, a kindred soul, behind the richly carved pulpit, saying:

"Just look at that fat little Breton cherub! Carved from the life, wasn't he? Exactly like one of the geezes whom you saw out yonder on the road! What a droll of a conceit to put him here in the church with his thumb in his mouth, and that hungry look on him! Ah, but the bambins must have found the offices long in the days of François Premier!"

To be most irreligious, Monsieur le Curé doesn't talk shop. He doesn't so much as hint for a sou from you to swell the restoration fund. When there's patriotic boosting to be done he is a booster first and a priest afterward. For he knows that, besides being a pastor of souls, he is the custodian of the richest monument his village boasts. He does the honors of his domain, tells you a chatty little story about the legendary roving Irish monk who is supposed to have founded it, bows you to the main portal and shakes your hand in farewell. Sometimes, too, the dear and thoroughly depraved old gentleman will wave his beretta at you as your car drives off. May this article never come before the gaze of his spiritual overlords, the Bishops of Bretagne!

His assistants, the young curates whom the French will persist in calling vicaires (though of course it ought to be the other way around), are equally fine in their way. Sturdy upstanding figures they are, most of whom served in the ranks instead of in chaplaincies during the war; thorough men of the world, enlightened and ennobled by the leveling and democratizing influence of the horizon blue worn in common with the grocer's boy before Verdun. As more than one ultra-republican and thoroughly laïc local politician told me they have done more than any others to patch up the twenty-year-old feud between Church and State and France, and to reconcile Catholic

M. Corroleo, the Blind Player of the Bombarde, From Ballanec, and M. Bodivet, Decorated With the Médaille Militaire, Who Played That Same Biniou When Going Over the Top at the Head of His Breton Regiment.

cry of France d'abord!—first of all. Through them, finally, will all the bitterness engendered by the laws of le petit père Combes, that Premier of "priest-eaters," pass away.

Of course, Monsieur le Maire is by virtue of his high office the acknowledged King of Boosters, a super team captain in all drives. Clad more often than not in the costume of his region, his girth encircled by his heraldic tri-colored sash with its golden tassels and braid, he awaits you on the outskirts of his domain, his broad-brimmed, beribboned hat in hand and his history of France in his head. Here is just a specimen of his boosting "line":

"Come with me, if you will give yourselves of the pain, Messieurs, to the top of this hill. From there you will have the finest view of land and sea in all Brittany. I it to your assure! And do you know who once walked up this narrow street, many years ago, Misters the English? Mary Queen of Scots!"

Deputy Charles Danielou, who under Premier Briand had the even bigger job of boosting France, received us on the steps of historic St. Konan's at Locronan, flanked on either side by four young girls clad in the gold and white wedding costume of the countryside, and one in the grandmother's costume topped by the sugarloaf hat and veil. Pointing to the little square before him—whose houses haven't changed so much as a pane since d'Artagnan—he explained:

"The inhabitants of this petite place, gentlemen, wished to decorate it with streamers and bunting, as has been done for you in other towns. But I counseled them that I knew you would prefer to view this petit morceau of the medieval just as it is every day, dans sa superbe nudité!"

That white-haired but still alert statesman, Senator Lancien, Mayor of Carhaix, steps right out to lead a nimble gavotte, with the prettiest girl in the township as his partner, just to show how it should be done. If he has as good luck at swinging majorities as he has at "snapping the whip" with that long and colorful line of dancers, he will be Senator for life. Not even such intricate folk-dances as the jabadao hold any terrors for him. And he keeps the biniou and bombarde on the job until they are thoroughly winded.

* * *

Then there is the bard—the Boosting bard. No banquet of the Bigger and Better is complete without his rendition of the Bro Goz va Zadou, the "Land of Our Fathers," of this half-portion of Wales which is Brittany. Like as not he will sing it for you in Welsh as well, with often an encore in English. But he is at his best when, taking advantage of a halt in a village place, he entrains the delighted children into the chorus of Mathurin l'Aveugle, Les Filles de Plouljean, or one of the lilting dance tunes. In the native melodies of the Breton there is that same mixture of gay and grave as in those of Scotland and Ireland; now it is a downright jig, now again the lament of a forsaken lover. It took François Gourvil, bard of Morlaix, but one lesson to get from an irreconcilable named O'Leary the whole gamut of rebel songs, plus such staples as "The Kerry Dances."

* * *

Now the ladies of the Brighter and Better Brittany movement do not work by drives, rallies and reunions. Like their sisters of all provincial France, they operate by means of costumes, complexion and charm, to which might be added cuisine. From little Malou—Breton for Marie Louise—who at the age of 3 toddles out, in a topheavy embroidered skirt and a ruff nearly choking her, to present a bouquet twice her size and lisp a "compliment" to the visitors, up to great-grandmamma who, in white coif and apron, wields the crêpe iron with

(Continued on Page 24)

"It's Brittany, and this is the best part of the scenery."

Reminiscences of the Russia of the Czars

New Volumes by Notables of the Old Regime

A Review by
ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

MOI VOSPOMINANIA. RODINA. (My Reminiscences. Fatherland.) By Prince Sergey M. Volkonsky. Berlin: Miedny Vsadnik.

VOSPOMINANIA. (Reminiscences.) By Prince Evgeny N. Trubetzkoy. Sofia: Russisko-Bolgarskoie.

IZ PROSHLAVO. (From the Past.) By Prince Evgeny N. Trubetzkoy. Berlin: Russ. Publ.

FEW men have had such an interesting, rich and colorful life as Prince Sergey Michailovich Volkonsky, who, at his sixty-second year (end of 1921) succeeded in escaping from the Soviet paradise and settled in his beloved Italy. Son of an old family which for centuries stood very high in the Russian Court—hierarchy, ex-Director of the Imperial Theatres in Petersburg—a position of great honor which gave him a better chance for intimacy with the late Emperor than probably any other position might give—a talented writer and student of arts who knew the European artistic world just as well as he knew the European Courts, an indefatigable traveler (many Americans may remember his visit to their country in 1897 and his lectures on the Russian history and literature in Chicago), he had not only the right but a moral duty of writing his reminiscences.

He begins them with an unforgettable description of two family estates where he was brought up; these chapters are of special value, because few—if any—of those country homes have survived the earthquakes of the last years. Here is the famous Fal, a Volkonsky's country palace near Reval, on the Baltic coast. Every stone in its Gothic vaults breathes with history.

My grandmother told me that when she was a child the famous Lvoff, the author of "God Save the Tsar," stood near this door and caressed with a fiddlestick his Magini fiddle, which sounded like an orchestra, just as good an engineer as a musician, he was the aide-de-camp of my great-grandfather, Count Benkendorf. There is at Fal a bridge called "Lvoff's Bridge." • • • When Emperor Nicholas I. saw it he said: "Lvoff has bridged the river with his fiddlestick."

The eighty-year-old grandaunts, living silhouettes of the Russian eighteenth century, when courtiers spoke in excellent French and could not speak one word of Russian without murdering it, are also there, in his reminiscences, resuscitating the fragrant, bombastic and sentimental days of Catherine the Great. With this historical flavor they bring in elements of a solemn bouffonade: one of them, for instance, loved sea baths, but was afraid of cold water; therefore, she entered the sea wearing a warm cloak, which was being gradually lifted up from her shoulders by housemaids accompanying her; meanwhile, other maids poured hot water from pitchers they were carrying so as to warm up the Baltic waves around the old lady's body.

Centuries old enormous park, Italian paintings, verses of Dante's "Commedia Divina" and of the German romanticists, a visit paid by Empress Maria Fedorovna (the wife of Alexander III.) to his mother, solemn receptions, a trip to Hungary and to Italy, where his mother visited her relatives, Counts Apponyi and Princess Borghese—such are the reminiscences of Prince Volkonsky's early childhood. And the reader understands him when he says that at Fal—in this old house—romanticism, emanating from every piece of furniture, from every tree, poured into the visitor's soul.

In the following chapters Prince Volkonsky depicts in vivid portraits the scenes of his youth, his university years, the beginning of his career at the Ministry of Public Education, the Petersburg Court circles of the end of the nineteenth century, the provincial life, with its picturesque Gogolean anachronisms, and finally reaches the Summer of 1899, when the Emperor signed his nomination to the post of the Director of the Imperial Theatres.

One of the reasons why this post was the subject of many jealousies [Volkonsky says] is that the Director had the privilege of entering the Emperor's box between the acts. While Ministers • • • could see the Emperor once or twice a week, the Director could see him several times every night. • • • No one had a better chance of having "a chat" with the Emperor than the Director.

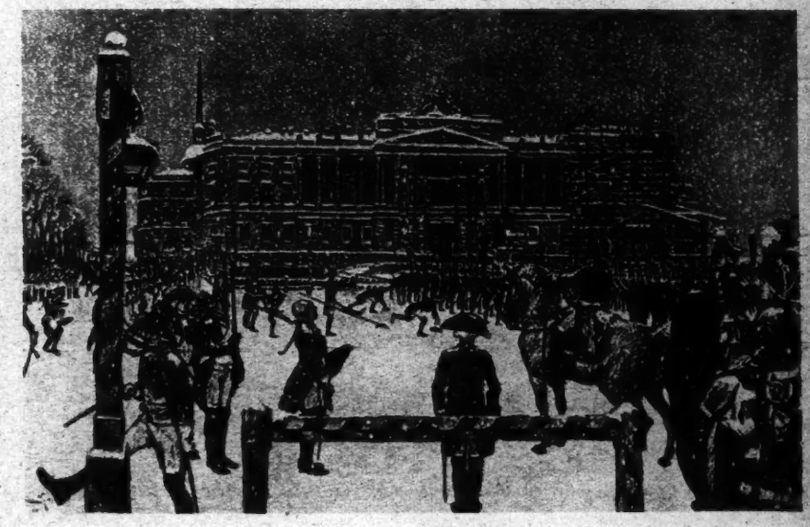
For this privilege Prince Volkonsky had to pay a heavy price; throughout his Directorship he was constantly in the nets of most complicated intrigues.

His reminiscences of the late Emperor breathe with sincerity and warmth, being at the same time free from attempts at either extolling or satirizing the last ruler of the Romanoff dynasty.

I noticed a wonderful peculiarity in the Emperor's character [says Volkonsky]; the further the conversation drifted away from the affairs with which he has entrusted me, the simpler and livelier he grew. • • • But I can say without exaggerating that the businesslike twist of conversation rendered him almost inimical. On the ground of a mere bavarderie he could be perfectly charming; his outward confidence in his interlocutor could assume the forms of a childish simplicity. • • • I knew men who emerged from his reception room in a sort of ecstasy; it seemed to every one that out of the 180,000,000 subjects he was the dearest to the Tsar.

Volkonsky ascribes this fear of whatever was unpleasant in the realm of affairs to the Czar's "tragical indifference." The ease with which he gave in and acquiesced to most divergent advices of his Ministers was remarkable.

Once there was a difference of views between Count Vitte and General Kuropatkin with reference to an affair of which I do not remember the nature. The Emperor agreed with the view of the former; then he changed his mind and submitted to the opinion of the latter; then Vitte took the upper hand again; finally Kuropatkin succeeded in wresting from the Czar the resolution which read: "This is my last and immutable decision." It is wonderful how such a man who, it seems, was born to be a constitutional monarch should cling so resolutely to the autocracy. In this case he undoubtedly acted against his own nature, and, maybe, it is in this that lies the only tragical note of his character. • • • Otherwise the personality of this man whose destiny was so tragical had been free from any dramatic elements.



A Review of the Guard Under Paul I.

There was at the Imperial ballet a famous dancer, Mrs. Kshessiskaia, who enjoyed an exclusive benevolence on the part of Grand Duke Sergey Mikhailovich. Using through him her influence with the Emperor (who, submitting to her whims, always thought that he was straightening out injustices done to her), she was something of a dictator in the ballet. This dictatorship went so far that sometimes she prevented Volkonsky from giving some rôles to other dancers than herself, contending that these were "her rôles." Volkonsky's protests and complaints addressed to Baron Frederix, the Minister of the Court, did not change the situation. The final clash arose out of a trifle which was almost symbolized: the resignation of Prince Volkonsky was decided by the reluctance of Mrs. Kshessiskaia to wear farthingales in a stylicized eighteenth century fête in which they were unquestionably required. After, contrary to Volkonsky's instructions, she appeared on the ballet stage without farthingales, he fined her for the break of stage discipline. The next day, however, Baron Frederix transmitted to him the Emperor's will that his order be immediately withdrawn. Volkonsky submitted, but did not want to stay at the directorship one day longer and resigned.

When received by the Czar he described in a long speech the inadmissible disorder which was brought into the life of the theatres by endless behind-the-screen influences and intrigues, and reiterated his decision to retire. The Czar listened quietly, interrupting occasionally the torrent of sad truths poured at him with his usual "Yes, certainly," and Volkonsky felt that his words were falling into "the empty space"; "discussion with the Czar was impossible" because of that "tragical indifference" with which he listened to everything: Volkonsky felt intensely that this was one of those numberless unpleasant speeches to which the monarch has never answered anything. After the director was through with his speech Nicholas II. passed to an innocent bavarderie and became again just as charming and fascinating as he could be. • • • —

To one who is interested in Russia's spiritual and cultural life before the revolution Prince Volkonsky's book will be of special interest. Throughout the nineteenth century Volkonsky's family was one of the centres of Russia's intellectual and literary life. Russia's writers, beginning with Pushkin, Turgeneff, Maikoff, Polonsky, Nekrasseff, &c., were among the friends of the Volkonskys. Hundreds of foremost Russian names are closely interwoven with the reminiscences of Volkonsky's family. The great Russian philosopher Vladimir Solovieff, who left such a deep mark in the history of the Russian thought of the end of the nineteenth century, was an intimate friend of Volkonsky's mother—a remarkable woman and author of profound theological works.

Volkonsky stayed four years in Bolshevist Russia, and the last chapters, in which he describes his experiences under the Soviet régime, are just as thrilling and interesting as they are sincere and vivid. His country estates were, naturally, taken over from him. In one of them, at Pavlovka (in the Province of Tambov), he had a library with archives and a museum containing a number of very valuable paintings and documents, including letters bearing the signatures of Napoleon and Robespierre. He knew that he could not save these things for himself, but he did his best in order to have them taken care of by some Soviet institution. On his request the Moscow Collegium for the Preservation of Historical Monuments (under Gorky's auspices) inquired of the local Soviet as to what was done in order to save these collections from destruction, but it was too late: the answer received read that "Volkonsky's archives were destroyed in the District Extraordinary Commission." • • • The Volkonsky palaces at Fal and at Pavlovka were transformed into ruins after the Red Army units had passed there. • • •

Volkonsky was known in Russia as an outstanding student of the history of the theatre and as the author of valuable works bearing on the theory and technique of the theatrical performance. In the Bolshevist years this saved him from starvation: disregarding the burden of his sixty years, he lectured at Moscow in different universities and studios. Time after time he was arrested and released. Every page of his narrative tempts quotation; so intensely dramatic it is in its restricted sincerity. Finally, at the end of 1921, when further sojourn in Russia became too unsafe for him, he succeeded in escaping to Germany.

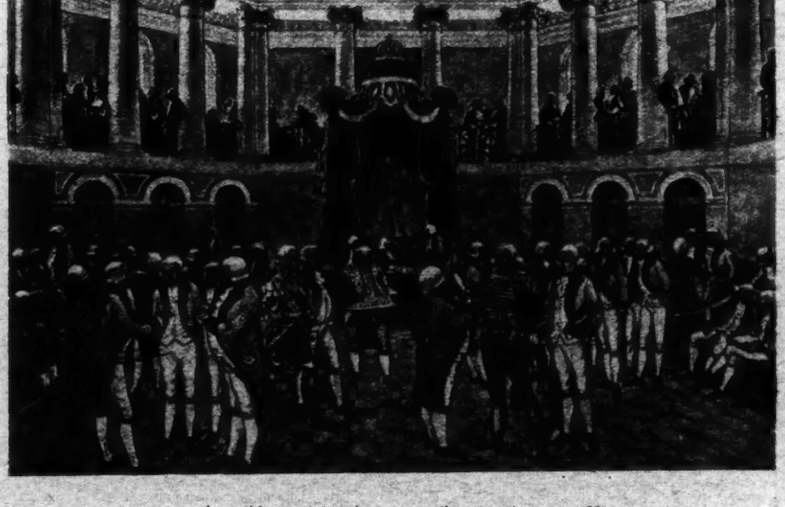
The author of the second two books reviewed hereunder is the famous Russian philosopher Prince Evgeny Nikolaievich Trubetzkoy.

There are in Russia old aristocratic families which seem to transmit from generation to generation inexhaustible reserves of spiritual culture and talent accumulated by their ancestors. The American readers know of one example thereof: I mean the Tolstoys, who produced three writers of international repute. A still better example are the Trubetzkoys: outstanding diplomats, Generals and musicians, one great sculptor (Prince Paul Trubetzkoy), and, finally, two philosophers (Sergey and his brother Evgeny)—such was the contribution involuntarily made by this family to Russia's cultural life.

Prince Evgeny Trubetzkoy began to write his reminiscences at the most inopportune moment that could ever be imagined; he set to work on them in the March days of 1917, in Petersburg, when the minor street disorders transformed themselves into a momentous movement and when it became clear that the old Russia was crumbling down. For Trubetzkoy this was not "an attempt at eluding mentally the present," the "dark, fearful, and, above all, unknown present" which was being decided by the machine-gun fire on the Nevsky. He knew that these were the last moments of the "disappearing aristocratic Russia" and that "a new, unknown Russia would arise to take the place of the old." This unknown future he faced without fear or regret; but he wanted to "elicit from the past the undying national soul" of Russia, the soul which under all disguises remains the same.

In his portrait gallery you see his grandfather, one of the "last Mohicans" of the gone-by century, who was almost a Czar in the eyes of his peasants. The writer's father personified a younger generation, and he is really an undying type, a man whose good-naturedness was just as proverbial as his absent-mindedness; it occurred to him to kiss good-night his candle and to blow at his daughter instead of doing the reverse. But

(Continued on Page 27)



Assemblage of Nobles in the Time of Catherine II.

"The oldest ticket chopper of them all."

Reminiscences of a Ticket Chopper

Andrew Smith, Forty-three Years in Service on "L" Stations, Looks Backward Over His Life's Spectacle

By M. B. LEVICK

THE age of machinery has triumphed once more. The ticket chopper is passing; turnstiles have captured his stronghold on the platforms of the elevated.

All New York in childhood had stood on tiptoe to peer into the ticket chopper's mysterious box, with its panes of glass like a mystic maze, down which the little colored tickets played toboggan. All New York, grown a bit and impatient for trains, has paused on the turn of a heel to wonder where the tickets went. (The company has men to take them out, every night at busy stations.) New Yorkers gone a-visiting to Paris or Peking have thought of the ticket chopper when they sought nostalgic symbols—a figure imperturbable, wrapped snug at his post, the admirable ultimate of philosophy in the face of slammed gates. Other days, other symbols—automats and movies and taxis.

But will New York be the same without him?

On the elevated platform at the Polo Grounds there is a little man with a white mustache and sky-blue eyes, and his gateman's cap is set at a gallant angle such as lads affected in Civil War days. This is Andrew Smith, the oldest ticket chopper of them all. He's 80 now, and for forty-three years has he stood at elevated stations working the handle of his box and now and then fishing in it with a piece of 'bent wire (they never gave him a special tool) for stray tickets.

From 7 in the morning till 7 at night, with two days off a month, Andrew Smith is on duty, and when the ball grounds are emptying there's plenty for a chopper to do. At other stations there are already turnstiles, but the chopper boxes still stand at the Polo Grounds. Andrew Smith looks at them. He grows serious. They're the tools he's worked with for forty-three years.

"I hope they won't take them out," he says.

But he knows they will.

There was hunger in Ireland in 1848 and an exodus. A little boy named Andy began to hear of the wonders of another land across the sea. The people who lived there had just built a monument miles high in a city called Washington, and the monument was called Washington, too, and there was another big town called New York—a big, big place—maybe a thousand people lived there.

Six-year-old Andy landed in New York in 1849, and thenceforth New York was his town. He got his first experience in rapid transit trying to hop the Kipp & Brown buses that ran in Bleecker Street and the Knickerbocker buses that went over Bleecker and down Hudson Street. He learned to boast, like all good New Yorkers, of the first street car passenger track in the world, built not so many years before in the Bowery: in the beginning it ran uptown to Fourteenth Street, but when Andy knew it it was already the well-established route to the Harlem River. There was a fine new square not far from the line and just as old as little Andy; it was called Gramercy Park and was spick and span with fine new houses. Nearer his home was another, long since all but smothered in the city's growth.

"Abingdon Square—oh, that was fine in those days," he says; "A No. 1."

Andrew Smith became a New Yorker and a New Yorker he has remained, all the while they have been inventing new wonders like cable cars and digging subways. Workday and playtime, only once has he been away from New York for any length of time, and that was when he went to Tennessee and helped drive sumpter trains for the last two years of the Civil War, and got to know Parson Brownlow, Tennessee's war Governor. He came back from Tennessee to the city which he had held up as a mighty splendor when he talked to youths in the Southern mountains. He came back, of course—but he has never forgotten.

Tennessee is his land of Cockayne, where cakes grow on trees and there are neither gates nor turnstiles. For sixty years he has been getting ready to go back to the quiet hills where he swore at Civil War mules. He has had vacations; like the New Yorker he is, he has spent them in the city. A trip to Philadelphia once, another to Hartford; once up the river as far as West Point. But these were incidents and the memory of Tennessee flourished by contrast with them. It still is green.

"Tennessee now," he says, reverting again and again in the course of an hour; "oh, that's the place. And I'll get there yet." Andy slaps his knee with his hand.

Ticket choppers were new when Andrew Smith went to work in 1880. It was May 1; two years and a day after the first elevated train was put in operation. The original line was in Sixth Avenue, to Fifty-eighth Street; in '79 the extension to 155th Street was opened. In the beginning there were no ticket choppers at all; the conductors collected the fares, passing through the trains with punches, which tinkled at each perforation. You couldn't hear the little bells without thinking of the jingle, "Punch in the presence of the Pass-en-jaire," by that funny fellow, Mark Twain.

But the punch system on the "L" proved inadequate to the needs of a great rushing city, and the ticket chopper box was invented, with hidden inwards of a barrel cylinder and revolving rings which perforated the tickets as they slid down from the glass top where one read—and still reads—in frosted letters, "Drop Tickets Here."

The device was invented and Andrew Smith got a job.

May 1 in 1880 was a bonny day and the morning was like a tonic. Andrew Smith inspected the box and tried the handle, vowed to himself that he'd become the best ticket chopper on the line, and do fine when they put him on ticket relief. He grinned at the ticket seller behind his window and said, "Well, let 'em come."

They've been coming ever since.

Nine years at Fifty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, where there were shacks in his early days; a shift of a few blocks and nine years more at Sixty-sixth Street; a spell of a few months at one station and another—the last three at the Polo Grounds—and twenty-two years in all at Seventy-second Street.

It's Seventy-second that has the happiest memories for Andrew Smith.

"Heaps of Southerners used to live around there," he says.

He came to know the regulars well. There was a how-de-do spirit in that era between the platform man and those who passed him, train-bound, every day. Andrew would give a morning nod, and while they waited for the little dummy engine to heave in sight up the line—the waits were longer than now—perhaps the men in fashionable high-shaped derby hats would chat with him on the topics of the day: the newest seventh wonder, Brooklyn Bridge, just opened, or the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty. Or it might be Steve Brodie's jump from Brooklyn Bridge. Did he jump, now, or was it a hoax?

Or again, if the passenger had a turn for athletics, he and Andy would debate the virtues of that young man named Anson who had won the batting championship for the Chicago Baseball Club. Andrew Smith, who now chops tickets at the Polo Grounds, wondered in those days how long it was going to keep up—this business of people paying hundreds of dollars on a single day, just to see a game of baseball.

Best of all, though, at Seventy-second treet, were the Southerners.

"Fine people, every one of them; there's nobody like 'em." This is his opinion after forty years. They always had the time of day for him, even in trying periods like the hard Winter of 1881, when people walked to Brooklyn on the ice of the East River.

"They used to come to my station there every day—from Kentucky and Tennessee. I tell you, Tennessee's a great place. Why, I could have got a farm there for $200. That's hardly enough to bury you nowadays. Old Hickory—he was a lad for you. And they had a theatre in a tent in Chattanooga in '65. There was the siege of Knoxville. And Sherman—he died on Seventy-first Street."

Yet the Southerners weren't all. Famous men dropped their tickets in Andrew Smith's box. He remembers the days.

"I saw Barnum once. And Greeley and Bennett. Fernando Wood, the Mayor, too; he used to get on at Seventy-second Street. And there was Dr. Gilbert; he used to come and talk to me. He had the first charter for an elevated line; the Gilbert Arcade elevated. It was going to be a fine affair. But he sold his charter to the Metropolitan. He died right over there in Seventy-third Street. And Mr. Blumenthall; he was a lawyer. He was in the Assembly when the company got its charter. Everybody knew him. Everybody knew Mr. Blumenthall. His initials. Let's see—I forget."

The initial was J. It appears in Blumenthall's signature as reference on Andrew Smith's application for the job of platform man. The old ticket chopper is right; everybody did know Blumenthall in those days.

"Ticket choppers were new in 1880."

Manners have changed, he admits; people are more polite today, from a platform point of view. "They were simpler then," is his opinion; "now they're more used to ways." But there has been no greater day for Andrew than in the early '80s, when he chopped a ticket, and, looking up, recognized the face of the passenger from pictures—campaign pictures. The passenger was Winfield Scott Hancock, Democratic candidate for President in 1880, defeated by Garfield by 7,023 votes in a total of more than 9,000,000. Andrew Smith, who spent his boyhood in the old Sixteenth Ward, still has a good memory for a Democratic face.

The Sixteenth Ward was a brave place when he was a lad, and later, too, when he was big enough to drop in at the political club.

"The school in Seventeenth Street, near Eighth Avenue—it's there yet," he says. "My brother and me, we used to skip over to Washington Square to play. Washington, he was a Southerner. It was in 1857 they put up his statue in Union Square, on a horse." Andrew strikes an equestrian martial pose.

When Andrew played in Washington Square the arch was still forty years in the future. The Bowery was the theatrical district then. By the time he learned to watch theatre crowds with a transportation man's professional eye, it had shifted, majestically, like a great liner being warped into a dock. There came fire signs of gas in Broadway and children riding on the "L" after dark looked down at the fleeting sidewalks for the big Ts, done in red glass globes, in front of grocery stores.

Andrew Smith at his work heard no traffic roar but only the jingle of the horse car bells below him. That was years and years before the great rush and pressure demanded rapid transit and cable cars were put on the streets, tearing along at eight and ten miles an hour. All the city marveled, and when the swift cars, rounding Union Square, killed three men in the first two days of operation, the town gave that corner the name of Dead Man's Curve.

But this is yesterday's tale for Andrew.

"Dead Man's Curve? Pooh! I know all the curves there are."

The cable changed to underground conduit and a great major operation was performed on Manhattan by the diggers of the subway, but on the "L" the little dummy engines tooted along with their steam chests no bigger than milk cans and their perky stacks and piston rods as frisky as a kitten chasing its tail.

And still Andrew chopped tickets, still he vowed he'd be—and remain—the best ticket chopper on the line.

It's nineteen years since the dummies gave way to the third rail. A great train of them, like pygmy elephants trunk-to-tail, trundled away over the railroad lines and the dinky was no more. Yet even today, in odd corners of the land—on private spur tracks and in contractors' camps—Andrew would recognise the old engines, if he traveled. But he's saving up for Tennessee.

The dilapidated shacks south of the Park have gone since he first chopped at Fifty-eighth Street. "L" and subway have spread like lusty creepers. The goats have been driven back to the uttermost hinterland. The Polo Grounds have been drained and leveled and, after many years, enlarged. Taxis—yellow, green, blue—chase each other without end and make a madness of squares and circles that were waste on the May morning when Andrew Smith reported for work. Ingenious machines have been invented: hoppers that carry nickels on endless belts into cash boxes, slots that make a five-cent piece look like a dollar and register the passengers in five digits. Other platform men have been pensioned—cronies of the day when a drink was drawn with a beer pull. Yet Andrew Smith still wags the handle of the chopper and is content. To him it doesn't seem that life has any more progress than a turnstile. He lives alone in a three-room flat in 109th Street, where his wife died. He cooks his breakfast before he goes on shift at 7; he gets his dinner when he comes home. "I want my own castle," is his way of putting it. But now they're changing the "L"—they're painting the old cars orange and talking of putting sliding doors in where the car gates have always been. And they're taking out the old boxes.

Andrew Smith adjusts the big knotted tie under his wing collar.

"Well," he says again, "I do hope they won't take them out here."

But that isn't his final word.

He turns once more and grins like a boy.

"You'll be sure to write down about old Tennessee, won't you? Do that, now. Because I'm going back there—sometime."

Lubbock's Roman Sketches

About Those Who Refuse to Do as the Romans Do.

ROMAN PICTURES. By Percy Lubbock. 221 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IF a traveler starting for Rome should be attracted by the title of the latest volume from the pen of the English critic, Percy Lubbock, "Roman Pictures," and pack it in his grip to use it as a guidebook to the Italian capital, that person would be sadly disappointed. He would be likely to trade Lubbock for Baedeker at the earliest opportunity, and in doing so he would be well advised. "Roman Pictures" not only is not a guidebook in any sense of the word, but it is not even a travel book. But for the fact that Lubbock has etched a series of portraits against a Roman background the title would be a misnomer; and even as it is it comes perilously near to being one. The portraits are more in evidence than the background; and few of the persons etched are Roman. It is necessary that all this should be understood at the outset; otherwise the reader is likely to be puzzled even to the point of annoyance. But once got into its proper perspective, "Roman Pictures" will prove to be a book capable of yielding rare pleasure.

Lubbock, whose two previously published books, "The Craft of Fiction" and "Earlham," raised him to an enviable height as a stylist, has added in "Roman Pictures" a book that will further enhance his fame. It is a book out of the ordinary. And it is one of those books which do not lend themselves readily to the purposes of a review. The excellences of style are not to be summed up in a formula. The critic is unable to point to isolated sentences or passages and say that they are typical. Lubbock handles his pen with light fingers; he is delicate almost to diffidence. And this is apparent whether he is sketching a person or filling in the Italian scene against which he has posed the subject. Thus his style can only be characterised in terms which are paradoxical; it has at once the smoothness, the polish, even the hard sheen of ivory, yet is perfumed and languorous. The author tells us that "Roman Pictures" is a book of memories. It seems probable, therefore, that it is to some considerable extent from notes, for the journey on which the book is founded was undertaken a number of years ago. If the pages are a blending of earlier and later writings, that fact would account for the paradox of style.

The author, fresh from Oxford, was drawn inevitably to the city of the Caesars. The artist in him could not be satisfied until he had visited Italy. But he was resolved not to see Italy—not to see Rome—after the manner of the touring Englishman. He would see it as Hawthorne and Browning saw it. He was firmly resolved not merely to perceive clearly and accurately and differentiatingly the external aspects of the City of the Seven Hills—he was resolved also to penetrate the city's mystery, to catch and understand the spirit of Rome.

Lubbock's first adventure was to meet with a friend who had left Oxford a year or two before him, and who promptly convinced him that Hawthorne and Browning had never pierced below the surface. But he would undertake to lead the young Romanticist through Rome; his were the golden keys that would unlock baffling doors. In the end, however, Lubbock finds himself forced back on the elder and discredited guides, the American novelist and the Victorian poet. His fellow-Oxonian, he discovered, was no better fitted than any of the Cook tourists to sense the shuttling light and shade of the Roman picture. Rome might appear garish, he learned; but it was infinitely subtle. The garishness was an illusion; the subtleness the reality. This was what Hawthorne and Browning grasped; and Lubbock, perceiving they had found the secret, was able to perceive the true Rome, the real Italy:

> The old man in his sheepskins, the boy in his curls, met us by many a crumbling arch of a sunbathed aqueduct; and sometimes they met us in a street scene, by a splashing fountain and a gay flower stall, where they were joined by a girl with gleaming teeth and black, provocative eyes; and again they met us in deep mountain valleys, very verdurous and lonely, where there was a ruined temple on the height of a crag and a bandit at the mouth of a cavern; and everywhere the sheepskin and the curls and the fine dark glances had a charm for us.

But if the Italy which Lubbock had seen earlier under the guidance of his Oxonian mentor was not this Italy of Hawthorne and Browning, it was none the less interesting; and Lubbock's belated pretense that it was otherwise is to be regarded as somewhat of a pose. Yet what was this Rome? The reader will find it impossible to answer, for it is intangible, obscure, mysterious. The reader does not see it; he merely feels it. And it forms the major part of the book, this Rome into which the older Oxford graduate initiates the younger. Lubbock's method of presenting it to the reader is by contrasts—following Lubbock the reader passes, not from palace to circus, from street to square, as in the usual travel book; instead, he passes from one group of persons to another. And as each group is silhouetted against its own particular Roman background the picture gradually becomes distinct. The method has novelty; and it is in this novelty that much of the charm of the book lies.

These groups, however, are not greatly diversified; they are composed chiefly of English living in Rome, with a sprinkling of Americans—artists, authors, a little person from the London stage, an Anglican clergyman or two. They are groups in which Lubbock's self-appointed guide had made acquaintance. Lubbock had never seen one individual before; he never saw any of them again. But there are also Italians mingled in the groups; an anecdotal innkeeper, a suave and sufficient Jesuit priest, a marchesa or two. And there are two who are half-English, half-Italian; English by birth but Romans by predilection. One is "Cooksey," who holds some minor (most minor) office at the Vatican, and who "calls Cardinals by their first names"—in private. The other is an Oxonian who is studying for holy orders, and who flutters through the pages in black soutane.

Cooksey was really the first person I had ever come across who had a foothold, as it struck me, square and firm upon the soil of Rome, in spite of his loud orange boots and his globe-trotting check suit. He was surely entrenched in the shelter of the Vatican, at any rate on the back stairs. I didn't clearly understand his position there; I judge it was a modest one, but at least he had a real job of work to be done which "kept him in Rome," as he said, and gave him a hold upon the City of Enchantment. "Yes, I know Rome well enough," said Cooksey as we rose to depart after our meal. "I can say that I know something of Rome, and of the Romans, too." He bowed gallantly to the lady at the desk, and she looked down on him with her brilliant eyes like a good, shrewd aunt upon an uproarious schoolboy.

One can see readily how Lubbock was not succeeding in penetrating very deeply when all he could meet were Cookseys, and it reminds one forcibly of how very hard it is to get away from the Cooksey people—the ones who come back home from their travels with the most complete satisfaction in their journey! Maundy, the youthful seminarian, recently from Oxford, although he had, through his contact with the clergy, really got at a side of Rome, was not much better; he had never felt the immensity of Rome stretching back into the strange past—a past the like of which no other city of the world possessed.

> Maundy's glibness about unknown artists, about poems that hadn't been written and statues that drove you mad, was surprising and depressing, but the gulf of vacuity which yawned beneath Maundy's culture was a shock.

Thus type after type follows on the pages. But none of the individuals has found the Rome for which Lubbock is looking; that Rome gradually emerges, however; it is what the person, in each case, has not seen. A devious method, but a fascinating one. Nevertheless, it is not the sole method. Lubbock can write direct description when he wishes to, and it is description at its best, as this of the Virgilian forest:

> I followed up the shadowy path into the woodland. When at last you are clear of the pigs and chickens of Albano you plunge immediately into the Virgilian forest that spreads and spreads over the hills between the two deep bowls of the lakes. The ancient darkness of ilex leads you on, and the darkness changes to hoary sun-sprinkled oak-shadow, to open spaces where the big white rock-rose flowers against the outcrop of the gray stone, and the path stumbles into the damp green tunnels among the chestnut saplings; and a laden mule, driven by a barefooted boy, appears with a jangle of bells that carry me off and away, deeper and deeper into the time-softened goodness of the wondrous land, the Saturnian land, the great mother of kindly beast and songful man—for the boy sings as he plods along up the pathway, with long sweet notes that are caught by the hungry ear, caught and lost, caught again in the far distance with an echo of the years of gold, of the warm young earth in its innocence. How can we praise the land that Virgil praised? Leave the word to Virgil.

And this, of Rome, which he calls "Via delle Botteghe Oscure":

> I don't pledge myself to the actual street, twisting into the dark heart of Rome, that led me to the great solemn palace of the Marchesa; but it might have been the street of the Dark Shops. It rambled vaguely into the gloom of all the ages, and brought me to a stand before an immense portone, the doorway of a family whose classic name strode way across the long centuries. What a name! It wore the purple and the tiara; it raised its shout in the bloody brawls of its faction; it disappeared into the barbaric night; and again it emerged, plain to see in the classic day, the pride and the renown of the young republic.

Lubbock can also be amusing at times, although his is never a humor that will bring more than a smile. He is mildly ironic as he sketches his types, and, in fact, a mild irony plays over most of the pages. "Roman Pictures" is not a book to be read through hurriedly; nor should one apply one's self to a continuous reading. There is no necessary sequence to the chapters; the volume may be opened anywhere, read, and put down. And this is the best way to get at its charm, its flavor—a flavor of old wine slightly spiced with modernity.

Fontana Della Tartarughe, Rome.

New Poems by Masefield and Belloc

THE DAUM AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. Illustrated by Judith Masefield. 65 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

BITTER HERBS. By Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott. 70 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER. By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by "H. T. B." 90 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

OF the poets writing in England today—Kipling seems to have put aside his poetic pen—John Masefield probably has the largest following in this country. For that reason the announcement of a new volume of Masefieldian verse is sure to awake more than passing interest in America. The poem from which the present volume takes its title, "The Daum," is perhaps familiar to a few readers, it having previously appeared in an autograph edition. But this printing was closely limited, so that the poem may be regarded as new. One other poem in the book, "The Racer," a sonnet, was included in the poet's "Selected Poems." The remaining poems of the book, a sheaf of seven pieces, are here published for the first time.

On the theory that bad news should be told immediately, it must be said that nothing in the present volume attains to the high standard of Masefield at his best; but "The Daum," with the other poems which accompany the title-piece, would take high rank among contemporary work if the author had not previously done better. In the present volume Masefield exhibits, as always, his great mastery of color, his old expertness at trenchant phrasing. In substance, however, the poems seem to be a trifle thin. It is unfortunate that the main poem of the book should be "The Dream," which, by the very nature of the subject, is doomed to something of sterility. Not even the finely woven tapestry which Masefield has produced quite compensates for this barrenness. It may be that the poem is allegorical; but if so the meaning of the allegory is not apparent. And if it is symbolical of human knowledge, as it would seem to be, the symbolism is frequently blurred. On the other hand, the poem as a whole is a Gobelin of price if the reader takes it for itself alone and does not search for meaning. Masefield weaves in a seven-line stanza, one of the many modifications of the Italian octava rima, of which a single stanza, chosen at random, will suffice for illustration.

> And always from the frames the eyes looked down
> Of most intense souls painted in their joy,
> Their great brows jeweled bright as by a crown
> Of their own thoughts, that nothing can destroy,
> Because pure thought is life without alloy,
> Life's very essence from the flesh set free,
> A wonder and delight eternally.

"The Dream" is illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by Judith Masefield. These drawings, which are ably executed, lend body to the text, and serve to bring the poet's "pure thought" into a more tangible relationship with common reality.

Before passing to the other poems of the book the note preceding a short piece entitled "The Woman Speaks" deserves attention, for although the poem is not to be spoken of in the same breath with "Kubla Khan," Masefield claims for his composition similar esoteric origin. Coleridge, it will be recalled, "dreamed a long poem," of which he was able to recall but a fragment. Masefield says of his poem that it "appeared to me in a dream. * * * I was intensely aware of the whole poem, which appeared engraven in high relief on an oblong metal plate, from which I wrote it down." This is closely akin to the daemonic control of the Greeks, and tends to place Masefield, as poet, in a new and interesting light. It is doubtless also more or less explanatory of "The Dream."

Two or three of the poems of the volume are in sonnet form, but although moderately successful Masefield is too exuberant a writer to achieve perfection here. In the perfect sonnet there is a nice balance of wind and string that Masefield finds beyond him. He is not sonorous, he is noisy; his lines rumble and echo within the walls of their narrow house. Masefield is too impatient a poet to practice the refinements of refinement necessary for the production of the perfect sonnet.

The poem which will appeal most strongly to the true Masefieldian, to the reader who has gone aloft with Dauber, been shaken with the thundering crash of many waters, or sailed with the poet into quiet bays, is a descriptive piece with which the volume closes. It is but two stanzas in length, and is called "Campeachy Picture."

> The sloop's sails glow in the sun; the far sky burns,
> Over the palm tree tops wanders the dusk;
> About the bows a chuckling ripple churns;
> The land wind from the marshes smells of musk.
> A star comes out; the moon is a pale husk; * * *
> Far aft, where the lamp blears,
> A seaman in red shirt eyes the sails and steers.
>
> Soon will he sight that isle in the dim bay
> Where his mates saunter by the campfire glow;
> Soon will the birds scream, scared, and the bucks bray
> At the rattle and splash as the anchor is let go;
> A block will pipe, and the oars grunt as they row;
> He will meet his friends beneath the shadowy trees;
> The moon's orb like a large lamp hanging low
> Will see him stretched by the red blaze at ease,
> Tell of the Indian girls, of ships and of the seas.

A small volume of verse which cannot be otherwise described than as startling, is "Bitter Herbs," by Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott, English novelist and poet. This little book contains but a dozen dramatic pieces and half as many lyrics, none being of any considerable length. For Mrs. Dawson-Scott, to some extent in the lyrics, and to a surpassing degree in the dramatic pieces, has penetrated to ultimate tragic depths

(Continued on Page 22)

Decline and Fall of Visiting Card

When Nobody Pays Calls How Is Anybody to Appreciate That She Is Being Snubbed?

By MARY FISHER TORRANCE

FROM overseas of late has come a wail of lamentation over present-day evidences of the passing of the visiting card. Such complaint emanates not from the users but rather from the makers of visiting cards, who cry, more in sorrow than in anger: "Oh, tell us, gentle lady, how is the honest stationer-man to earn a living, if this sort of thing keeps up?"

Right here in New York, the Fifth Avenue establishments refuse to admit that the situation as yet holds for them any cause for alarm, inasmuch as there is still a steady demand for visiting cards, albeit in diminishing quantities. Where the engraving of 500 cards at a time used to be an every-day occurrence, now an order for 100, or at most 200, is the rule. "Everybody has calling cards," we are assured, "though, of course, one can't tell how many of them are actually used for calling."

Emily Post, in her book on "Etiquette," says that "although the principal use of a visiting card, the one for which it was originally invented—to be left as an evidence of one person's presence at the house of another—is going gradually out of ardent favor in fashionable circles, its usefulness seems to keep a nicely adjusted balance." For instance, a visiting card now supplants the place of long written invitations to all sorts of informal parties; it carries messages of condolence or congratulation; it acts as an endorsement in the giving of an order; if uncertain of your handwriting, you may tack it on the outside of an express box. It will work as a charm with the post office clerk who, not fancying your looks much, scruples without some assurance as to your character to cash that money order for a dollar-ninety-eight. It might get over to the genteel salesperson downstairs in the tinware the preferred spelling of your name and address; but, alas, in addition to being a little hard of hearing, she's too proud to wear glasses, and has broken her lorgnette.

Calling cards seem to have come into use some time during the eighteenth century. Recently a writer in The Manchester Guardian stated that the custom grew out of the habit in Paris, some 170 years ago, of scribbling messages and invitations on the back of playing cards.

At first one simply wrote one's name on the back of a playing card and handed it to one's friend's servant when calling. * * *

Then playing cards came to be considered "low," and went out of vogue. In their stead were evolved cards illustrated with engravings of ruins, landscapes, towers, and so forth. * * * One bought them in packs, consisting of assorted views. * * * The next development was to have your name engraved on the card, instead of writing it. Cards thereupon became individual, and every one had his or her special design.

Mrs. Burton Kingsland, author of "Etiquette for All Occasions," says (1901) that "for more than a century these little squares of pasteboard * * * have been the accredited representatives of our personal identity."

Before they came into use, the porters of lodges of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which they scrawled their idea of the names of those who called upon their masters and their families. One fine gentleman, shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had done the honor to call upon him * * * badly written, with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink on greasy paper * * * conceived the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his friends, lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of porter or concierge. The custom was found so convenient as to have many imitators, and soon became general.

In the early days, when everybody's visiting cards strove to be individual at all costs, the resulting products must have looked not unlike the old-fashioned valentines dear to our childhood. We read of creations made out of paper or cardboard finished with a sheen to imitate silk, enamel, or what not—perhaps bordered with lace paper that framed a handpainted landscape. The owner's name—though the raison d'être of the card—was really the least of it, but might be discovered in a graceful scroll evolving from the beak of a little bird a-singing in a tree-top.

According to Mrs. Kingsland, even so late as the eighteen-forties young men of fashion affected a card highly glazed, with the name in such microscopic characters as to be almost illegible, which had succeeded the custom of engraving the facsimile of the owner's signature. But the vogue was steadily veering toward greater simplicity, and in 1878, a lady from Philadelphia, Mrs. Harrietta Gxnard Ward—she who wrote "Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society; Customs, Manners, Morals and Home Culture, Compiled from the Best Authorities"—states, for her day, the rule absolute: "Glazed cards and note paper are quite out of fashion, as are cards and note paper with gilt edges. * * * The engraving in simple writing is preferred, and without flourishes. Nothing in cards can look more commonplace than large printed letters, be the type what it may."

"Sensible Etiquette" must, in its day, have acted like a healing balm to all socially aspiring souls, racked in the throes of mastering the ritual of the card-leaving game—its If, When, Who, How Many, What For, and—with depths of esoteric significance—Which Corner to Turn Down? And lest any light-minded gentle reader should underestimate the importance of the ritual, Mrs. Ward felt constrained to caution: "Ladies who are so remiss as to neglect the observance of these simple rules must, sooner or later, cease visiting each other."

So late as 1901, we find Mrs. Kingsland stating that "To drop an unwelcome acquaintance, one has only to omit the sending or leaving of cards."

Let us pause to drop a tear on this dead-and-gone process of social decapitation, now unfortunately passed into the discard. It certainly had much to recommend it—being at once simple, summary, and inexpensive. What have we to take its place? When nobody pays calls or leaves cards, how is anybody to appreciate that she is being snubbed? Witness the voice of the latest prophet come among us, Mrs. Post:

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that not alone men but many young married women of highest social position, except to send with flowers or wedding presents, do not use a dozen visiting cards a year.

And it's just as bad over in England: thus The Manchester Guardian:

Nowadays, to the horror of these tradesmen who are financially interested, we pop in and out of our friends' houses with a blissful disregard for dropping sheafs of pasteboard into the brass plate on the hall table as we take our departure.

So that it becomes the problem of the hour how to administer the Snub Courteous. To omit asking people to one's home is too frequently—in the case of many of us—simply to import that one has no cook, or one unable to survive the ordeal by company.

"Sensible Etiquette" quotes a contemporaneous correspondent in The London World who complains, a little testily, that "to expect any one to carry around with him a complete knowledge of cardlore is as little reasonable as to expect a portable knowledge of the pedigree of the Plantageneta."

Luckily for him, "he" wasn't expected to, because "she" did it for him. It was satisfactorily adjusted early in the day that honors should be divided between the sexes; that is, in a nation of shopkeepers, where men had to go to work to pay the bills, the ladies stayed uptown and distributed cards ad libitum—not only for husbands and sons, but brothers, cousins and uncles, even unto the third and fourth generation of avuncular relatives. And, to the honor of Anglo-Saxon womanhood, be it said, never, so long as the institution of calling persisted, did the fair ones shirk their burden! They certainly called—don't you remember the card trays of your youth, brimful of cards—the brimmer the better?

But, of course, there was an occasional lone man in those days who, in default of sister, cousin or aunt to shed a kindly card for him, had to do it himself; that is, if he wanted to continue in the swim, and be invited to parties where refreshments were served. Thus Mrs. Ward: "Gentlemen should not expect to receive invitations from ladies with whom they are only on terms of formal visiting until the yearly or autumnal call has been made, or until their cards have been made to represent themselves."

In the heyday of card leaving New York was a smaller city, and society ran itself in a spirit of mutual cooperation. Ladies living in the same locality were "At Home" on the same day; this day tout le monde called on Washington Square; next day, it may have been Gramercy Park; next day, all off for Bronx Park—no, no, that couldn't have been right! For the Bronx existed only as the forest primeval, with the animals yet to arrive. But we find ourselves wondering, how did those ladies whose reception days were the same ever get to call on one another? Or didn't they—were they just destined to remain at the same distance apart forever, like two parallel lines?

Mrs. Ward effectually quashed any latent hope in the breast of any young materfamilias, planning to combine business with pleasure on Bridget's day, "out," which happened to be lower Fifth Avenue's day "in." "Neither children nor dogs are taken out when making formal calls." Furthermore, "two persons out of one family, or, at the most, three persons, can make calls together."

In the age of innocence, it is not good form for a young lady who had a mother to flaunt a separate visiting card during her first Winter in society. Next year, fully fledged, she might be permitted to have one, "but it should not bear the direction, such cards being appropriated by the demi-monde," warns "Sensible Etiquette." It even behooved mother to "ware giving a misleading impression, hence, "The street and the number always look better on the card of the husband than that of the wife. When necessary, it can be added in pencil on the cards of the wife or the daughter."

In 1878, calling hours varied, we are told, beginning as early as 12 o'clock in small towns, "but from 2 to 4 o'clock neither lunch nor the afternoon drive is interfered with, and seems to be preferred by many in large cities." A lady receiving "morning" calls—i. e. afternoon—was permitted to wear a silk gown, high in the neck, with long sleeves; no diamonds, and no flowers in her cap or her hair, both being reserved for dinner toilet. Gentlemen attending a day reception or a social tea wore black frockcoat, colored trousers, white or black waistcoat, and black scarf or tie. Blond men can wear bright neckties and scarfs; but let brunettes beware of more than the faintest dash of gay color when they wish to look distinguished, for a superabundance sometimes gives even a gentleman the appearance of a bookmaker on the racecourse."

The very time that Mrs. Ward was declaring that "A dresscoat on any one but a waiter at a morning or afternoon reception is as much out of place as a frockcoat would be at a large dinner," the institution of New Year's receptions was still flourishing in New York. In 1901, Mrs. Kingsland, speaking of this old Knickerbocker custom, which by her time "disappeared from New York as if it had never been," says:

Men over 40 doubtless recall with a shudder the New Year's calls of their youth—compelled to get into dress clothes at 10 A. M., and rush from house to house all day in the endeavor to see one's entire acquaintance before being overtaken by bedtime.

A gentleman of the old school, with lively recollections of the days-that-were, assures me solemnly that on one glad New Year's Day he himself, being compos mentis, paid no fewer than 125 calls.

In 1923, Mrs. Post, expatiating on the present disinclination of young people to pay even their party calls, says:

* * * About twenty years ago the era of informality set in and has been gaining ground ever since. In certain cities, old-fashioned hostesses, it is said, exclude delinquents * * * and as these "rebels" are invariably the most attractive and the most eligible youths, it has become almost an issue; a hostess must in many cases either invite none but older people, and the few young girls whose mothers have left cards for them, or ignore convention and invite the rebels.

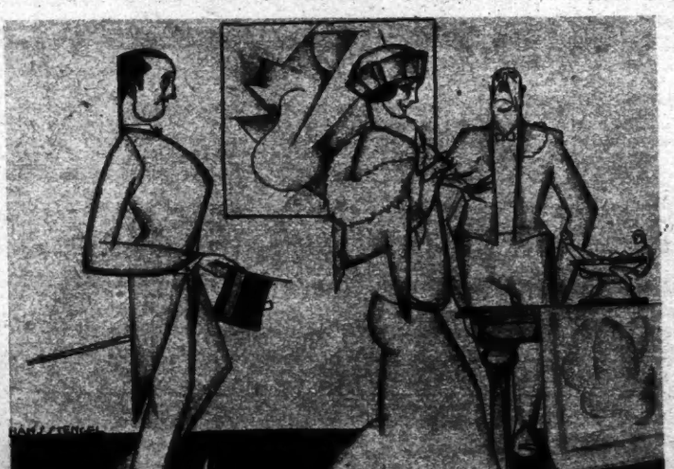
Furthermore:

The best type of young men pay few, if any, party calls, because they work and they exercise. * * * The Sunday afternoon visits that the youth of another generation used always to pay are unknown in this, because every man who can spends the week-end in the country.

No improvement along the old-established lines of convention may be hoped, it is feared, from "these wild young people," the youths and maidens of today. But their mothers—and their still-young grandmothers—what's the matter with them? Why aren't they out a-calling, that they may in turn be called on? Is it because they find it pleasanter to play bridge, go to lectures, run for office—or just to sit at home by the fire and read a book?

And what's to account for this complete débâcle in the erstwhile ancient and honorable institution of card-scattering? Why have the women gone on strike, as it were? Is it due to the demoralizing influences of telephone, automobile, cigarette smoking among females, votes-for-women, or the Volstead act?

"Never so long as the institution of calling persisted did the fair ones shirk their burden."



"We pop in and out of our friends' houses with a blissful disregard for dropping sheafs of pasteboard."

Maurice Hewlett As a Neighbor Saw Him

A Literary Celebrity Who Lived Unknown

By L. F. RAMSEY

PROBABLY there has never been another man, with the international reputation of the late Maurice Hewlett, about whose life so little was known by the outside world. He himself disliked publicity of any sort. He chose to live in a little out-of-the-world village, nine miles from a railway station, and there write and read and potter about his garden.

He always refused to give journalists any information about his private life or personal history.

"Those things have nothing to do with what a man writes," he would say, in that quick dogmatic way of his.

So all that most people knew of Maurice Hewlett was what they could read in "Who's Who," that he was born on Jan. 22, 1861; that he was the eldest son of Henry Gay Hewlett of Shaw Hill; that he was called to the bar in 1891 and was Keeper of Land Revenue Records and Enrolments, 1896-1900. That he married Hilda Beatrice, second daughter of the Rev. George William Herbert, and has two children, a son and a daughter.

When Mr. Hewlett bought a house in the village in which I live I asked a neighbor whether the buyer were Maurice Hewlett, the distinguished novelist.

"I don't know about that. But I know his wife's an airwoman," replied my informant.

So then I knew. For Mrs. Hewlett was one of the two women who first learned to fly and I have heard Mr. Hewlett tell the story of the evening the other woman was killed. He heard the newsboys in the streets calling the evening papers and nerved himself to go out and buy a paper. His hand shook so that he could hardly read the words.

Maurice Hewlett, as a boy, was extraordinarily precocious. He was educated chiefly privately, and devoured books. He knew the "Morte d'Arthur" by heart. He was a wonderful classical scholar and spoke French fluently from an early age. Curiously enough, he did not read poetry till he was about 25, and then Keats, Shelley and Dante were his loves. He said of his own youth:

"I wasted my time, I dreamed. I tried to do things too big for me and threw them up at the first failure. I diligently pursued every false god. I don't think I was very happy and I am sure I was very disagreeable. I doubt now if I was ever a boy, except for a short period when by rights I should have been a man."

The young married couple were both keen travelers, and they both loved unconventionality. They wandered about Italy together, though it may surprise some readers of his novels to learn that the longest visit Maurice Hewlett ever paid to Italy lasted only two months.

On one of their Italian tours they were accompanied by Pennell, the artist, who illustrated "Earthwork in Tuscany," that first appeared in 1895.

When the little ones came, they, too, led a bohemian life with their parents that must have been wholly delightful. Camping out in the New Forest—the scene of "Forest Lovers"—or running wild in the Wiltshire village where for so many years the Hewletts made their home and where the great man passed away, the Howlett children grew up. I have seen hundreds of snapshots of their life at this period. It was a happy time for all of them.

Maurice Howlett ceased writing novels practically with the outbreak of the war. He had no heart for it, he said.

"Though when a man like me stops writing novels he is done for," he told me.

It was no use his laying aside his pen for the modern equivalent of the sword, however. He was 53 when the war broke out, and though he offered himself for various sorts of war work he could find no niche into which he could fit.

So he retired into the country where he could be found if wanted. There he interested himself in food production, offering part of his own grounds for allotments for the growing of potatoes. He was often to be seen down there working, sometimes digging for hours, though he was never a strong man physically.

It was at this period that he wrote "The Song of the Plow." It seemed almost as if, like Thomas Hardy, he was to give up novel writing for poetry. His interest in the lives of the agricultural laborers was voiced, however, in the essays that appeared in the daily press.

The dullness of their lives affected him profoundly. In those days we had no village hall as we have now. When work was over there was only the bar of the village inn, a tiny place, to which to resort. Nothing ever happened from one year's end to another.

Mr. Hewlett's own house, though the largest in the village, had no big room. The owner of a smaller house possessed a large billiard room. She agreed to lend it once a week and Mr. Hewlett bought chairs, which were stored in a garage near by.

Each Thursday the lads of the place carried the chairs in and arranged them in rows. Any one who chose was welcome to come and Mr. Hewlett read to us for an hour or so. Never can he have had a more attentive audience. Farm lads and farmers and their wives and sisters and daughters listened breathlessly while he read us his Icelandic sagas from the manuscript, before ever they appeared in published form. Sometimes he read us poetry, but whatever he read we listened to with a thrilled attention. London audiences would have paid high prices for the privilege. We had it free. Before the war was over, Mr. Hewlett sold his house in West Wittering and went back to his Wiltshire home at Broad Chalke. His children had grown up there and he had left it solely because of the difficulty of finding labor during the war. It had been let to a farmer, and Mr. Hewlett's cherished garden along the river had gone back to pasture for cattle. There was a possibility of employing ex-soldiers in bringing most of it back again into cultivation.

His writings reveal Mr. Hewlett's love of gardens. Here at West Wittering I see living memorials of him. When he first came his house was covered with ivy. He stripped this from the walls and instead they are covered with magnolia and wistaria which he planted.

When he has visited us, the last time, alas! scarcely a month ago, he has always gone to see how the plants he put in himself were flourishing and we always thought that there was a certain wistfulness in the way he looked at his old garden here. There were many flowers that would bloom there that refused to live in his Broad Chalke home.

There, however, the river ran through his garden. One of Mr. Hewlett's great recreations was fishing for trout. He had to cross the lawn merely from his door to indulge in it.

Here he had the sea. He liked it best, however, in Winter, when the stretch of sand was as deserted as No Man's Land. He was always a great walker, striding along at a great rate. In his Wiltshire home he would walk over the Downs for miles. He knew every sheep track round his home there.

Mr. Hewlett's life was as regular as clockwork. He breakfasted at 8:30, spent the time till 10 in his garden and then went to his desk, where he wrote till 12 o'clock. Then into the garden again till his lunch at 1. After lunch he read the newspapers, wrote letters and spent any time that remained in the garden till 4:30, when he had tea. Then he would walk or fish till dinner at 8, after which he read for hours. He seldom read novels, though I have known him do so when I have been sufficiently enthusiastic over any that I had just been reading. He read chiefly biography, and particularly French memoirs. He had an extensive acquaintance with French literature and also frequently read Italian.

He was a great admirer of W. H. Hudson and E. V. Lucas and possessed all their books in first editions. His library was fascinating and he had a wonderful collection of eighteenth century writers.

Mr. Hewlett was a man of keen sympathies and essential kindliness of heart. He hated war in all its forms and often said how thankful he was that he was not young enough to have to fight.

"I should simply have hated it," he said. "I should hate to kill anything. It is not the actual killing I should mind, it is the doing it in such disgusting detail."

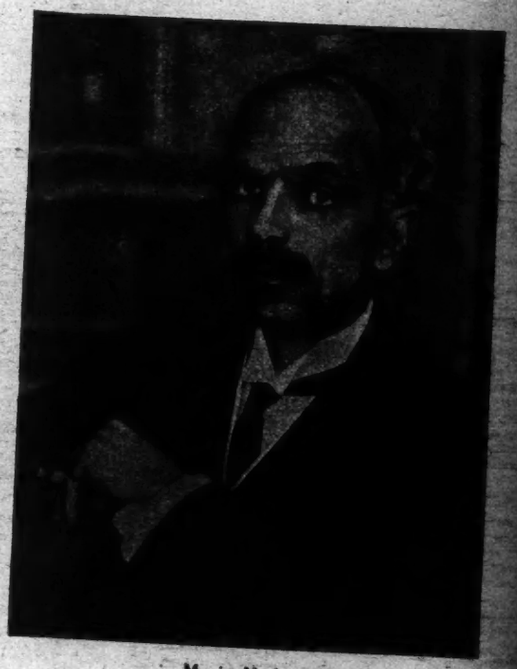
He has been described as a Democrat and a radical. As a fact he was no politician. He helped many a poor boy and girl with their education, for he was generous almost beyond what he could afford. He was impulsive, and emphatic in his likes and dislikes. He was an individualist and was keenly sensitive to the sufferings of others, particularly to those of women. In the intensity of his feeling for another's woe he reminded me of Shelley, who was one of his early influences.

I asked him once what he called himself in politics.

"I don't know what I am," he replied. "I belong to the Fabian Society, but I've no business to. I'm certainly not a Socialist—that's the last thing I am."

I think he was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew, and I have known many kind-hearted men. Mr. Hewlett always tried to make his sympathy practical. It is no mean obituary this to be able to say of him that the outstanding features of his character were modesty and kindliness.

Others, better qualified, can sum up his place in letters. I speak from what I know of Mr. Hewlett as a friend.



Maurice Hewlett.
Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

Italo-Americans Explained for Italians

A Review by
WALTER LITTLEFIELD

***CINQUANT' ANNI DI VITA ITALIANA IN AMERICA.** By Alfredo Bosi. With Over 100 Engravings of Views and Portraits. Royal Octavo. Pp. 530. New York: Bagnasco Press.*

THERE are several books on Italians in America, written primarily for American and Italo-American consumption, with the idea of inspiring sympathy toward the newcomers, and at the same time trying to make them realize the avenues to success and culture open to them in exchange for their industry and ability, if properly developed and applied. Dr. Mariano's "The Italian Contribution to American Democracy" is such a book—a book of sound judgment and broad vision. We now for the first time have a book written on a similar theme, but primarily for Italian readers—that those who have remained in the Peninsula may learn what their compatriots who have come hither have accomplished in the new land.

Dr. Mariano's treatment of his subject has already been described to the readers of this review. Naturally, Alfredo Bosi's treatment is different. In his "Fifty Years of Italian Life in America" he writes more like a historian and biographer than like an expounder of racial, industrial and artistic phenomena, with illustrative tables of statistics and quotations from experts on the various phases of his subject. This is not to imply that Mr. Bosi does not deal also with figures, but with him they are as exclamations in emphasis of some point, or are incidentally introduced as a matter of logic or philosophy; never do we end in themselves. One book, therefore, may be considered as the complement of the other—sometimes overlapping, sometimes identical, sometimes arriving at opposite and even opposing results—and the American reader who does not know Italian will miss much that should have been imparted to him in his own histories and biographies. For this reason it is to be hoped that the unique portions of Mr. Bosi's book may some day see light in the English language.

There is also a temperamental difference between the authors, for the environment of each has been different. Dr. Mariano in education and thought is entirely American—American with practical conceptions of both countries, but with a boundless sympathy for Italy—while Mr. Bosi is in education and thought thoroughly Italian, and so interprets what his compatriots have achieved in the land of their adoption. Besides, he is writing for Italians, and in their own language. As editor of Il Progresso Italo-Americano, he has been able to preserve his traditions, while his journalistic instinct has kept him alive to the constantly changing life about him—subjective in thought, but objective in expression.

The genesis of his book is interesting to note. In the early part of 1901 he was in Rome, and was probably the first Italo-American to be received by King Victor Emmanuel III., since the tragedy at Monza in the preceding July had placed him on the throne. His Majesty was reading Theodore Roosevelt's "The Life of Cromwell," and the conversation turned on the author and his Italian sympathies and whether their inspiration had come from the Italians of Italy or those of America, and his Majesty expressed the desire to know more about the latter. Ten years later, at the second Congress of Italians from Abroad inaugurated by him in the Campidoglio, he complained that their history was yet to be written.

Upon this hint Mr. Bosi set to work. To have written of the Italian in America during the period of his own observation, even though it covered nearly a quarter of a century, would have been as incomplete as to write an account of present New York with the story of New Amsterdam omitted, for although the hardy, thrifty, eager and alert immigrant class of later years has done its part as artisans, behind it was the class of artificers, the émigrés, who had left their stamp upon American culture, for the newcomers to quicken and elaborate. Even these need a background. For although in scientific life the names of Marconi and Caproni stand for definite things with which everybody is familiar, nobody will dispute the Genoese mariner's claim to being "the first Italian immigrant," or the part played by Vespucci, the Cabots, Verrazzano, and Gracomo Costantino Beltrami in developing it.

The first chapter, therefore, is naturally concerned with this background. With the second we need not concern ourselves, for, as its title, "America, the Country of Italians," connotes, it is an exposition for the benefit of Italian readers. In the third chapter, however, Americans would divide interest with Italians. When in 1805 Lorenzo da Ponte, who loved to call himself "the first teacher of the language of Dante in America," reached these shores, he found a half dozen Italian families and Americans able to converse in their language. Half a century later a refugee fleeing from the Papal prison of Viterbo finds much the same situation. Nevertheless, there came to this country from 1820 to 1919 Italians who in numbers were equal to a third of the present population of the United States, and of the entire population of Italy. From the year in which United Italy proclaimed her capital at Rome, the line rapidly ascended until the World War and its subsequent post-bellum restrictions. In 1870, 3,800 Italians came; in 1900, 100,135; in 1914, 296,414. Three great waves, with regional as well as individual characteristics, contributed their quotas, in accordance with the educational, social and industrial pressure at home. The northern regions were principally identified by the technicians and educators, the central by artists and writers, and the southern, including Sardinia and Sicily, agriculturists and workers of various sorts eager with either hand or brain.

Now, if the masses that thus came had been carefully distributed and colonized by a wise Government at Washington, the author in his views on "desirables and undesirables" would not necessarily have found himself on the defensive, nor would the "Passenger Act" of 1819, the Federal Control act of 1862, or the Congressional debates over the literacy test, 1896-1917, or the subsequent ratio limit of immigration have come in for such searching analysis on his part. It is all very well to protect "American" labor, but should the small capitalist and householder be deprived of his laborers, while the big capitalists are able to import theirs? Is it a fact that the unskilled, untrained mass has ever taken the place of the skilled, the trained and the semi-educated? There is still much room

(Continued on Page 30)

ROBERT BURNS'S FIRST LOVE—"SHE WAS A BONNIE, SWEET, SONSIE LASS."

Latest Works of Fiction

NORTH OF 36. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner. 420 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

UNLESS he left unpublished manuscripts this was probably the last novel written by Emerson Hough, whose death recently cut him off in the prime of his activities as an author. Always a romanticist, his stories of pioneering days and of the West of the cattle range and the cowboy have sometimes been sharply criticised by those of realistic preferences, because they did not dwell sufficiently on the hardships, the crudities, the ugliness of frontier conditions. The question goes deep into the fundamental characteristics of human nature. For it is essentially the result of that difference of temperament which makes one man bold, adventuresome, trustful of tomorrow, joyful of life, careless of inconveniences, and another doubtful of outcomes, critical of surroundings, hesitant in ventures—in short, the difference in temperament which makes one an optimist and another a pessimist.

Looking at the matter from the standpoint of the spirit, the romanticist is undoubtedly much nearer the truth when he writes of pioneer men and women than is the realist. If their hearts had not been alive with the spirit of romance, the spirit of the gambler, the spirit of adventure, they would never have done what they did. They would have remained in the towns and had little gardens in their back yards. To write of them, as it is rather the fashion nowadays to view them, as suffering privations, enduring hardships, being martyrs to the advance of civilization, is utter nonsense. They had their own happiness, their own standards, their own joy in life and took their own pleasure out of their mighty wrestlings, and it is absurd to attempt to measure, define and understand them in accordance with the conceptions of a more artificial and more complex civilization.

It is chiefly in the spirit of romance that this tale of the northward trek of the cattle herds of the Southwest is written, but the author has endeavored to make it as true to the essential facts of history as meagre knowledge of the time and its events made possible. The story of the Chisholm Trail and the first move of cattle that came over it from Texas to find a market at Abilene, Kan., away back in 1867, when the steel head of the Kansas Pacific railroad was only a few miles west of that raw, frontier village. The Chisholm Trail and Abilene were barely known even by name to more than a few score hardy souls in the spring of that fateful year, but in a short time the whole West and Southwest were ringing with them, and the fame and the high consequence of them had gone straight into the inner circles of finance and commerce in the East. For over the Chisholm Trail were surging great rivers of cattle to the vast engulfing market of Abilene, and because this outlet had been found the huge empire of Texas and the Southwest, of immeasurable potential riches, was coming to life, new industries in the North were being established, fortunes were being made, and streams of population were pouring into the Middle West.

Surely it is a theme alluring to the fiction writer and one that demands at least a touch of the romantic in its treatment. Mr. Hough has given it much more than a touch. But he has also endeavored to find out all that it is now possible to learn about that great inland movement of commerce and to write his story in accordance with both its spirit and its details. The pioneer herd which he sends north from Central Texas, from the ranch of Laguna del Sol, feeling its way, meeting adventures, undergoing hardships and surmounting endless difficulties, is owned by a young and unbelievably beautiful woman, Miss Taisie Lockhart, whose vast ranch since her father's death and during and since the Civil War has steadily gone the down grade until she has nothing left but a scant 3,000 or 4,000 lean cattle for which there is no market, a trunk full of useless land scrip and vast acres of equally useless land. A Captain of the Texas Rangers who has been riding widely a thousand miles or so northward brings her news of a possible market for cattle at Abilene and of the likelihood that a drove could be taken thither over the Chisholm Trail. She takes fire at once, and declares that her cattle shall go thither and that she will accompany the outfit. The novel tells the story of that pioneer herd moving slowly northward through the Spring for weeks upon weeks, of their arrival in Abilene and the success of the venture. Entangled with this story and providing added drama, suspense, interest, is the determined effort of a carpetbag official of Texas, a member of a gang that is conspiring to loot State and people, to get possession of the girl's old rawhide trunk that is filled with land scrip her father had bought. It has been valueless, but is likely, although she does not know it, to prove a treasure. And, of course, there is a love story with its own entanglements.

NIGHT OF THE WEDDING

THE NIGHT OF THE WEDDING. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 275 pp. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $2.

IN "The Night of the Wedding" there is not a page but contains its proper ingredient of suspense. The book may lack some of these attributes which would warrant the appellation of "romantic mystery novel" which its authors claim for it, but the mystery, at least, is present 100 per cent. and is sustained by excellent motivation. Even though there is more than a hint at the occult, even though there are dagger fights and secret passages and hidden chambers, the logical sequence of the plot prevents these elements from degenerating into the purely melodramatic or the ridiculously gruesome.

The recognition scenes, it is true, are a bit too obviously touching, and the hero-detective in his moments of inspiration might almost be termed bumptious; but in constructing most of the situations the authors have maintained a certain flavor of good taste which saves the book from the Diamond Dick class.

The story is that of the disappearance of a most charming bride on the very night of her wedding, of the ensuing search and the investigation of her supposed murder, all of which involves more kidnapping, the unearthing of several family skeletons, as well as some unexpected family trees. It lacks the color and the atmosphere that Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain have succeeded in putting into their detective novels; yet it is saved from the commonplace by its setting in Hidden Hall Court, an English estate with a Persian garden, and a romantic affiliation with old Italy.

While there is, naturally, very little conscious character study, the participants in the Hidden Hall episodes are far from being puppets. The women, especially, are quite convincing in their fears and their loves, and in their vengeance. The young detective has an outstanding personality, and the authors are to be congratulated on the rather unconventional manner in which they introduce him after at least a third of the tale has been told, and at the same time manage to make him dominate without a struggle.

Without doubt the book's best point is the skill of its construction; for, quite aside from its careful motivation and its attention to detail, there is a continual creating and enhancing of suspense that Poe himself might have admired.

ERIS

ERIS. By Robert W. Chambers. 323 pp. New York: George H. Doran. $2.

MR. CHAMBERS is always a good workman. When he makes one of his characters declare cynically that the public does not care for workmanship he can hardly be sincere; for surely a factor in his popularity is the confidence his readers have in his literary skill. They know the job will be well done.

In "Eris" he is, as usual, a master of swift action and sophisticated dialogue and an understanding interpreter of women. The heroine's stepmother and the hero's aunt are real folk. Perhaps Eris herself is impossible. All the other people in the book say she is. The smart crowd she falls in with when she flees from the farm to seek truth and abundant life in the city cannot believe that a girl so good to look at can be so pure in mind, so single in purpose. But the author's cleverness makes her convincing enough.

Born straight, the milk-white Eris continues straight amid the usual Chambersesque trials and temptations. Neither the counterfeiter whom she married in her trusting girlhood nor the vicious rich man who finances her venture in the movies can prevail against her loftiness of soul. She is as much a lily as the heroine of any Bowery melodrama.

Eris, like Merion, yearns to star in the movies, and of course attains her ambition. As in Harry Leon Wilson's novel, the dark side of photo-play making is shown up; but the two stories are not comparable any further, for the movie life in "Eris" is just a painted background. Nor is there any of the rich and mellow Wilson humor; there is only the hard, glittering Chambers wit. When Eris gives up her fame to become the wife (and, of course, the severest critic) of Barry Annin we feel that she has escaped from a rather poor game; but we have not seen any more of the inward workings of that game than may be seen on Broadway.

In a sense, "Eris" is merely another story in the long list of Chambers tales that spring up as if overnight, like cottages in a Long Island suburb, all bearing evidence of the hand of one contractor. Yet the charge of self-repetition can never in entire truth be made of Mr. Chambers. His journalistic quality saves him from that. The hero, a mixture of the types of R. H. Davis, O. Henry and Sinclair Lewis, has sold his talent for a considerable mess of pottage; and the hero's frank friends, including Eris, are made by Mr. Chambers to talk pointedly of the garbage-pail school of literature and of lunacy in art. Through these characters Mr. Chambers has much to say about current life, and we perceive, in some surprise, that he would have us believe that he inclines strongly toward the good old mid-Victorian standards.

THE DESERT HEALER

THE DESERT HEALER. By E. M. Hull. 301 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

IN Chapter I. of Mrs. Hull's first novel since "The Sheik" we learn:

That Gervas Carew, English gentleman, tall, handsome, silent, is the talk of Algiers because he leads the life and wears the garb of an Arab chieftain and heads a band of devoted native horsemen who ride wonderfully.

That his fickle wife ran off with an Austrian Count in England years before, deserting a dying child; wherefore Carew is a bitter hater of women.

And that poor, beautiful little Marny Geradine, also living at Algiers, is married to an English lord who is a drunkard and a beast.

In Chapter II. we read that poor, saintly, lonely Marny goes for a ride in the desert, is captured by a barbarous Arab and is rescued by the handsome and silent Carew, who restores her safe in her gilded cage in Algiers and is thereafter unable, woman-hater though he is, to put her out of his mind.

Having a sporting nature, we lay aside the book for a moment and venture to predict the outcome.

The beastly Lord Geradine, we figure, will be increasingly cruel to poor Marny. She will be too much of a lady to leave him. He will fall into trouble in the desert and will be saved, worthless though he is, by Carew, who is too much a gentleman to let him die, even though the death of the brute would end poor Marny's torment.

Returning home, Geradine will beat his wife with a club. She will flee to Carew's desert camp and be terribly in love with Carew, and he with her. But they are a lady and a gentleman, and therefore, before they can live happy ever after, Geradine must perish. So Carew will go to have it out with the wicked husband and will find him dead of apoplexy.

Having thus indulged in prognostication, we take up the book again and find that we have guessed wrongly in only two important particulars. Geradine whipped his wife with a riding crop; and it wasn't apoplexy, but the revenge of an Arabian groom, that cleared things up.

All readers who liked Mrs. Hull's first novel will enjoy her second, if for nothing else, then because "The Desert Healer" is so delightfully reminiscent. It has the same warm Sahara atmosphere, the same emotional strains and stresses, the same boudoir agonies that thrilled us in her first effort.

Gervas Carew is the same stiff-necked, stalking sort of prig that we were asked to admire in the earlier story. He hates womanhood for much the same reason that the Sheik did. His trusty Arabs bring down their stallions from a mad gallop to a dead halt in the same sensational manner that we recall so well.

It is all here again, scorching desert, blinding sandstorms, colorful North African town life, subtle Mohammedans in billowy burnouses, and passionate heartache by the thousands of words. None of the familiar bits of property will be missed. Like history, Mrs. Hull repeats. Had "The Desert Healer" come first, it would have made precisely the hit that "The Sheik" made.

But the author has changed her psychology for which she was so highly praised after the first tale. When the Sheik's villainous brutality compelled at last the love of the woman he had taken captive, people cried, "How well Mrs. Hull understands women!" In "The Desert Healer" the same sort of brutishness works just the other way. What will they say to that?

SNAKE DOCTOR

SNAKE DOCTOR. By Irvin S. Cobb. 243 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

PERSONS desirous of wearing their cranial adornments in the style known as Pompadour, and unable to secure verticality, should try Irvin Cobb's "Snake Doctor"—it is warranted to make the most recalcitrant and supine hairs to stand on end. "Snake Doctor," which won for its author the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee's first prize for the best short story published in 1922, is the title story of a collection of nine short stories that has just come from the press. The other eight are also recommended.

In the present book Mr. Cobb's readers will meet again several of their former friends—J. Poindexter, Colored, is there, just as afraid of "hants" as ever. Judge Priest is there; ungrammatical, verbose and sagacious. There are also many newcomers, among them Solitaire, the stick-up man from the North, who, in spite of his technique, is outwitted by the natives of the Southern swamp country, and whose ruse brings him ninety days in the chain gang instead of the month in a comfortable jail that he expected. There is Wild Bill, a splendiferous colored gentleman of many and diversified

(Continued on Page 22)

The Oldest Dutch Farmhouse in New York City

Built of Ship's Timbers by Skipper Jan Schenck Van Nydeck, It Still Endures

By ELY MAXIM BEHAR

ASK any one of a hundred New Yorkers where the oldest house in the city is. The chances are that you will receive no answer. Perhaps you may be told that it is "Somewhere near the Battery." Or else your friend may reply, Yankee fashion: "Oh, is there an oldest house in this city? I thought they had torn it down long ago." On the other hand, no New Yorker will acknowledge ignorance as to the whereabouts of the latest addition to our great hostelries or theatres or department stores.

The fact is that in these days of tremendous developments, historical landmarks are being wiped out one after the other. Buildings which have stood for centuries are turned over to the housewreckers, and are torn down in a few days. A few scarcely noticed lines in the metropolitan press may herald their passing. The bored reader will think: "Enough of this old stuff, let's see the news."

In the outskirts of Flatbush there is an old Dutch farmhouse which has resisted the advancing tide of progress. Long since, its more pretentious contemporaries on Manhattan Island have been leveled. It is the oldest house in New York City and probably holds that distinction for the entire State. Of all the early Dutch homesteads, this one certainly is the best preserved in its original condition.

Many, many years ago, in 1650 to be exact, a Dutch pirate ship anchored in what was known as Old Rockaway Inlet at the mouth of Jamaica Bay. The Captain got into a small boat with some of his crew and rowed a little distance up the creek. The sun had already set when he came to the shore, and tradition has it, that he was warned away by the ghost of one of Henry Hudson's sailors whose grave is near by. But ghosts, in those rough days, were all in the pirate game. Our dauntless Captain, Jan Martinse Schenck Van Nydeck was his euphonious name, treated it as part of the day's work. He continued his exploration of the inlet, and, apparently satisfied that he had found what he was looking for, returned to his ship, and sailed for Holland on the following day.

Piracy was a legitimate occupation for the gentlemen of fortune of that time. It was called privateering. Captain John Schenck came of an old royal Dutch family. One of his ancestors was Hendrik Schenck Van Nydeck, Knight of Afferdam and Walbeek, who died in 1346. While in Holland, Captain Schenck loaded his ship with brick, lumber and other material for building himself a house. Three months later he returned to Flatlands, as Flatbush was then known, and proceeded to put up the substantial dwelling which is still standing.

Many tales have come down from the oldest people of this section of Flatbush concerning this same Captain Schenck. He was reputed to have been at one time a lieutenant of Captain Kidd, and for this reason his house, until recent times, was known as "the pirate house." In "Polytechnic," of January, 1884, Mrs. Fred Van Wyck of Flatlands wrote that, after he had finished building his home in New Netherland, Captain Schenck made another trip to Holland, returning this time with a beautiful young bride whom he had stolen from her parents. He always came in the dead of night, and his doings filled with fear the more peaceful folk of the countryside.

In the centre of the house there was a small square room with no windows, and many weird stories of the happenings in this room were part of the traditions of old Flatlands. It was there that the Captain and his crew assembled for the division of the spoils of their buccaneering, and often the entire neighborhood would be terrified by the sounds of wild revelling, shouts and oaths that came from that direction. On one dark night the Captain's wife was taken to the foot of a cedar tree where the ghost of the sailor from the Half Moon had appeared. There she was tortured. Soon after that she died. Perhaps she had been caught gossiping with the vrouws of the farmers, and had aroused the suspicions of the buccaneers. Color to these tales is lent by the fact that in 1791 a pot of gold was found buried in a sand mound within a stone's throw of the house. But, although the entire neighborhood has been repeatedly dug up and the floors of the various rooms torn up many times since, nothing more has been found.

After a residence of several years in Flatlands Captain Schenck found that he could display his talents in a more peaceful pursuit. He built a dock at Mill Island and his ships carried most of the trade between the old and new Netherlands.

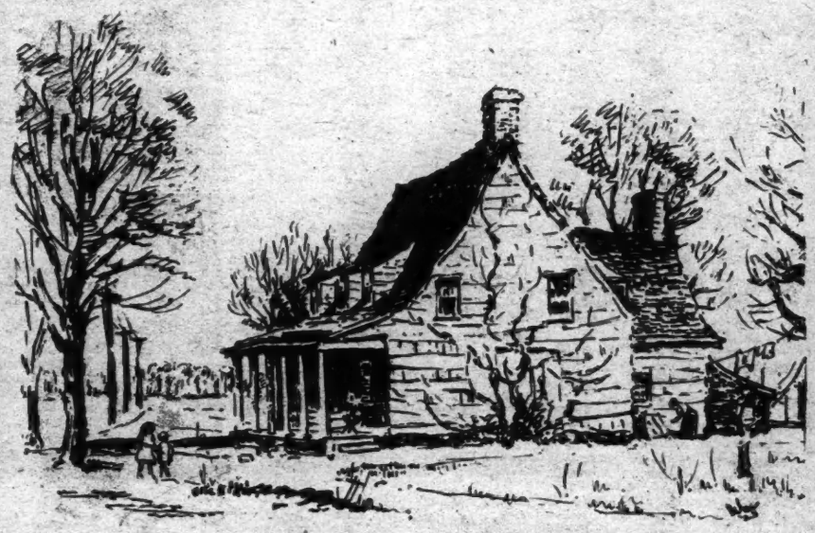
The heirs of Captain Schenck sold the property, which included about seventy-five acres of woodland, upland and salt marsh, to Joris Martense of Flatbush for £2,800. This Martense was a leading citizen in the days of the Revolutionary War. He was very popular with the British whom he ostensibly favored, but we find that he actually advanced $5,500 to the American cause. Evidently, this shrewd Dutchman did not believe in carrying all his eggs in one basket. In his house he entertained Major Moncrief of the British Army. It was there that the Major was captured by Captain William Mariner in his midnight dash against Flatbush. We can readily imagine the astonishment of the British officer when he found himself in the hands of an American Captain whom he had captured and released on parole only a few days earlier.

The war proved to be a boon to many of the thrifty Dutch farmers of Flatbush. Their produce was very much in demand, and they succeeded in getting as high as a dollar a pound for their flour from the redcoats while the latter were hastening to the battle of Long Island.

Now let us swiftly turn over the pages of history until we reach the gentle post-Volstead year 4 A. D. 1923. Taking a Flatbush Avenue car we ride to the end of the line, where we change to the Bergen Beach shuttle. We alight at Mill Basin Road, and, turning to the right, we see a line of cottages on either side. Nothing Dutch about these; they are the products of a very recent real estate development, and are built in the prevailing style of brick and cement. Continuing along the road for about a quarter mile, we come to the end of our quest. In the distance are some large factory buildings, great cranes, derricks and oil tanks.

But to the left of the road, shaded by some fine old trees, is the quaint old house we have come to see. It is on the grounds of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Company, a contracting firm which has been developing Mill Basin as part of the gigantic Jamaica Bay harbor improvement. No more incongruous setting for a Dutch homestead could be found, and the imagination is staggered by the contrasts noted upon turning our gaze in either direction. But the halo of romance clings as closely to the seventeenth century dwellings that no twentieth century realism can succeed in dissipating it. Great charm hangs about the old Dutch farmhouses built by the early settlers in New Netherland. They are entirely different from those of any other time or country and have even little resemblance to those in Holland. With plenty of room in the new colonies, the Dutch settlers built their new homes to suit their needs. This essential fitness to the requirements of the times is well seen in the Schenck homestead, and, whether the tales of his piratical exploits that have come down to us are true or not, the Dutch skipper left a well-built home that has required but little alteration since he set sail on his last voyage.

Entrance to Kitchen in Rear Wing.



No time was wasted in unnecessary embellishments, so dear to modern builders. The simplicity of the plan and construction of the house is the chief cause of its charm and character. It consists of the main building and a rear wing with a stone addition. Built of heavy wide boards on a stone foundation, it has a picturesque steep roof. The walls are now covered with ivy.

The entrance to the main house opens into a wide hallway in the centre. On either side are large rooms with low ceilings supported by heavy oak beams, taken from the hull of a ship. These rough-hewn beams rest on ship knees, and are in a fine state of preservation. In the large living room on the right is a huge fireplace, though it is now boarded up and a modern coal stove has been connected to the chimney. Around the fireplace there originally were old Dutch porcelain tiles with pictures of Holland in a blue glaze, but these were taken out about fifteen years ago by General Philip S. Crooke, into whose hands the property had come in trust for the children of his wife, who had inherited it.

A very small and steep stairway leads from the hall to the attic. This stairway is built like a ship's companion way, and probably comes from the same craft that furnished the heavy beams of the living room. The large attic was used for storage, but it was there that, in the Summer time, the busy housewife labored at her spinning, weaving and quilting. Plaster partitions that divide the attic into five rooms have recently been put up.

At the rear of the central hall is an entrance to the rear wing. This wing is lower than the main part of the house, and a step down conducts to the kitchen. In the kitchen used to be a great oven, but, unfortunately, it also has been boarded up. Now, the cooking is done on a promaic oil range, but the culinary arts have not entirely been lost. While the writer was sketching the interior of the main living room, a delicious cut of chocolate layer cake was given to him. It was baked on the premises by Mrs. Riley, a member of one of the two families that now share the house.

The stone addition to the rear wing was used for the storage of produce, and, as previously mentioned, having been built in as recent a year as 1791, it is the newest part of the

(Continued on Page 25)

Above, The Schenck Homestead, Bergen Beach.

To the Left Interior of Living Room.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Paintings and Prints in Summer Exhibitions*

Portrait of a Girl in White Muslin—Miss Anstruther Thomas.
By John S. Sargent.

In Summer Exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries.

THE Knoedler Galleries, as usual, are letting their Summer exhibition come in a little late—a duchess at a dinner party. The entrance is rather formal and stately and the occasion worthy of ceremony. How the eyebrows of the cubists will go up over the Sargent portrait—one of the beautiful things in the room, fresh and pink with the all-over pinkness of an English girl's face. Not an accent anywhere below the slightly narrowed eyes except for an increase of the lovely pink in the parted lips. It is sketchy enough in execution, the brush showing the marks of the bristles in its light stroking of the canvas with a much-thinned pigment. The composition is somewhat daring and decidedly awkward. The girl's head is seen against a window, and the white casement rises above it like the stiff feather of an Indian headdress. The profile reflected in the glass is, however, marvelously suggested, and so is the texture of the white dress and that of the drab hair. Truly a painter's painting, but caviare to a cubist.

Another picture by a superbly gifted painter gives little evidence of those superb gifts. It is Frank Duveneck's "Washerwomen: Venice," and at first glance it seems as uninteresting as many a commonplace version of that hackneyed subject, the two women in the foreground the purest postcard type. But genius will out, and even this crass picturesqueness yields pleasure-giving quality in certain passages. The red brick of the old wall and the detail of the little shrine; the admirable still life, jugs, baskets, &c.; the placing of the shawled figure disappearing into one of the narrow Venetian alleys; the fine arm and the splendid foot of the standing girl with the foolish face, the beautiful little composition—a picture within a picture—of the seated woman holding a baby, who brandishes a slice of bread and stares with round, dark Italian eyes; the lapping water over the lower step of the stone stairs; in fact, a hundred bits of drawing and painting and design that tell your observing eyes how great an artist has been amusing himself rather lazily with a big canvas, shirking all the things that would have proclaimed him great at once to any kind of observer and spending his loving skill upon side issues, if there is any such thing in art. The date is 1886.

Theodore Robinson is represented by his "Cobbler of Old Paris" dating from 1885, a wonderful picture of dimness, rows upon rows, filled against the wall of the shop; the cobbler an ordinary figure, not very knowingly constructed, on the bench before the window; a gossip in blue with a broad-brimmed yellow hat leaning in across the sill; sunshine, happy color, the bright gayety of the eighties.

Charles Platt was not quite so gay in '84, but he was neither in Paris nor Venice. His "Effect of Morning Sunlight" might be Normandy but probably is not. A winding path is winding up a hillside. Little trudging figures are clear against the hill but not salient. The greens and lavenders are cold, yet there is a sense of warm underpainting. It is a fine picture, but less engaging and friendly than the little silvery boat subject called "The Inlet" with its sallow golden wharf jutting into quiet waters and its softly gleaming sky.

There is a painting by J. Alden Weir, a few years later in date, but with the timeless quality of Weir's best work. A scene of even more than the usual simplicity of those he chose to commemorate, an avenue of leafless trees throwing a veil of loosely woven tissue across the composition, around a corner a small figure in red sturdily tramping to school. You would almost know it if the title "Going to School" were less instructive upon this point.

Childe Hassam paints Central Park West, in 1894, street lamps lighted, horse cabs ambling along, women in huge sleeves and little hats, a pale blue pavement rushing to meet a tremulous blue sky one of the old Hassam masterpieces that tells you things about the fashions and customs and localities of the city, and tells you beside that art is beauty, a statement rejected by all scientists and physicians, but still accepted by one or two painters. Think of telling the painters of the last quarter of the nineteenth century that art was a "release" or an "escape" or anything of that kind! Think of telling them the unadulterated truth about anything! What genius they must have had to do what they did in ignorance of what it all meant.

La Farge also is here with his curiously civilized Samoan squatting among poppies, Sartain is here with a "Meadow Near the Shore," a clean sky, rich meadowland and a fence making a vigorous pattern in the foreground. George Bellows, with his skeleton of a boat beaten by churning water and overhung by a stormy sky, is at his best, a dramatic best. A landscape painted with a light touch by Homer Martin, one of Wyant's landscapes filled with the spirit of creation that evades those who strive for it, a brisk Winter picture by Harry Waltman, a couple of Rousseau's clean-cut bird dogs, other paintings good and bad giving on the whole a fair support to the several works of high importance.

An exhibition of prints recently acquired by the Brooklyn Museum is now on view in the museum's print galleries on the lower floor. Among them is a group of wood engravings by the French artist Mammeri, which illustrate brilliantly enough the return to the simplicity of graphic expression characterizing the beautiful bold art before modern ingenuity dragged it down. The direction of the lines tells the story of the composition without cross-hatching or modulation of tone. Frank spots of black such as you could find in a Venetian woodcut of the fifteenth century, a finely considered proportion between the black areas and the white. "Une Mosquee a Sali" is the finest design in its severity of arabesque and handsome innocent complication of directions,

Above, War Memorial for Gloversville, N. Y. Recently Completed by Karl Illava.

To the Left, "Washerwomen: Venice." By Frank Duveneck.

In Summer Exhibition at Knoedler Galleries.

introducing great linear variety without a trace of confusion or elaboration. "Un Marabout à Rabat" is very nice also with its big blocks of white and black sparsely broken into by broad lines. It is pleasant to find that the passing of simplicity in feeling and idea does not necessarily involve the passing of simplicity in expression, but it would be an insensitive person who did not receive from the modern work a very different impression from that given by the energetic xylography of the early periods. We can be quite as positive as the artist of old, very seldom do we achieve an equal energy.

It is not, of course, a fair or even a possible comparison to set Mammeri's wood engravings against those by Timothy Cole. Alike in being designs cut in wood, they are unlike in every other respect. Mr. Cole, instead of using his medium to interpret directly that fragment of the visible world engaging his interest, is using it to reproduce in a different medium some one else's interpretation of that which has interested the some one else, and to this twice diluted inspiration he has brought a freshness of fervor and conscience so amazing as almost to make one acclaim the elaboration of this engraving upon the "bois de bout." Not quite. When the plank of pear wood hewn lengthwise of the grain gave place to the block of boxwood cut across the grain a very great change took place in the art of wood engraving. You could use a burin and engrave finely and freely as though upon metal. No longer broad thick lines and patches of black and white with blunt edges. Instead, delicate tracories and subtle modulations, a tender and gray tone, atmospheric and third dimensional effects.

When photography replaced the direct drawing upon the wood block of the design to be engraved, more complications and greater variety of effects; finally, competition with the

art of painting in the effort to render tonal relations and hints of color.

Mr. Cole has chosen for the most part to reproduce paintings and most frequently portraits by old and modern masters, asking his medium to do miracles with the bravura of a Frans Hals, the airy vivacity of a Gainsborough, the creamy smoothness of a Romney, the patient surface of Vermeer. How splendidly he has drilled his medium—what military discipline for block and burin! Yet something escapes, the mocking spirit of created line dodges and hides.

Perhaps there is no reproductive process quite so natural as wood engraving. What youngster left in a room with a piece of wood and a knife will fail to whittle? His strokes express his mood as clearly as the whistling that usually accompanies the whittling. And the less there is of self-consciousness in a wood engraving the nearer it comes to being a native language without the hesitancy and loss of translation.

The Mammeri woodcuts are the gift of the Society for the Diffusion of French Knowledge in America through Louis Thomas. The Timothy Cole series of woodcuts after old masters are given by Frank L. Babbott.

The lithographs also are various with equally striking contrasts. Birger Sandzen uses a large free writing for the foliage of his trees and cloud forms. His "Pond With Cottonwood Trees" seems at first sight a strong performance. But when the sky is compared with that in one of the Mammeri woodcuts it turns out weak and rather formless. Mr. Sandzen's trees are his triumphs, turbulent triumphs, but the more remarkable for the skill with which their character is carried through any amount of turbulence.

Opposed to this jubilant physical gesture are the Whistler lithographs, the gift of Edward Blum. Little things and gentle things—"The Tyre Smith," "The Farriers," "Afternoon Tea," "Little Evelyn"—each completely expressive without a single unconsidered touch. Then one whisks over to George Hart and his scenes of Trinidad and Santo Domingo—that "Cockfight" of his, all hot orange color except for a cooling draught of blue sky outside the tent, the cocks small and tense, the spectators large and loose and sprawling in irresponsible attitudes; immensely interesting in subject matter and with many graces of design. The "Voodoo Dance: British West Indies" is a lesser achievement. The design is scattered, the tone is gray and impersonal and without accents, the lively action of the natives dancing to their tom-tom music, or drumming, or whatever it may be that they efficiently are doing, is seen almost as if in mirage—which gives, nevertheless, a queer charm to the little print. In the distance rises a gray dim spire. You yourself are moved to incantation, the ancient chant of the nursery game played upon small interested fingers: "Here is the Church and here is the Steeple: Open the Door and see all the People."

There are also the drypoints by the same artist, there is the mixture of aquatint and drypoint in "The Chicken Vendor of Trinidad" looking competent enough in its technical aspect and indisputably a work of art in the fine composition, the white robes of the chicken seller's customers telling as brilliant accents.

There are other drypoints and etchings; small animated plates by Georges Barrière, very animated and keen, some of them with the "remarque" familiar in nineteenth century work; two or three Forain etchings also animated and keen, but more compressed and significant; a splendid etching, "Storm Near Tamburiaine," by George E. Burr, and another no less splendid and with greater severity of design, "The Forgotten Fleet," by E. Hesketh Hubbard; a glittering drypoint portrait of Mme. Raymonde Delaunois of the Metropolitan Opera Company, by Hellou; a series of twenty-six etched portraits by Walter Tittle of the leading members of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments (the gift of William Hamlin Childs); a tight silver and black Algerian scene by Georges Simon, and several etchings by Zorn, including such cheerful opposites as Taft and Strindberg, with the clearer reading of character in the former.

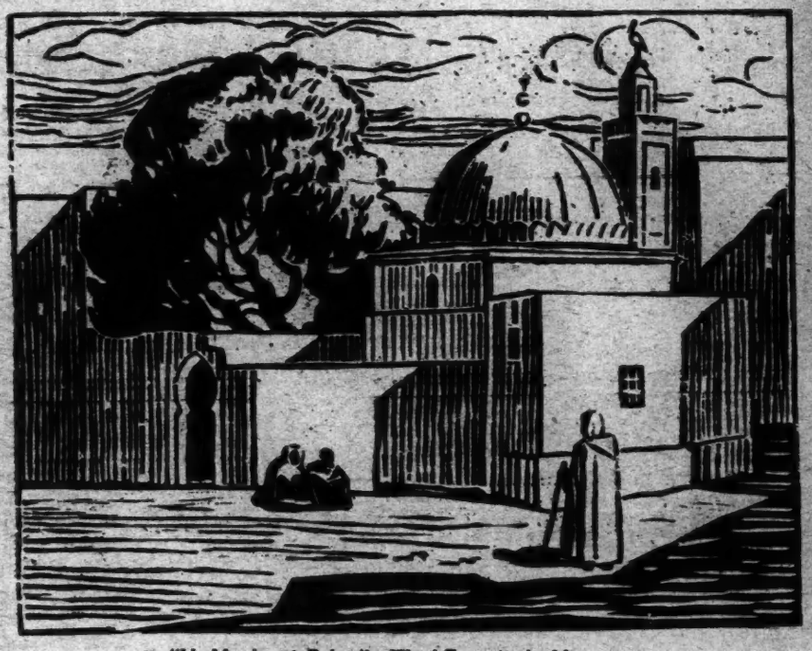
It makes an interesting Summer show and emphasizes the variety of fun to be got from the art of the point, provided the artist himself knows how to play. To be solemn with graphic art is even worse than not to be serious, and to be completely serious it is necessary to know how not to be dull.

The most recent dreadful test of this truism we get in our war monuments all over the world. In how few of them do we find winged lightness of mind and soul lifting the heavy weight of matter! In how few of them do we find an idea sufficiently vital for the commemorative purpose; for the purpose of keeping alive an emotion, of reuniting in memory the quick and the dead!

The war memorial for the town of Gloversville, N. Y., just completed by Karl Illava, has the unusual merit of an individual conception. Not, perhaps, more purely sculptural, not less dangerously "literary" than Rodin's "Thinker," but a genuine creation that will say something to later generations. A doughboy sits holding a German helmet, his expression that of weariness and disillusionment, a type of the philosophic mind that has been forced to abdicate in favor of physical force to meet an acute emergency, and, with the need past, reacts violently.

It would have been the easiest thing in the world to make a confused sentimentality from this subtle and difficult emotion. Only an artist capable of thinking plastically instead of letting the form come as secondary and dispensable could have carried it through. Mr. Illava always has been in complete sympathy with his material, and his own words about this particular piece of sculpture will show more clearly than anything others could say how much his material has been respected and understood by him: "I feel that too often a sculptor fails to think in his two languages—bronze and stone. The greatest misfortune was the invention of plaster casting. Bronze should appear to be wrought, stone hewn. The plaster permits itself to be licked with sandpaper and bronze becomes anything but metal. I have attempted to hew my figure rather than to model it. The uniform (to be in black metal) is not khaki but bronze, likewise the head, hands, legs, &c." He has attempted, he says, a monument, not a magazine cover, and has used big tools with rough edges.

This, of course, is the spirit of sculpture, and there is no doubt whatever that the monument when in place will deliver its double message with authority. It will be helped by its admirable pedestal, the work of the architects Rogers and Haneman. Distinguished by the beauty of its proportions and the severity of its plan, this pedestal will add to the whole the element of the abstract which it otherwise might lack. The sculptor knows his doughboy to every button of his uniform and every sagging line of fatigue and mark of exposure. This knowledge is of the utmost value in giving the note of unconscious intimacy to the rendering. Also it occasionally is a hindrance by forbidding a generalization of form that would lift reality up to the higher reality which is art. The pedestal, not only literally but artistically, lifts up the entire structure of the monument to a level of architectonic dignity which the figure alone hardly could reach. Gloversville has every reason to congratulate itself upon its sculptor and architects, and upon the result of their combined efforts.



"Un Marabout à Rabat." Wood Engraving by Mammeri.

In Print Exhibition at Brooklyn Museum.

It is interesting but hardly enlivening to reflect that, while such places as Gloversville and a thousand other cities and towns in the United States are making intelligent efforts to get art into their public life and to choose their artists wisely, the United States as a nation is forgetting its civilized duty toward its collections as well as toward its noble city plan and toward its parks and environs. The June number of Art and Archaeology has an article by W. H. Holmes, Director of the National Gallery of Art, in which he speaks with knowledge, conviction, and in a spirit of dignified rebuke of the national attitude. The story of the National Gallery, he says in his opening paragraph, from its beginning nearly a century ago "is the record of the prolonged struggle of the art idea for national recognition, for a place in the serious consideration of the American people, and it is to be regretted that today, although art institutions are springing up on all hands, art has slight national recognition beyond the attention necessary to the care and display of the art treasures acquired as gift and bequest. For nearly a century the Smithsonian Institution has harbored the dream of a Gallery of Art, but art has been in the shadow of diversified scientific activities and in the deeper shadow of the all-absorbing material interests of a rapidly developing nation. Today the conditions are far from satisfactory. Growth of the collections through gratuitous contributions, even, is embarrassed by the almost complete exhaustion of space for the reception and display of all save accessions of very limited extent, and the problem before the Institution, and certainly with equal insistence before the American people, is 'Shall America have a National Gallery of Art, or a National Museum of Art, that will give us a respectable place among the cultured nations of the world?' The story of the vicissitudes of the incipient, struggling National Gallery is here presented with the view of making known a great national shortcoming and stirring the pride of a people not accustomed to take a second or a third place in any field worthy of their ambition."

The story follows, and is conspicuous for its inconspicuousness down to the year 1904, when Charles L. Freer made his imperial offer of collections and gallery, with, however, the proviso that the gallery is to remain a separate unit of the National Gallery, under the administration of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Roosevelt is on record as a President whose influence was thrown strongly and with high intelligence upon the side of art and his vigorous plea for it in his message of 1907 is quoted. Other things happened, the fund provided by Henry W. Ranger for the purchase of works of art; the organization of the National Portrait Committee; the organization of the National Gallery of Art Commission; but as yet no provision for a suitable building has turned up. An immense amount of money has been wasted by the delay, but there is no assurance or hope that money will be saved by further delay.

But here are the concluding paragraphs of the article by Mr. Holmes, which should be given the widest possible publicity:

"The value of the National Gallery collections (aside from the Freer) already in hand is estimated at several millions, their acquirement being due almost entirely to the generous attitude of American citizens toward the Smithsonian Institution, no single work of painting or sculpture now in its possession having been acquired by direct purchase. It can hardly be doubted that when a building is provided in which contributions can be cared for and presented to the public in the manner they deserve, many collectors seeking a permanent home for their treasures will welcome the opportunity of placing them in the custody of the national institution. The provision of a suitable building for the gallery is all that is necessary to make Washington in the years to come an art centre fully worthy of the nation."

"Mention may here be made of the fact that from year to year appeal has been made to the National Legislature for funds for the erection of a suitable building for the National Gallery, the available spaces in the present buildings of the Smithsonian Institution being filled to overflowing. The appeal has been met by the statement that other buildings of direct necessity in conducting the affairs of the nation claim first attention. It is the view of the Congressional committee having this matter in hand that the friends of art throughout the country, since there is a pronounced public sentiment in favor of the establishment of a National Gallery, should be called upon to contribute the necessary funds, the committee indicating the favorable attitude of Congress toward the undertaking by granting a site for the building in the Smithsonian grounds. It thus becomes the duty of the Institution to make known to the people the conditions surrounding the National Gallery project, appealing to all friends of national art for their enthusiastic support of the movement. The problem presented, and urgently presented, is: What steps shall be taken to provide a National Gallery building, making possible the development of a collection of art works worthy of an enlightened people?"

"Awaiting the Boat's Return, Trinidad." By George Hart.

In Print Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum.

Ecstasy As the Mark of Great Literature

And Some Other Literary Judgments

A Review by
HENRY JAMES FORMAN

HIEROGLYPHICS. A NOTE UPON ECSTASY IN LITERATURE. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MORE BOOKS ON THE TABLE. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

SOME MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By William Lyon Phelps. Boston: The Marshall-Jones Company. $2.50.

WHAT is the element that makes a great book great? This is not a puzzle or an examination question, but a genuine problem that baffles the illiterate and haunts the literate and is virtually never answerable in words. And if any readers think it is so answerable, let them recall lectures on famous masterpieces or classroom and professional explanations.

The writer recalls an excellent teacher in a great university expounding Milton's poem, "Lycidas." The amount of information we carried away concerning those five or six pages of English verse was truly astounding. We learned accurately its history, prosody, classification, etymology, the meaning of "scrannel pipes" and who was the pilot of the Galilean lake. Prince, as the balladists say, we learned all things concerning that poem—save only the mystery of its greatness. And why is Homer's "Odyssey" great and why "Don Quixote"? There are hundreds of reasons, good academic reasons, upon which you and I and doctors of philosophy may pass examinations. But it is predicable that none of them is the right one—the secret decisive reason.

Mr. Arthur Machen is one of those writers of the smaller company who has seen the vision of life intuitively rather than ocularly, a dreamer, a mystic, a rare spirit, who undertakes to answer the question propounded above.

The secret of greatness in literature, he tells us in "Hieroglyphics," is ecstasy. If a book have not ecstasy, though it were written in fire, though it were couched in the language of angels, it cannot by any possibility be great literature.

But what is ecstasy? Ah, that is more difficult. The mystic well knows what ecstasy is, but one is not sure that Mr. Machen means the same thing. But he cites for us at all events certain books that have it and certain others that have it not.

"Vanity Fair," according to Mr. Machen, is not great literature nor can it be because it is only glorified reporting.

> Don't you see [he says] that he [Thackeray] never withdrawn himself from the common life and the common consciousness, that he is all the while nothing but a photographer—a showman with a set of pictures? A consummately clever photographer, certainly. * * * But where will you find ecstasy in Thackeray? * * * He was never for a moment aware of that shadowy double, that strange companion of man who walks, as I said, foot to foot with each of us, and yet his paces are in an unknown world.

Where then may we look for ecstasy? Consider, submits Mr. Machen, that finest of prose romances in existence, "Don Quixote":

> Essentially it expresses the eternal quest of the unknown, that longing peculiar to man which makes him reach out toward infinity; and he lifts up his eyes, and he strains his eyes, looking across the ocean for certain fabled happy islands, for Avalon that is beyond the setting of the sun. And he comes into life from the unknown world, from glorious places, and all his days he journeys through the world spying about him, going on and ever on, expecting beyond every hill to find the holy city. * * *

But lest the reader should think that this ecstasy is confined only to old books, like those of Homer and Cervantes and Rabelais, I must hasten to apprise him that it is not so. For if Thackeray and Jane Austen are devoid of it, Dickens displayed it in full measure in "Pickwick." For Pickwick, in terms of London cockneydom, is a quest for the unknown. Precisely as Sophocles wrote his dramas for the festival of the god of wine, the Dionysius cult, so the eternal milk punches and brandy and water of the Pickwickians have an interior meaning—the same interior meaning. It was the mystical symbolization of ecstasy. As to whether Dickens was aware of this symbolism is another matter. Most probably not. But genius, as Mr. Machen points out, is an affair of the subconscious rather than the conscious.

Nor is Dickens the latest exemplar. Mr. Machen shows that our own "Huckleberry Finn" is in reality an Odyssey, a journey into the unknown almost, if not quite, in the spirit of Homer. It is the story of a boy who runs away. But what a curious magic, observes Mr. Machen, is in these words "runs away."

> For, after all, what did all the heroes of romance do but "run away?" * * * Here, perhaps, you have the true interpretation of the phrase "divine discontent," for surely only that is divine which revolts from the commonness of the common life, which is conscious of things beyond, of better things, of a world which transcends all daily experience.

And lest we should confine ourselves to romance only, Mr. Machen argues that the tales of Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman possess the same quality of ecstasy in virtue of the "loneliness" of her characters, their "remoteness," each one having his own life and dwelling apart with his own soul.

Should the reader suspect levity upon the part of the reviewer, he may disillusion himself at once. To read this book of Mr. Machen's is to adhere straightway to his thesis even as a charming speaker carries you off your feet. But Mr. Machen is more than charming. He seems always to be treading fairy ground, touching mysteries. And however much you may doubt you can nevermore contemplate masterpieces with quite the same bafflement. You will have a glimpse as to the hidden meaning, the secret rapture, the inward light—of Lycidas and all the others.

To turn from Mr. Machen's book to Mr. Gosse's is like leaving a temple and entering an excellent hotel, where the cuisine is admirable, the chef hors concours and the clientele unimpeachable. Or, to shift the simile, it is like entering the Heralds' College and finding the Ulster—or is it the Garter?—King at Arms in charge. You feel instantly that all your doubts and uncertainties relating to literary crests and armorial bearings will be resolved and laid at rest in the most urbane and courteous manner by a very prince among the heralds, the King at Arms himself. There is virtually nothing that Mr. Gosse cannot discuss with the liveliness and charm of an old and much experienced connoisseur, one who has lived much among the books, and therefore has gained much wisdom. "I have forgotten," he observes in his preface, "who Lucas de Penna was, but I love him for saying that books were to him 'the light of the heart, the mirror of the body, the myrrh-pot of eloquence.' So they are to me, and more so the older I grow."

He can throw new light upon both Mr. Lytton Strachey and Queen Victoria. "If I may hazard a conjecture, I think that Mr. Strachey has fallen in love with Victoria as he studied her career, and that what he started to make a satire has turned in his fingers to an appreciation." The present reviewer has long suspected this to be the case, but it takes Edmund Gosse to say it. And if any of our hair-trigger diurnal literary critics were seeking advice, Mr. Gosse has this to offer touching the "Causeries" and the "Nouveaux Lundis":

> If that reader is himself a writer, or seriously wishes to become one, the study of this quintessential Sainte-Beuve is desirable—is, indeed, almost necessary. Other writers may be postponed, but at the threshold of a serious literary life Sainte-Beauve must be read.

Everywhere one looks in these forty-odd brief essays there is always charm, urbanity and always something to reflect upon. Are you one who has wondered himself into a muse over the author of "The Shropshire Lad"? "He is the poet of desiderium," as Mr. Gosse explains it, "of the unconquerable longing for what is gone forever, for youth which has vanished, for friends that are dead, for beauty that was a mirage."

These essays, many of them, are reviews, but such is the broad, well-based scholarship of Mr. Gosse that he can review almost anything with a fine discrimination, from the works of Appollodorus to the catalogue raisonné of a library. And, speaking of a library, how many readers of this note have ever heard of the Wrenn library? How many know about the Chicago papermaker who gathered a library of rare treasures and first editions in many respects unique? The story of that library is a romance. Its collection by John Wrenn, its acquisition after his death by Major Littlefield of Texas, its contents that make a bookman's mouth water—all this is told by Mr. Gosse in a review of the catalogue of that library. And "who, in future," he asks, "will dare to edit a Queen Anne worthy without making a preliminary journey to Austin, Texas?"

In his delightful note on the Bon Gaultier ballads he mentions the spasmodists of the 1850s and thus shows us that the recent eruption of vorticists and other lots in verse is no new thing. Mr. Gosse can write a brief review of Beowulf, turn from that to Mark Akenside or Paul Bourget's novels, do a delightful paper upon the metaphysical poets, and in a note upon Matthew Arnold, whom he knew intimately, tell this story:

> When Mr. Gosse had returned from America in 1886 Matthew Arnold asked him to come and talk to him about America. "Did you make them hear you?" he asked Mr. Gosse, and continued: "I couldn't. They did not like my manner. The Chicago newspapers said that I resembled an elderly macaw pecking at a trellis of grapes. How lively journalistic fancy is among the Americans! But they were very kind."

All the world is said to love a lover. The reviewer submits that the dictum be extended to include the sane and wise book-lover. And in that tribe Edmund Gosse is king.

Another book-lover, an American this time, is Professor William Lyon Phelps. It was Spinoza, I think, who was described as a God-intoxicated man. Such men are rare here and now, but occasionally we do come upon a book-intoxicated man, and Professor Phelps is one of them. The present book, "Some Makers of American Literature," is a set of six lectures delivered at Dartmouth. One of the best of the lectures is the first, comparing and contrasting Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Professor Phelps admires them both, but in his display of something even warmer than admiration for that eighteenth century bigot of ours it is difficult to follow him. The man who could see nothing but hell fire and agony for his congregation as he preached to them Sunday after Sunday may have been earnest, sincere, but hardly admirable. The lunatic in the asylum who thinks he is Bonaparte is no less sincere, but we do not admire him.

Professor Phelps, however, is catholic in his tastes. He can admire Franklin, who was anything but a bigot, even more warmly than Edwards. And in his defense of James Fenimore Cooper he breaks a lance with the shade of Mark Twain. It is true that Cooper was no stylist, and he was often slovenly. But that Balzac could go into raptures about him is already a passport to greatness. Cooper was the first to avail himself in fiction of the romance latent in American life, and some of his books would answer to Arthur Mechen's acid test for ecstacy. And though he often wrote atrocious English, his "howlers" were exaggerated by Mark Twain.

The lectures having been delivered at Dartmouth, Professor Phelps wisely included Daniel Webster. Our literary historians pay too little attention to Webster.

> As a child (says Professor Phelps) I was brought up to believe that Webster sacrificed the principles of a lifetime with the hope of personal advantage. I did not dare to read the 1850 speech, simply because I could not bear to see my idol fall. But one day, when I was 17 years old, I determined that for my own historical information I must read that speech. * * * I read that speech from beginning to end, and at the conclusion was filled with enthusiasm for the great statesman compared to which my previous feeling was faint.

The lecture on Hawthorne is particularly sympathetic. But the one upon Emerson, though interesting, ends in this peculiar paragraph:

> Mr. Woodberry also says, "He is the priest of those who have gone out of the Church." Well, I have not gone out of the Church, nor shall I until I am convinced that I am greater than the Church. Why not rather call Emerson the great ally of the Church? He was surely not far from the Kingdom of God. * * *

After the admiration for Jonathan Edwards, with his everlasting wrath and hell fire, this note regarding Emerson sounds faintly patronizing—Emerson, of all people! who felt, saw and preached the immanence of God and everything, who saw harmonies, was aware of compensations, who beheld the sway of moral law in the universe, constant, irrefutable and unfailing, more clearly than Edwards saw the writhing agony of his hearers in hell. Who would not rather agree with Mr. Woodberry?

St. Cecilia, by Raphael, Known as "Ecstasy," in the Bologna Gallery.

The Swashbuckling Mussolini

(Continued from Page 1)

body—thirty-two members out of 535. Mussolini only made himself receiver for a Government in bankruptcy.

It must be remembered that in that crisis, when the Government acknowledged its incapacity to function, when anarchy was held down only by Mussolini's army, the Fascisti could have done anything they chose with the country. Everybody admits that the Government was to be had for the taking. Mussolini could as easily have led to power the Socialists or the Communists as his battalions of fighting nationalists and patriots. He had under absolute control the best young manhood of Italy, an armed force of half a million unpaid volunteers, mobilized by his magnetism, dedicated and disciplined to his will.

Wherever he led they would have followed. There are many who think that he could have overthrown the monarchy as easily as he re-established it. Two-thirds of the army was already Fascist. There might have been a republic, even without civil war. Anything might have happened; all that did happen was that Victor Emmanuel hastened to make the Fascisti constitutional by inviting them to form a Government, the bankrupt Parliament conferred all its powers upon the Fascista leader for a year, and both King and Prime Minister were heartily cheered by the people for their resourcefulness in making the realities so different while leaving all the names the same.

That very night the Fascista forces were out of Rome. They marched to the Capitol and dispersed as soberly and exaltedly as they came. Many were country youths on their first visit to the metropolis; they were tired, dusty and dry after long marches over hard roads. Yet with all the cafés open there was not a case of drunkenness; there was not the slightest disorder and not a murmur against the unwelcome order to return at once to their homes. They showed themselves and departed, but they got what they came for and thus saved their country as thoroughly, and more neatly, than if any one had had the poor judgment to oppose them.

The leaders of Italian constitutional liberalism, who are more anxious than the best American journalist scenting a story to find out just how far Mussolini is going, declare now that the Government was about to assert itself and the Parliamentary confusion was on the eve of clearing when he made his parade of revolution. They complain because he embarked and proceeded upon his unknown course without any guidance from political experts. They forget that he had watched the experts being expert for two years from his seat on the Right of the Chamber of Deputies; and the restraint he exhibited once he had precipitated the crisis they could not avert was hardly more remarkable than their instant docility to his demands.

They submitted to the most contemptuous lambasting any Parliament has ever received from the responsible head of a Government. Certainly nothing but the lack of any alternative could have induced them to endow their castigator with absolute powers. He continues to abuse the Parliament, but so far he has not abused the mandate he forced from them. He talks about upholding the traditional "jus murmurandi," a right as old as Roman law, but all criticism angers him and he will not have a word of contradiction in his own ranks. He does not suffer any opposition patiently, and though he cannot expel his political opponents, he does not placate or reassure the worried constitutionalists when he reminds them that except for his intervention there would be no Constitution to save. He is secure in the fact that, by whatever coercion of circumstances he arrived where he is, he is there by appointment of the King and consent of the Parliament, so that if he is a dictator he is so by all the constitutional authority there is.

Two-thirds of his grant of power has now expired and many of the observers who come to find out what he has done with it, to estimate how one-man rule works in a modern State, are inclined to be disappointed that he has not created the safe heaven the Conservatives hoped for or the despotic hell the Radicals predicted. I have heard more than one trained interpreter of events assert that the Fascista Government has been advertised for a great deal more than it is worth. It has done few of the things that look impressive in a report. But it has performed one miracle. And because miracles are rare in a world without magic, that wonder, I think, should be celebrated above all its failures and achievements.

The miracle is a miracle of conversion. Here at last in a Government that has transformed a people. If that sounds too strong, I can only say that it is the only term that does justice to the first impression made on one who left Italy two years ago and comes back today. Then it was a land visibly running down, with a kind of hand-to-mouth administration, so that one never knew today where tomorrow's Government was coming from. There was no assurance that anything was going to work—railroads, telegraphs, trams, posts, power plants, bakeries, any kind of public or private service. One tried a water faucet skeptically; one bet on the chances of getting a train. Life was a daily gamble, sporting enough for the traveler but pretty desperate for the native. The people were all either idle and rebellious or idle and dispirited. The war had left them bitter and poor; subsequent events had made them lose pride in their country and respect for their Government. Everywhere was slackness, despondency, recklessness.

One left confusion and fear, and under confusion and fear, apathy and discouragement. One returned to a country cheerful, industrious, interested and orderly. All the railroads were running and running on time. There was not even the threat or shadow of a strike. There has not been a single strike in any part of Italy since the Fascisti came into power. The streets were clean, the roads were being mended, the enlivening sounds of construction were heard everywhere. Workers were singing at their work. It was like a land recovered from a blight.

Was this Mussolini's revolution? I asked myself, contrasting the friendly dispatch of the customs inspection at Naples with my last hideous experience at the same port. "We have a Government now!" boasted a Neapolitan, and when I remarked on the transformation to the first Roman I met, he assured me that I would be more amazed the more I saw. "It is hard for a stranger to understand," he said, "but Mussolini has actually changed the minds and spirit of the people. He has dramatised work and sacrifice and national pride and made them popular. Go out to the San Lorenzo quarter, where a few months ago a man was shot for flying the Italian flag. Now they are all patriots there, all working, contented, shouting for Mussolini. I don't know what happened to all the revolutionists."

It was too much to believe that eight months of the hated Fascista rule had effected the wholesale and happy conversion of the Communists. I had too recent recollections of their terrorizing the country and reducing the Government to a state of panic. But it was not long before I, also, began to wonder whence they had disappeared. For months the Italian Bolshevik has given no sign of his existence. There is not an echo of the old disorder. He cannot be dead; he cannot be among the singing laborers. A year ago the labor unions of Italy took their orders from Socialist headquarters; they labored only by way of pastime. Now they are apparently as Fascista as the Government. The only excitement the country enjoys nowadays is an occasional skirmish among the Fascisti themselves.

I sought out one of the still-existent Socialist headquarters for an explanation of the mystery. It was the quietest retreat I found in Rome, deserted except for the voluble and agreeable executive. He admitted that his comrades were dispersed, for the moment shorn of their thunder, infected by nationalism, and that some had basely surrendered to the bourgeoisie.

"Are you as free as ever to organize, to hold meetings, to make propaganda?" I asked, and when he answered with a qualified affirmative, I inquired if it was true, then, as I had heard in America, that the Government had instituted a virtual censorship of the press and public opinion.

"Hardly that," he replied. "We publish our papers just the same as ever. The Government has a strong press, which specializes in daily advertisement and adulation of Mussolini and keeps the people stuffed with all his promises, like the reform of the budget and the proposed electoral iniquity. Mussolini punishes all his own people who open their mouths against him. There have been local examples of suppression of newspapers for criticising the Fascisti, the most notable example being the powerful Corriere della Sera, which was suspended for a day in Milan. But there has been no general censorship. The Italians would never stand for it. And Mussolini won't go so far now as when he was making war on us. He is too anxious to stay in power. As for us," he shrugged, "well, we are out; we have been outraged and persecuted and weakened. But of course we will come back. Mussolini has the people hypnotized, but he has been given so much rope that he is sure to hang himself in the end."

The Fascisti have done things which the political reviewer finds more interesting than these trifles. They have ferreted out the tax dodgers and forced 400,000 citizens to pay income taxes who never paid before. They have simplified and reclassified taxation. They have made a valiant attempt to deal with the bureaucracy that stifles all European States. Several Government departments have been closed, the personnel of others reduced and various administrative economies have been effected. The number of State employes actually discharged, however, is much less than was promised. There is a limit to the number of enemies the most fearless leader can indulge in!

The new budget proposes to reduce the national deficit to one and a quarter milliards of lire, about four milliards less than it is today. Committees are working on educational reforms, on a reform of the electoral system, on new provisions for the constant emigration which the few natural resources of the country and the rapidly growing population make necessary. But these are mostly in the future—great schemes which all Governments dream about in their youth and few ever grow old enough to realize. The project for electoral reform is interesting enough to be considered in another article. It will bring to an issue the fight Mussolini must have with the constitutionalists and measure the strength of the growing opposition to his policies. As outlined, it is a novelty, never tried before in any country, and it will probably never be tried again even in this if it succeeds in its purpose of putting the Fascisti into power for the next four years.

Not even if all the proposed budgets balance, and if Mussolini works out a formula of economic salvation for his country, a problem he has not even tackled, his greatest reform will still be the one he has already accomplished. He may in time find experts to create industries and outlets for trade; the creation of a national spirit and the restoration of order and confidence in Government will remain his personal triumph. Always remembering that Italy is full of Italians and not of Americans or French or Germans, it is nothing less than amazing to watch the whole country trying to be like him. By working fourteen hours a day, by living hard and taking hard exercise, by talking always of courage, strength, law, discipline, he has inspired among Italians a cult of the strenuous life such as Roosevelt once popularized in America.

He calls himself "the trustee of the youth of Italy," and he makes the young men, the ex-soldiers, university students, schoolboys, farmers' sons, feel for the first time that the country is theirs, and that it is their job to work for it and their responsibility to see that it is well ruled. Discipline, the least favored of all virtues among his countrymen, is the favorite word of their leader. Not even a Church supposed to specialize in discipline has been very successful in imposing it on its Italian adherents. In other countries Catholics are orderly and well organized; in the centre of Christendom, if a foreigner can judge by observation, they seem to take the liberty of worshipping God in the manner they please. The discipline of the Fascisti, now the national militia, is therefore no mean achievement. It is true that in this army Mussolini wields a despotic power. He is called and is the "Duce"—leader whose word is law, who brooks no insubordination and expels his best friends for a whisper of contradiction or a gesture of disloyalty.

He includes the Church in his policy of restoring what he calls the "hierarchies," of bolstering up authority wherever he finds it. The first and not the least astonishing thing he did as Prime Minister was to take the King and all his Ministers to mass at the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, the basilica carved out of the Baths of Diocletian by Michelangelo.

"Mussolini was the first to make a Christian out of the Unknown Soldier," smiled a great Roman Cardinal, whom I asked how the ex-editor of Avanti was doing as an apostle of religion. "Until he ordered his Ministers to their knees to pray for the soul of the dead warrior, it had been in Italy a pagan cult, like the ancient worship of the god of war. I don't know how much is religion and how much is statesmanship," the Cardinal added, "but it is a popular novelty here to have a government which refers with respect to the Vatican, raises the image of Christ in the schools, and acknowledges what is, after all, 'the religion of Italy.'"

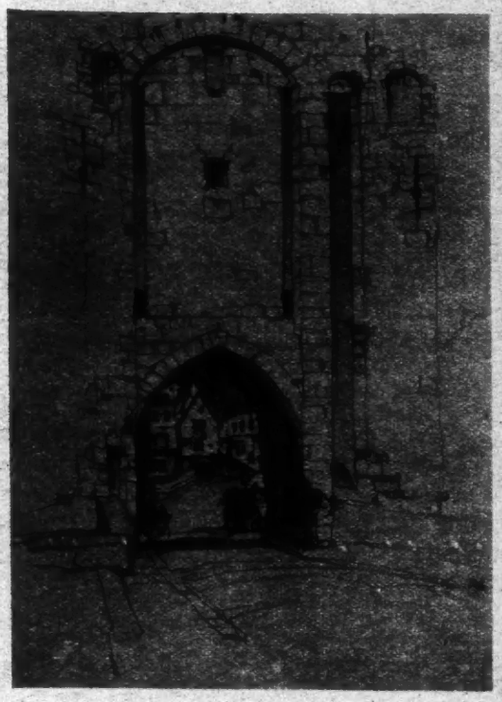
The new Government cultivates the spectacular. One of the reasons for its popularity among a people smarting under a sense of being undervalued in the world is that it gives them at last a leader who is a headliner, so to speak, able to command public attention and keep Italy on the front page. And Mussolini concentrates most of his efforts on healing the wounded amour propre and building up the morale of the nation. He makes politics a kind of noble show and keeps enlivened and interested the audience, so bored by his predecessors. During the last few weeks, scenting that he is at the beginning of the second and most perilous phase of his regnancy, the phase of criticism, disappointment, reaction from the high mood, he has made triumphal excursions to all parts of the country.

He is far less arrogant in addressing the people than he is to the politicians and to the various financial, journalistic and Masonic rings that used to rule the country. He is wise enough to know that the chiefs of the old order will always be his enemies, and that it is among the people that he must find his friends. And nothing is more surprising in a skeptical race than the popular belief in this peasant who preaches aristocracy and this ex-Socialist who defends hierarchies. He started out with a following of the adventurous young of the middle class.

Now the middle class does not shout for him so unanimously as in the beginning. They find that Fascismo is not a property defense league; it makes property pay. The workers are reassured by the same discovery. I suspect that a good many of the lost Socialists may be found among the Fascisti. On the other hand, there have been desertions as well as expulsions from the ranks of the Fascisti. The material out of which revolutions are made is not so good for making reforms. Mussolini is said to have confided to a friend that he will have to disgust 30 per cent. of his followers in order to go on with what he has to do now.

In the United States we have a democracy, which means that the majority of the people, acting on motives which often have nothing to do with government, freely elect officers who do not give them what they want. And in Italy a strong minority has elected itself and is giving the country the kind of government the majority want but did not know how to get. In other words, the will of the majority seems to be better satisfied in Italy at this moment than in the United States. The Italians certainly enjoy a personal liberty and freedom from regulation beyond even our conception of liberty.

I suppose peoples as well as Presidents and Prime Ministers can be opportunists, and that the dictatorship of Mussolini, prevailing by the will of his people, may be classified as a democratic expedient. He is a reaction against nothing but inaction, and proves no more than that when a leader appears the people will follow. They will chafe after a while under his heavy pose of inflexibility; they will tire of the fascinating spectacle of watching him do everything himself. Perhaps, having performed one miracle, in that day he will have other incantations to work other wonders. It is not easy to say where he is going, but it takes no prophet to predict that two elemental and powerful popular appetites, the hunger for leadership and curiosity as to what happens next, will carry him at least beyond his year of trial.



Through the Porte Guillaume Chartres—May 22.

Drawn by Samuel Chamberlain.

Brief Reviews

CAPITAL LEVY

THE CAPITAL LEVY EXPLAINED. By Hugh Dalton. 96 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.

ENGLAND is still paying, the author of this little book tells us, for the Battle of Waterloo, the Charge of the Light Brigade and the Relief of Ladysmith. After the Napoleonic wars the national debt was some £850,000,000, and in 1914, a century later, there still remained unpaid of this sum £400,000,000, upon which the British people were paying interest at the rate of over £24,000,000 a year. And there had been in the meantime borrowings for the Crimean and the Boer wars amounting to £175,000,000. In 1914 the British debt totaled £707,000,000. Now it amounts to some £7,800,000,000, which Mr. Dalton roughly estimates at more than one-third of the national wealth. And he adds that "if historical precedents are followed, our descendants in the year 2023 will still be paying for Ypres and the Somme."

Mr. Dalton, who is an English economist of standing and authority, does not read a homily, as he well might, from these appalling figures on the staggering money costs of war, although he does touch casually on one or two points of what this war debt has meant to the English people, quoting Heine as describing England in 1828 as "one vast treadmill in which the people have to work day and night to feed their creditors," and the people as being driven by the vast indebtedness "to a state of dull and helpless resignation." The author also calls attention, very briefly, to the financial impossibility, while the country carries so enormous a burden of debt and interest, of paying the attention they should have to such matters as education, housing, public health, just as they were neglected and slums multiplied for a similar reason during the Victorian era.

But it is not with causes or consequences or possible recurrences of these that Mr. Dalton is concerned. He wants to know what can be done about it. His answer is the Capital Levy, about which we are beginning to hear a good deal in the contests and arguments of political parties in England, and are likely to hear much more in the near future, for it bids fair to become one of the crucial questions in British public life. But the interesting and valuable feature of his handy little book is that he does not discuss the problem in a partisan way. In impartial spirit he explains the purpose and nature of the proposed measure, examines the objections to it and shows how it would work. One chapter is devoted to an examination of the chief alternatives that have been proposed. And finally, writing, he says, "primarily as an economist," he recommends the Capital Levy "on its economic merits."

GOLDEN RULE

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS. By Arthur Nash. 109 pp. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.

THE author of this little book is the President of the A. Nash Company of Cincinnati, which has attracted attention because of the ethical experiment successfully tried out in it, and on account of that experiment has won the sobriquet of "Golden Rule Nash." Here he tells the full story of how he came to apply the Golden Rule to the conduct of a clothing factory and what the result has been. The system has been in operation only about five years, but for that short time it shows marvelous results.

Mr. Nash tells us that at once it began to increase production in what seemed an almost miraculous degree, that it has raised the standard of the manufactured goods and has changed a failing concern into a very successful one. His experiment began in 1918 and was the result of an impulse of the moment, rather than of worked out intention. He had decided that it would be impossible for him to continue the business, which had much depreciated during the war, and, discovering the starvation wages that were being paid by a garment contractor, whose shop he had consented to buy, came to an impulsive conclusion that he would increase the wages of these workers to a living standard for the few weeks that would remain of his control of the business. Then, without expectation of any such result, he found that so much more clothing was being made and sold that he had a going concern in his hands after all. Here are the figures that he gives of the total business of the company for each of the five years: 1918, $132,190; 1919, $525,078; 1920, $1,580,700; 1921, $2,077,550; 1922, $3,751,181.

The progress has been made, Mr. Nash says, on capital earned as they made the development. About half of the stock of the company is owned by the workers and the rest of it by Mr. Nash. It makes an intensely interesting story and the author tells it very well and very convincingly. He is entirely sure that the marvelous growth of his business has been wholly due to the fact that he has sincerely and earnestly tried to conduct it on the lines of the Golden Rule.

MASSACHUSETTS BEAUTIFUL

MASSACHUSETTS BEAUTIFUL. By Wallace Nutting. Illustrated. 304 pp. States Beautiful Series. Framingham, Mass.: Old America Company. $4.

HERE is the second volume in the States Beautiful Series initiated and carried on by Mr. Wallace Nutting, the previous one having been "Vermont Beautiful." In preparation and to be published later this year is "New Hampshire Beautiful," while for next year Mr. Nutting promises similar volumes on Maine, Pennsylvania and New York. His purpose is to set forth by the evidence of pictures the beauty and allure of each State, and to accompany the illustrations with a stream of descriptive and discursive text. This volume has three hundred and four illustrations from photographs by the author, which include every county in Massachusetts, while the text has an equal number of pages. There are pictures of country roads, of seashore waves, of mountains and hills and valleys, of flower-filled dooryards in Provincetown and Plymouth and Pittsfield, of old mansions and old doors and old furniture, of views in the Berkshires, in Worcester County, in Concord, of slender silver birches, of roads winding past blossoming orchards or under overhanging elms—in short, Mr. Nutting has found and preserved a sample of every phase of the varied appeals to the esthetic sense which can be found from end to end of the State. He is an artist with his camera and has caught and preserved not only loveliness of line and form and beauty of composition, but also to a remarkable degree subtle effects of light and shade. His landscape and architectural photography are of rare excellence, but he is not always so successful with the human figure. He does not, indeed, make much use of it, and when he does it is usually for the purpose of introducing the sentimental note, which is very likely to be detrimental to artistic results.

The text which accompanies the pictures is fluent and discursive. Sometimes it is informative, sometimes florid and fervid with sentiment and quite often it is loosely unthinking in its statements. When Mr. Nutting declares in his very first paragraph that Massachusetts "is the only State founded on an ideal, built on a principle," one begins to feel at once that it will be necessary to be wary in accepting his statements when his State patriotism is concerned. Among the subjects which he discusses at some length and with evident knowledge and appreciation are Cape Cod cottages, the making of pictures, the fireplaces of old Massachusetts houses, the selecting and developing of a farm, the pleasures and benefits of the Winter season in his State. There are also sections devoted to advice concerning sightseeing excursions in several different localities.

ARCHITECTURAL COMPOSITION

ARCHITECTURAL COMPOSITION. By D. Vores. Illustrated with 46 plates by the author. 140 pp. New York: William Helburn, Inc. $6.

INTENDED for the use of students of architecture, this handsome volume will also be found useful in a suggestive way by the practicing architect, while the lay reader who wants to learn something about the underlying principles out of which are achieved beauty and dignity and other desirable qualities in architecture will gain help from its brief, succinct chapters and the analysis of its plates. The author, who was formerly Professor of Architecture in Syracuse University and in the University of Illinois, feels strongly the responsibility of the architect to the community and at the outset endeavors to impress upon the student the importance of keeping fast hold in his work of the guiding principles of truth and service allied to beauty. Then he goes on to consider the elements of architectural planning, keeping always these principles in view. He begins with the simplest elements, leading on to those more complex, and presently taking up the qualities of rhythm, scale, expression and harmony. The plates are analyzed and described with reference to the principles laid down in the eleven successive chapters.

The work, although so logically developed, is not written in accordance with ordinary textbook methods and is always so lucid and direct that the layman who is in the least interested in architecture can read it with understanding and interest. In the chapter on "Expression," for instance, he shows that the architect must use his structural elements so artistically and purposefully as to make the building express its purpose and interpret the best qualities of the community. Throughout the work he stresses the importance of studying nature, animate and inanimate, for the lessons which the architect can learn there. An appendix, to which are allocated almost half of the illustrating plates, applies the principles expounded in the book to actual problems and makes suggestions for the architectural use of concrete and other modern building materials.

SOCIAL IDEALS

SOCIAL IDEALS IN ENGLISH LETTERS. By Vida D. Scudder. New and enlarged edition. 350 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.75.

PROFESSOR SCUDDER'S brilliant and keenly searching study of English literature, to find therein and logically set forth the changing and developing current of social ideals being evolved in English life, was first published twenty-five years ago. And she now celebrates its quarter century of successful publication with a new and enlarged edition in which she surveys in an added chapter the manifestations these evolving social ideals have had in the literature of these early years of the twentieth century. The authors to whom she devotes most attention are Shaw and Wells, but she studies also, though more briefly, the works of Galsworthy, Chesterton, Belloc, G. Lowes Dickinson, George Russell, Charles Rann Kennedy and glances for a moment at Samuel Butler because, Victorian though he was in time, he belongs by virtue of intellectual and spiritual kinship to the present era and only now has found his public and become an influence.

Regarding these authors, particularly concerned as they are with man's mind and soul and life in his relation to his fellows, as voices of the underlying social ideals of their time, Professor Scudder sees more marked than ever the convergence toward the socialistic ideal which she had described in the first edition of her book. Of George Bernard Shaw she says that from "Widowers' Houses" to "Heartbreak House" he "uses every resource of his honest wit to disgust us with civilization, and he succeeds." Nevertheless, she finds throughout his plays an "impassioned and religious faith in life," and decides that "when all is said, he is on the side of the angels." Wells's idea of leadership, of discipline chosen from within rather than imposed from without, which has been the inspiration of most of his later work, she thinks will probably prove his best contribution to the future. His desires, she says, "set toward spiritual preparation for a new day." Looking toward the future, Professor Scudder sees already formulating itself in the literature of today "a wider dream of democracy," a "passion for freedom realized in world-fellowship," and she thinks that the issues faced today "are incalculably more fundamental, more vital, than they were sixty years ago.

"Compromise," by Jay Gelser, author of "The Street of a Thousand Delights," is on the McBride list for August publication. It is described as an autobiographical novel, a study of a modern woman in the process of discovering the world.

BORZOI BOOKS

ALFRED A. KNOPF, PUBLISHER — 220 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK

English and American critics unite in hailing a new story-telling genius

JOHN RUSSELL

"the Gauguin among novelists"
—COSMO HAMILTON

IN DARK PLACES

TWELVE amazing short stories of adventure and romance in out of the way places, of the boy who looked for local color in the East and found only the color of blood, of Digger Stanwick who wrestled with a heathen god; of the One-Eyed Devil whose monocle exerted a strange influence over the savage natives, of many other characters strange and remote who move through these glowing narratives.

"This volume of stories is far better than Maugham's 'Trembling of a Leaf,' because it lacks the theatrical quality [illegible] ably superior to Conrad because there is no attempt made to tell the reader he must wait just a few minutes more before something happens."
—*Boston Evening Transcript*

"Every story is a work of dramatic power, vigorous in its action, obviously born to its purpose of primitive romance. They have a virility that suggests Kipling's first stories, without in any way being open to the charge that the author is imitating Kipling or anybody else."
—*Boston Herald.*

THE LIGHT OF ADVENTURE SHINES IN DARK PLACES

: :

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS

JOHN RUSSELL'S first volume of short stories created a literary sensation in England and in America. W. L. George, Conan Doyle, Clement Shorter, Llewellyn Jones, Harry Hansen, Rose Macaulay, St. John Ervine were among the many who hailed him as a second Kipling. These fourteen tales deal with adventures in glamorous little-known places where life is lived in the raw.

"The best book of short tales by any debutante since Kipling's 'Plain Tales.'"
—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

"One of the most vivid and remarkable books of exotic adventure ever written in recent years."
—*Boston Evening Transcript*

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS, THERE ROMANCE BEGINS

Each book $2.50 net—at all bookstores

In Canada from The Ryerson Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto.

NOW READY

Evelyn Scott's

Escapade

An Autobiography

An intimate, objective, vivid personal record by the author of *The Narrow House*. The year's outstanding autobiography. 8vo. $3.00

THOMAS SELTZER, N. Y.

OCTAVIA

A Novel. By SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD

A historical novel of Rome in the days of Nero, of his Empress Octavia and of her mother, the notorious Messalina.

At any bookstore, $2.50; postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE DEBUTANTE

By EDNA W. MALCOSKEY

An amazingly intimate revelation of the life of a belle, a beauty, an outstanding figure in fashionable life. It tells of a romantic girl's experiences.

At all bookstores, $2.00; postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Genealogy. Are you Interested in Your Ancestry?

Our Free Catalogue of FAMILY & TOWN HISTORIES (145 pages) will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents for cost of mailing.

Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass.

TWO ATTRACTIVE CYCLES

Delightful Entertainments and Readings

A PRINCE AND A BONNIE LASS

and

ELLEN AND THE OLD SONGS

Paper Covers, 50c. Each, Postpaid.

J. E. GIBBES, Waterbury, Conn.

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

D. Appleton & Company Announce The Publication of A New Novel By

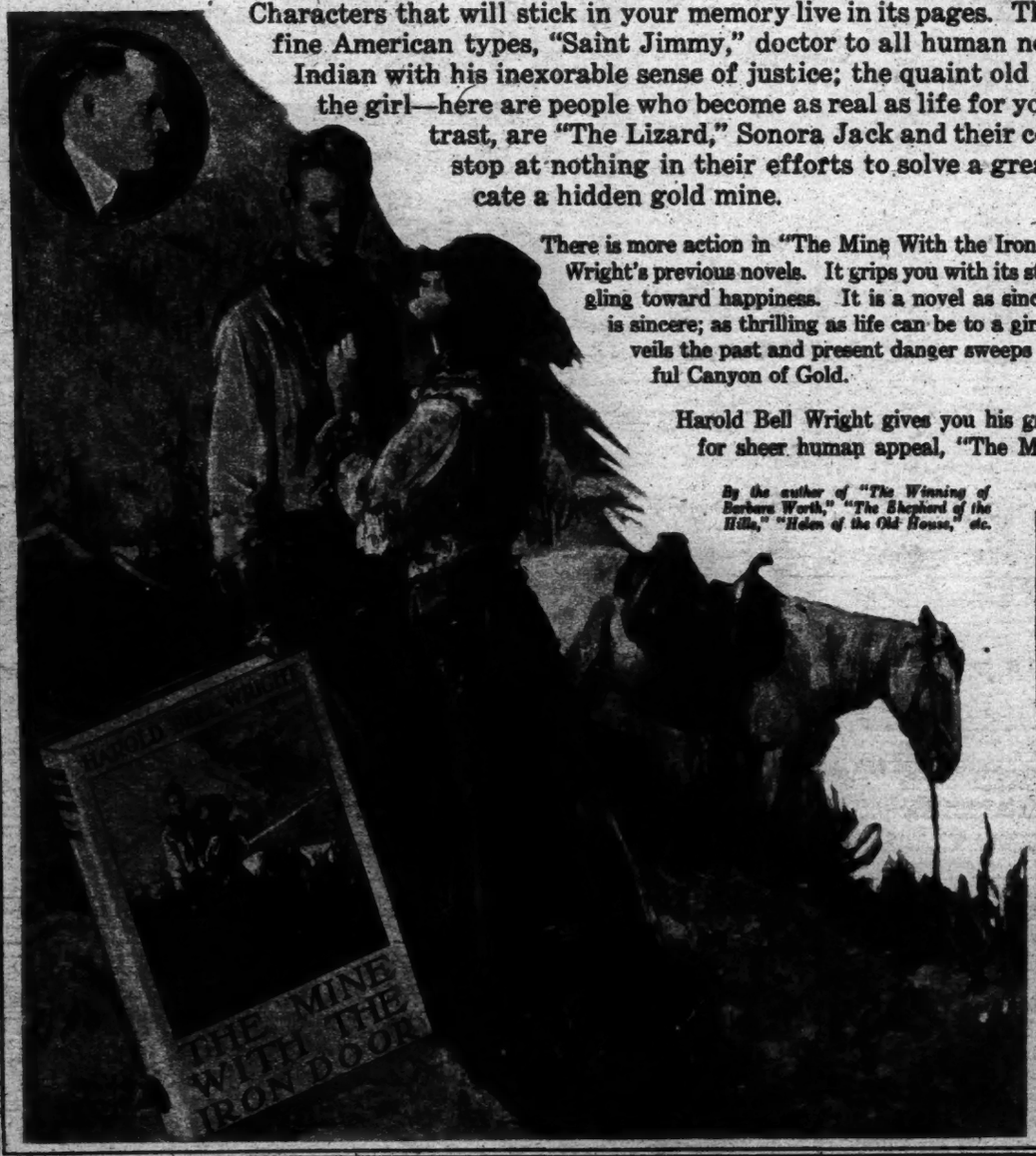
Harold Bell Wright

Mr. Wright is the most popular of living writers. This is not a perfunctory statement. It is based upon the actual sales of Mr. Wright's nine books, which have averaged 1,268,000 copies each. No writer could have attracted—and held through a decade—so vast an audience, unless he possessed, to a far greater degree than any of his contemporaries, the power to give American readers the kind of books which entertain them most, thrill them most, inspire them most and make them eager for each subsequent volume to appear. In his new novel Mr. Wright tells a glorious romance of adventure in the Arizona mountains. It is a story of Wright's own country, written amid the very scenes it describes.

The man, seeking to escape a haunting memory—
the girl, carefree child of the desert, ignorant of name and origin

—these two meet and love in the shadow of the towering Catalinas, only to find tremendous obstacles and powerful enemies in their path to happiness. Their romance, the mystery surrounding them, the thrilling experiences which befall them, hold your interest at high pitch all through Harold Bell Wright's latest and greatest novel,

The Mine With The Iron Door



Characters that will stick in your memory live in its pages. The man and the girl—fine American types, "Saint Jimmy," doctor to all human needs; Na-ta-chee, the Indian with his inexorable sense of justice; the quaint old miners, guardians of the girl—here are people who become as real as life for you. And, in sharp contrast, are "The Lizard," Sonora Jack and their coterie of outlaws who stop at nothing in their efforts to solve a great mystery and to locate a hidden gold mine.

There is more action in "The Mine With the Iron Door" than in any of Mr. Wright's previous novels. It grips you with its story of human hearts struggling toward happiness. It is a novel as sincere as Harold Bell Wright is sincere; as thrilling as life can be to a girl and a man when mystery veils the past and present danger sweeps through the lonely, beautiful Canyon of Gold.

Harold Bell Wright gives you his greatest novel—unsurpassed for sheer human appeal, "The Mine With the Iron Door."

By the author of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "The Shepherd of the Hills," "Helen of the Old House," etc.

This list of chapters indicates the action and interest of

The Mine With The Iron Door

1—The Canyon of Gold—
2—At the Ozark Store—
3—The Professors' Girl—
4—Saint Jimmy—
5—Night—
6—The Prospectors' Story—
7—The Stranger's Quest—
8—The New Neighbor—
9—"Gold Is Where You Find It"—
10—Gunmen—
11—The Lizard—
12—Ambushed—
13—Ghosts—
14—The Storm—
15—Marie's Flight—
16—Na-ta-chee—
17—The Sheriff's Visit—
18—An Indian's Advice—
19—On Equal Terms—
20—The Only Chance—
21—The Way of a Red Man—
22—The Lost Mine—
23—Queen Jack—
24—The Way of a White Man—
25—The Ways of God—
26—Tragedy—
27—On the Trail—
28—The Outlaws—
29—The Rescue—
30—Rodney Hill—
31—The Medicine Man's Confession—
32—Revelation—
33—Gold—
34—Morning—
35—Freedom.

Frontispiece and jacket in four colors, cloth binding. Price $2.00 a copy wherever books are sold.

This is an Appleton Book.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers
35 West 32nd Street New York City

Masefield and Belloc

(Continued from Page 11)

Her poetry is a sharp wind that rises suddenly in the night to sweep across the sterile reaches of the mind, only to be gone as suddenly, but leaving something unforgettable behind. She has the dramatic succinctness of Browning; but she is frequently a symbolist in a situation where Browning's method would be a meticulously simulated realism. And this is one of the extraordinary features of her poetry—that symbols are given a reality, that reality is adequately expressed by symbols.

One of the dramatic poems is, fortunately, sufficiently short to be quoted in entirety. It bears the title " The Knife Grinder."

" Scissors to grind!"
The wheel which whirred and sang
Without the cottage doors
Has done its work, but I—
Mine is to do.

My trade?
Setting of razor edges!
Here's a knife,
Gray, bending double when you stab
The point in wood and let it swing—
It lies behind the finger—so!

The cabin's empty—ah, I should have bought
A cage and hung it on the wall
Out of men's reach, but I
Had only my heart strings
And—they break.

* * *

I have been all day at the wheel
Setting the edge for other men,
While you
Were at your wifely marketing.
Mud on your skirts?
Must have gone far, my Lovely, must be tired—
Tired of the streets.
The darkness takes the glimmer of your hair,
Once gold—still gold!
And if I hold you in my arms
(As—was it yesternight or yesteryear?)
You will sleep soft.
You are all mine!
A kiss.
I had your first—last—
Your bosom swells with this last beat of love!

Last, wanton—for we fix it there,
The knife and I.

It may be that this, in its story, is somewhat too near Browning, and will give the impression of lack of originality. The charge, however, is confined to this single case.

On the score of her verse structure, Mrs. Dawson-Scott is not secure of praise. She eschews printing in the iambic pentameter line in which all of her poems will readily march if read without reference to the line endings. In other words, she has not evolved a true vers libre, but has composed in an established metre which she has subsequently broken up arbitrarily. Her composing in this metre may have been unconscious; but a little conscious revision would have relieved many of her stanzas of an annoying jerkiness. Either Mrs. Dawson-Scott has a poor "ear" or she is wantonly trying to force on the reader a poetic form that is fundamentally unpoetic.

After "Bitter Herbs" it is with considerable relief that one turns to the nonsense of Hilaire Belloc in "The Modern Traveller," although this is not to belittle the author of " Bitter Herbs." But one must have an antidote for gall, and "The Modern Traveller" supplies this antidote. The adventures of Hilaire Belloc's Traveller are—it is quite unnecessary to state—most remarkable. They include a naval battle with the two fleets twenty miles apart and steaming in opposite directions! They include combats with all that vast menagerie of beasts, birds and seaserpents of which the author is the discoverer and sole proprietor. They include poker games and meetings with cannibals. But let the author speak!

With barbarism past belief
They flaunted in our faces
The relics of our noble chief;
With insolent grimaces
Raised the historic shirt before
Our eyes, and pointed on the floor
To dog-eared cards and loaded dice;
It seems they sold him by the slice.
Well, every man has got his price.
The horrors followed thick and fast,
I turned my head to give a last
Farewell to Sin; but, ah! too late.
I only saw his horrid fate—
Some savages around a pot
That seemed uncomfortably hot;
And in the centre of the group
My dear companion making soup.

At this time of the year, when one is deluged with booklets advising one to travel and see the world, " The Modern Traveller " is very valuable. It tells one where not to go. And if one has no intention of going anywhere it will relieve the boredom of staying at home.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 14)

talents, otherwise known as " The Human Harrycane," and eventually dubbed " Sweet William." And there is the eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Deeves, and the little girl from Whippoorwillville, Letty Embers. The stories are diversified both in character and plot, and are humorous, pathetic and wise by turns. Mr. Cobb when dealing with Southern darkies and " pore white trash " knows their manners and customs; he knows their hopes and fears. And, not least important, he is a master of their dialect—which, however, he uses sparingly, for a savoring and not as a diet.

The title and prize-winning story, " Snake Doctor," is a study in the psychology of fear that will instantly call to mind Eugene O'Neill's " The Emperor Jones," the fundamental difference being that O'Neill's self-styled monarch is colored, whereas Cobb's Jafe Morner is of the poor whites. But there is the same background of hoodooism which makes for a mental background of superstition from which fear draws sustenance, so that, when aided by a guilty conscience, fear becomes first a driving and eventually a death-dealing force.

We are sorry that Mr. Cobb did not take to heart the lesson in technique taught by the playwright. O'Neill does not make the mistake that Cobb does of " fooling the audience." The audience knows that Jones is not being pursued by spirits, and its sense of the fear which is rapidly overpowering the man is thereby rendered more acute. Cobb's readers are led to believe that Jafe, the murderer of his wife, has been bitten by a moccasin snake, and it is only made clear in what is, artistically, an epilogue, that fear killed Jafe and not the reptile. The result is that the story, gruesome as it is, is blurred to a certain degree. An author is justified in keeping the reader in the dark until the denouement is reached if by doing so he can better produce an effect; but no author is justified in compelling his reader to revise or correct an impression and interpretation which has already been willfully conveyed.

It would be interesting to see how the forceful story " The Eminent Dr. Deeves " would fare in competition with " Snake Doctor." The story of the psychiatrist, egotistic, arrogant, so blind that he sacrifices his daughter to his opinions on insanity, and whose eyes are finally opened by a man whom he had diagnosed as incurably insane, is striking—original. Indeed, the plot may have to be added to the thirty-one which has been set as the total of all possible plots. " Snake Doctor " is hackneyed in comparison. Furthermore, in " The Eminent Dr. Deeves " there is no going back after the climax has been reached. The story is carefully builded, perfectly knit. And the psychological insight is quite as keen as in " Snake Doctor," with the effect, because of the delicate love interest, more poignant. If we were on a prize committee and both of these stories should come before us, we should award the prize to the physician of the madhouse and not to the doctor of snakes.

Some of the stories run to greater length than is justified by the theme—or, to state it more exactly, the author would be more effective if more succinct. But Mr. Cobb is primarily a raconteur and not an architect. And to ask him to become an architect would very probably cause him to lose much of his peculiar flavor. His style has the Southern drawl, which is ever fascinating. Our personal idea of entertainment is to sit on one end of a log and to have Irvin Cobb at the other, telling stories. He must have been born telling stories. If not, he has acquired an amazing aptitude.

Drawn by Walter Jack Duncan.

VACATIONING BOOKS

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
The Powder of Sympathy
A modern *Anatomy of Melancholy.* Merrily illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan. ($1.75)

By W. B. MAXWELL
The Day's Journey
A Novel of friendship. Third large printing. ($2.00)

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories
Several of the stories in this volume are even funnier than *Penrod.* ($2.00 . . . De Luxe, autographed edition, $5.00).

By ALFRED OLLIVANT
"Old Fer-Ever"
" . . will remain in the memory." The *Times*—London. ($1.75)

By MAJ. C. E. RUSSELL
True Adventures of the Secret Service
Contains "The Greatest Secret Service Story Ever Told." ($2.00)

By A. MURE MACKENZIE
Without Conditions
"This brilliant little tale." *New Age.*—London. ($1.50)

By FRANCES NOYES HART
Contact
"They are youth." Washington *Post.* ($1.75)

By RUDYARD KIPLING
The Irish Guards in the World War
"The true gold of Rudyard Kipling." The *Times*—London. Illustrated by maps. (2 vols., $10.00)

By ELMER L. RICE
The Adding Machine
"The best example of the newer expressionism." New York *Times* A Theatre Guild Production. ($1.50)

Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Reminder
BLACK OXEN
by Gertrude is the selling in the
HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR COPY ?
GOOD BOOKS
Atherton best novel U.S.A.
AT ALL BOOK STORES $2.00 HURRY
Boni & Liveright New York

Now You Can Read These Late And Popular Books For 10¢ each

The Dime Library is the most convenient and economical library system in existence.

The great American reading public has long felt the need of a service that would place before them at low cost and with the smallest amount of bother and inconvenience the best books of our day.

The Dime Library provides this service. You pay $1.25 as a membership fee. This entitles you to receive any of the 200 late or popular books listed in the Dime Library Catalog. You will be sent a copy of this Catalog when your membership fee is received. When you send your membership fee select your first book from the list below; this will be sent prepaid at once.

You do not have to worry about returning it promptly. There are no fines or overdues of any kind. Keep it until you are ready to read another, then return it prepaid. At the same time write a letter giving four titles, taken from the Dime Library Catalog, one of which will be sent you immediately. Also enclose TEN CENTS and additional stamps to cover return postage.

The DIME LIBRARY
Here are some of the Titles

Adrienne Toner. Clara Louise Burnham.	Impromptu. Elliott H. Paul.
Affair At Flower Acres. Carolyn Wells.	Just Steward. Richard Dehan.
Ann Seven and The Fieldings. May Sinclair.	Merton of the Movies. Harry Leon Wilson.
Babbitt. Sinclair Lewis.	Middle of the Road. Philip Gibbs.
Black Oxen. Gertrude Atherton.	Mr. and Mrs. Sen. Louise Jordan Miln.
Captain Blood. Rafael Sabatini.	One of Ours. Willa Cather.
Charing Cross Mystery. J. S. Fletcher.	Ophelia. Cynthia Stockley.
Dangan. Ernest Poole.	Robin. Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Faint Perfume. Zona Gale.	Rough Hewn. Dorothy Canfield.
Fascinating Stranger. Booth Tarkington.	Scaramouche. Rafael Sabatini.
Flaming Youth. Warner Fabian.	Sea Hawk. Rafael Sabatini.
His Children's Children. Arthur Train.	Simon Called Peter. Robert Keable.
If Winter Comes. A. S. M. Hutchinson.	Treddles Gold. Howard Vincent O'Brien.
	Three Lovers. Frank Swinnerton.
	Vandemark's Folly. Herbert Quick.
	Vision of Desire. Margaret Pedler.
	World Outside. Harold MacGrath.

Become a Member of The Dime Library today. If you live in the United States you are invited to become a member.

Do not wait. Join at once. Send your membership fee to
THE DIME LIBRARY
21 West 45th St. New York

This service is operated and guaranteed by A. R. Womrath, Inc., who have established six Metropolitan Branches of the Dime Library for booklovers living in New York, Brooklyn and Newark. Become a member at one of these.

21 West 45th Street (Near 5th Avenue)	Pershing Square Bldg. (Opp. Grand Central)	42 Broadway (Below Wall Street)
15 Hanover Place Brooklyn	906 Flatbush Avenue Brooklyn	571 Broad Street Newark

"An epitome of human life, unexampled in American fiction."—Boston *Transcript.*

WITHIN THESE WALLS
By Rupert Hughes

"An epic of New York. . It immediately grips the reader by its picturesqueness and romance. . . . Vitally dramatic, new and unusual."—*Rev. Percy Stickney Grant* in the New York *Tribune.* "Since his early novel, 'Zal,' Mr. Hughes has done nothing more graphic or readable."—New York *Times.*

Wherever Books Are Sold $2.00

Harper & Brothers 49 East 33d Street. Established 1817 New York, N. Y.

Fasting and Undernutrition
By SERGIUS MORGULIS
Professor of Biochemistry, University of Nebraska College of Medicine.

The author's main objectives are two: to collect and to classify what is known about fasting and insufficient feeding; and to consider the facts in their proper biological setting. Each variety of inanition is considered from the angle of Chemical, Physiological and Morphological phenomena in the fasting organism; and there are in addition studies on various Partial Inanitions, such as Oxygen Starvation, Water Starvation, Vitamin Starvation, etc. A very full and valuable bibliography rounds out the book for interested readers who wish to pursue the subject further.

At all bookstores, $5.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Citizen or Subject?
By FRANCIS X. HENNESSY, of the New York Bar

The author shows in this book that there is no Eighteenth Amendment.

A most important book.

At all bookstores, $3.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Irish Guards

(Continued from Page 5)

with a smashed iron bridge lying across the bed of it, and an unfinished lock to the right looking like some immense engine of war ready to do hurt in inconceivable fashions. Directly below them, on the pale, horribly hard, concrete trough, was a collection of agitated pinheads, the steel hats of the Scots Guards rearing ladders against the far side of the gulf. Mixed with them were the dead, insolently uninterested, while the wounded, breaking aside, bound themselves up with the tense, silent preoccupation which unhurt men, going forward, find so hard to bear. Mobs of bewildered Germans had crawled out of their shelters in the canal flanks and were trying to surrender to any one who looked likely to attend to them. They saluted British officers as they raced past, and, between salutes, returned their arms stiffly to the safe "Kamerad" position. This added the last touch of insanity to the picture. ("We'd ha' laughed if we had had the time, ye'll understand.")

None recall precisely how they reached the bottom of the canal, but there were a few moments of blessed shelter ere they scrambled out and re-formed on the far side. The shelling here was bad enough, but nothing to what they had survived. A veil of greasy smoke, patched with flame that did not glare, stood up behind them, and through the pall of it, in little knots, stumbled their supports, blinded, choking, gasping. In the direction of the attack, across a long stretch of broken rising ground, were more shells, but less thickly spaced, and craters of stinking earth and colored chalks where our barrage had ripped out nests of machine guns. Far off, to the left, creaming with yellow smoke in the morning light, rose the sullen head of Bourlon Wood, to which the Canadians were faithfully paying the debt contracted by the Second Battalion of the Irish Guards in the old days after Cambrai.

At the crest of the ascent lay Saunders Keep, which marked the point where the Scots Guards would lie up and the Irish come through. * * *

Enemy airplanes now swooped down with machine gun fire; there seemed no way of getting our artillery to attend to them and they pecked like vultures undisturbed. Then Battalion Headquarters came up in the midst of the firing from the left, established themselves in a dugout and were at once vigorously shelled, together with the neighboring aid-post and some German prisoners there, waiting to carry down wounded. The aid-post was in charge of a young American doctor, Rhys Davis by name, who had been attached to the battalion for some time. This was his first day of war and he was mortally wounded before the noon of it.

The trench filled as the day went on, with details dropping in by devious and hurried roads to meet the continual stream of prisoners being handed down to Brigade Headquarters. One youth, who could not have been 17, flung himself into the arms of an officer and cried, "Kamerad, Herr Offizier! Ich bin sehr jung! Kamerad!" To whom the embarrassed islander, brutally: "Get on with you. I wouldn't touch you for the world!" And they laughed all along the trench-face as they dodged the whizzbangs out of Orival Wood, and compared themselves to the "wurrums begging for mercy." * * *

Back area rumors and official notifications were good, too. The Nineteenth and Second Corps of the Second Army, together with the Belgian Army, had attacked on Sept. 28 (1918), from Dixmude to far south of the Ypres-Zonebeke road; had retaken all the heights to the east of Ypres, and were in a fair way to clear out every German gain there of the past four years. A German withdrawal was beginning from Lens to Armentières, and to the south of the Third Army the Fourth came in on the 29th (while the battalion was "resting and shaving" in its trench shelters by Demicourt) on a front of twelve miles, and from Gricourt to Vendhuille broke, and poured across the Hindenburg Line, then to the St. Quentin Canal. At the same time, lest there should be one furlong of the uneasy front neglected, the Fifth and Sixth Corps of the Third Army attacked over the old Gouzeaucourt ground between Vendhuille and Marcoing. This, too, without counting the blows that the French and the Americans were dealing in their own spheres on the Meuse and in the Argonne; each stroke coldly preparing the next.

The Germans had, during September, lost a quarter of a million of prisoners, several thousand guns and immense quantities of irreplaceable stores. Their main line of resistance was broken and overrun throughout; and their troops in the field were feeling the demoralization of constant withdrawals, as well as shortage from abandoned supplies. Our people had known the same depression in the March push, when night skies, lit with burning dumps, gave the impression that all the world was going up in universal surrender.

But work was still to do. Between Cambrai, which at the end of October was under, though not actually in, our hands, and Maubeuge, lay thirty-five miles of France, all open save for such hastily made defenses as the enemy had been able to throw up after the collapse of the Hindenburg systems. There, then, the screw was turned, and on Oct. 8 the Third and Fourth Armies attacked on a front of seventeen miles from Sequehart, north of Cambrai, where the Cambrai-Douai road crosses the Sensée, southward to our junction with the French First Army a few miles above St. Quentin. Twenty British divisions, two cavalry divisions and one American division were involved.

Copyright, 1923, by Rudyard Kipling.

The Oldest Dutch Farmhouse

(Continued from Page 15)

house. In the attic over the wing were bunks, in which the slaves slept.

Since it was put up, the house has withstood a rather peculiar siege. During the Fall and Winter months a bleak wind blows from the ocean, a few hundred yards away. This wind carries with it some of the fine sand from the beach. Beating against the old house, the cutting gales have worn the shingles to the thickness of paper, and these have had to be replaced several times.

None of the original furniture is left in the house. What there is now, is of the quartered oak variety so popular with the middle-class about twenty-five years ago. A few of the fixtures, such as hinges, are hand wrought, and evidently are as old as the house.

Until recently there was a queer little mill near the house. From it came the name "Mill Island," given to the land on which the house stands. This mill was operated by the Schenck family and their descendants. Most of the creek has been filled in, so that the house is now on the main land.

The sketches being completed, it was time to leave the old house, which somehow had insinuated itself into one's affections. We said goodbye to the two tenants and their five children, who for the most part were quite unaware of the distinction of living in the oldest house in the State. The sun had set as we turned away from the house and once more beheld the great engineering works of Mill Basin. Stretching their tall arms against the brilliant sky, the cranes and derricks seemed to be gigantic monsters from some chimerical world. Soon the twentieth century constructions will engulf the forgotten homestead which has remained standing there for nearly three hundred years.

Those who consider life too short for the reading of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" in its original form will be glad to hear that Archibald Marshall, the English novelist, has prepared a shortened edition of the work for the average reader. The book will be published in the Fall by Dodd, Mead & Co.

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

At His Best

The Temptress

By the Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," etc.

To be published and on sale at all bookstores July 25

The great Spanish writer's new novel will be welcomed by his host of American readers. Probably no modern writer has been so widely read and discussed as Blasco Ibañez.

$2.00, postage extra. This novel can be bought at any bookstore July 25; or, if not, from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

IN THE TENTH MOON

by Sidney Williams

A man is murdered at night in his own home. Later it is discovered that the crime has been done with the wife's revolver. Who is guilty?

At All Bookstores $2.00

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.

Philadelphia

Vacation DORAN BOOKS Novels

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD — *Philip Gibbs* — $2.00
By the author of "Now It Can Be Told."

THE FOUR STRAGGLERS — *Frank L. Packard* — $2.00
As thrilling as "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale."

THE VISION OF DESIRE — *Margaret Pedler* — $2.00
By the author of "The House of Dreams-Come-True."

"PIRACY" — *Michael Arlen* — $2.50
"Utmost delicacy, color, lyric charm."—New York *Times*.

MOSTLY SALLY — *P. G. Wodehouse* — $2.00
"Gayest and most enjoyable of tales."—New York *Tribune*.

CHALLENGE — *V. Sackville-West* — $2.00
"The magic of high adventure."—Boston *Transcript*.

COUNTRY CLUB PEOPLE — *Margaret Culkin Banning* — $2.00
"An important commentary on marriage."—New York *Herald*.

A POCKETFUL OF POSES — *Anne Parrish* — $2.00
"A sheer delight."—New York *World*.

A DAUGHTER OF ADAM — *Corra Harris* — $1.75
As fine as "A Circuit Rider's Wife."

KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS — *Ernest Bramah* — $2.50
"Genial, superb in its satire."—New York *Times*.

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY *Publishers* New York

Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the Best American Play of 1922.

ICEBOUND

By OWEN DAVIS

"Icebound" describes a group of Northern Maine small-town folk, whose faults and virtues are the direct result of their own heritage and environment, untainted by any foreign element; its theme shows that a great love survives everything—that a dead woman may reach out of the darkness and impose her will upon the living.

Professor William Lyon Phelps says: "'Icebound' is a powerful, original, admirable American play and fully deserves the Pulitzer Prize."

$1.50 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers, Boston

Cosmic Consciousness

A Study in the Evolution of the Human Mind

By RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE, M. D.

New Edition. Revised and Entirely Reset.

The author shows that at intervals exceptionally dowered individuals have appeared, and by their experience have definitely contributed to a marked advance in man's relations with the Infinite.

Prof. WILLIAM JAMES of Harvard said: "Dr. Bucke's work is an addition to psychology of first rate importance."

P. D. OUSPENSKY, the Russian philosopher, devotes an entire chapter of his great work *Tertium Organum* to an appreciative discussion of "Cosmic Consciousness."

Price $6.00, postage extra. The book can be bought through any bookstore or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Evolution AND Religion

By Henry Fairfield Osborn

Research Professor of Zoology Columbia University

A reply to the views of William Jennings Bryan and the "fundamentalists." *75 cents*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The Manuscript of Youth

By DIANA PATRICK

DIANA PATRICK'S novels show a steadily increasing power. She floods her books with beauty and atmosphere.

Her novels are: "The Wider Way"—"Islands of Desire"—"Barbara Justice"—"Dusk of Moonrise."

Each, $2.00, postage extra, at any bookstore or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Boosters of Brittany

(Continued from Page 8)

the deftness of a prestidigitator, they are all in the order.

Special mention should be made of Huelgoat's Flying Squadron of feminine charmers. They grab off every official delegation the moment that, escorted by bagpipe and flute, it debarks in the centre of their little highland town. A bouquet and a kiss—if you please!—for every member; then, before you know it you are whisked off on the arm of one of them to visit the rocky groups such as Le Menage de la Vièrge, or to the Pool of the Wild Boars. Back again to town you are whisked, there to be taught the gavotte and the Breton lanciers. There's simply no getting away from them—anyway, who wants to? The next day, when you seek your car to strike the road again, you find it decorated with wild gorse and rhododendron blossoms. Fairy hands—the hands of korrigans—did it in the night, they tell you, bless their deceitful souls!

At Concarneau the Queen of the Blue Nets, supported by her démoiselles d'honneur, comes dimpling forward to decorate you with the emblem of those same filets blues and to fleur your coat lapel. By day she and her companions work in a sardine cannery, but from their carriage and grace one would think they danced minuets among Louis XV. furniture from morning till night. Once you are decorated by sa Majesté there is but one way to thank her, and gladly you embrace the opportunity. If you didn't, it would be lèse majesté, to say nothing of gross lack of appreciation. After all, she is not quite sixteen.

* * *

They overlook nothing in the boosting line, these Bretons. For the great week they mobilized a Cabinet Minister, M. Yves le Trocquer, Minister of Public Works; a Vice Admiral just returned from the Levant; the poet Saint-Pol Roux; the departmental archivist M. Waquet; the novelist Georges G. Toudouze, and that incarnation of the soul of Brittany, the blinded painter Jean-Julien Lemordant. Boosters all, in their respective realms.

The majority of these interpreters of the province's past and present traveled in daily contact with their visitors, to be on hand whenever a moot point was raised as to the century of a calvaire's construction, to develop, say, a local legend, such as that of the Fée Viviane who still haunts the region of Quimper; to decipher and translate an old inscription in the Breton tongue. Whether one was interested in the problem of developing the Port of Brest, the local manufacture of lace or of that gayly bright pottery, or in the raising of those sturdy black horses, an expert was always on hand. It was efficiency plus color and charm.

* * *

It is hard to use the word boosting in this connection, but ever and above all the other glorifiers of the "petite patrie," as far as the final impression made is concerned, are the latter-day Breton sculptors. In the sturdy granite of the region, in nearly every market place, they have set up their memorials to those of their countrymen who went out to hold the line from Dixmunde to the Vosges, and who never returned.

An old peasant woman who lost three sons in the war served as the model for the monument of Fouesnant. There she stands in all her pitiful drab simplicity of plain coif, apron and sabots, her hands across her breast in one of those despairingly resigned gestures so common among the folk of the countryside. On the reverse of the monument is a roll of honor which for its length alone makes the visitor gasp. Closer inspection reveals far, far too many names of the same families—fathers, sons, brothers, cousins, the best toilers of two generations, gone from the ancestral soil. The Bretons, as they will proudly tell you, needed no compulsion to make them answer the call; but the draft as it operated in their region could hardly have been called selective.

Yes, the Britons hold their heads high in spite of their appalling losses. With dry eyes they will tell you that the finest page in the province's history is made up of the German communiqué explaining the retreat from Verdun. For in that communiqué, foreboder of the Teuton's final defeat, runs the line:

"The French placed Breton troops in front of us."

"That," exclaimed one native enthusiast to me, "is worthy to stand alongside Julius Caesar's tribute to the Arverni!"

As indeed it is.

* * *

And now Brittany is bursting with babies. Big, bouncing, lusty-lunged, ever hungry, ever active—yes, boosting!—babies. The 4, 3 and 2 year olds fairly clutter up the market-places, and there seems to be a 1-year-old or even a half-year-old, kicking his feet out at you by way of greeting as he squirms in his mother's arms, at the window or door of every farmhouse or fisherman's shanty. Red cheeked and bright eyed they are, thanks to their sea-wind-swept domain. And, glory of glories to a homesick American, the whole province is dotted thick with red heads and freckled faces!

Whatever the crise de natalité may be in other parts of France, whatever the headwagging savants may fear as to the future of the race, no one need despair of Brittany's furnishing heaping over her full quota of the country's defenders. South of the Rhine and Moselle, north of the Pyrenees, nowhere is there to be seen such a wealth of sturdy childhood. May it never have to be flung to the north and east as were its progenitors, there to encounter some day the fair-haired youngsters now bursting through their fathers' cut-down field-gray uniforms.

* * *

"Eh, well, my friend," the original Breton booster remarked to me smilingly, at the end of a drive that was literally a "nine days wonder," "what say you now to our little corner of France that is so French and yet not French at all?"

"I think," I told him, "that Thomas Jefferson—or was it Ben Franklin?—either didn't travel far enough over here, or didn't say enough."

"Pleases it?" he inquired, politely.

"One or the other of those worthies," I replied, "delivered himself of a great line: 'Chaque homme a deux patries; la sienne et la France.'"

"Charming," my friend rejoined. "But what is the matter with it?"

"He should, if he had known enough," I resumed, "have added this: 'Chaque homma a deux petites patries; la sienne et la Bretagne!'"

The Booster of Brittany thought for a moment. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "And to think that we were looking for—what do you call it?—a slogan!"

IN THE TENTH MOON

IN THE TENTH MOON. By Sidney Williams. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. 325 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

SOMEWHAT spectacular, even if also conventional, is the assembling of the scenic properties for this novel of deeply concealed crime and its final clearing up. The home in which a man is killed in the middle hours of the night is that of Jabez Slayton, multi-millionaire, man of affairs, hard-headed captain of industry, and it is located in the most desirable part of upper Fifth Avenue. The murdered man is Frank Slayton, his eldest son, whose wife, a beautiful and highly bred young woman, is implicated by circumstances in the crime. Her story is that she and her husband had spent the evening alone in the Fifth Avenue mansion, where they lived with his father; that she had left him at his desk in the library and retired, and after some time, awaking from a doze, she had felt conscious of something unusual, had arisen and opened the door into the hall, found everything in darkness, had been suddenly seized and chloroformed, and when she came out of this state had gone into the dressing room connecting her own and her husband's rooms and found him lying on the floor dead, with a bullet hole in the back of his head. Investigation reveals a revolver in one of her bureau drawers of the same calibre as that which had killed her husband, fully loaded except for a single chamber.

Much of the story is taken up with the investigation that follows and the trial of the case, and there is an amusing and sardonic chapter detailing the deliberations of the jury. The plot is complicated with elements of interest that bring in the personalities and fates of a number of varied people.

Mail Order Department
A. R. WOMRATH, Inc.

Here are late and popular books at big savings. They are

USED BY A FEW—GOOD AS NEW

which means they have been rented in Womrath's Library and withdrawn in excellent condition. Satisfaction guaranteed.

	New	Used
[illegible]	1.75	1.10
BLACK OXEN, Atherton	2.00	1.25
CAPTAIN BLOOD, Sabatini	2.00	1.25
DANGER, Poole	2.00	1.25
EXTERIOR TO THE EVIDENCE, Fletcher	2.00	1.25
FAINT PERFUME, Gale	1.75	1.10
FASCINATING STRANGER, Tarkington	2.00	1.25
HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN, Train	2.00	1.25
IMPROMPTU, Paul	2.50	1.60
KEEBAN, Balmer	1.75	1.10
LOST DISCOVERY, Baillie-Reynolds	1.75	1.10
MEN LIKE GODS, Wells	2.00	1.25
MERTON OF THE MOVIES, Wilson	1.75	1.10
MR. AND MRS. SEN, Mills	2.00	1.25
ONE OF OURS, Cather	2.50	1.60
PONJOLA, Stockley	2.00	1.25
ROUGH HEWN, Canfield	2.00	1.25
SIMON CALLED PETER, Keable	2.00	1.25
STELLA DALLAS, Prouty	2.00	1.25
SWEET PEPPER, Moss	2.00	1.25
THIS FREEDOM, Hutchinson	2.00	1.25
VISION OF DESIRE, Pedler	2.00	1.25
WISDOM'S DAUGHTER, Haggard	1.75	1.10

THE NEW SUPREME WEBSTER DICTIONARY

We are glad to announce that we have just received another supply of this wonderful dictionary bargain. Unfortunately, we have not nearly as many as we are going to need, so we are forced to limit this offering to the quantity on hand.

Published at $2.50
89c

Prices include transportation charges. We ship C. O. D. if desired. All Books subject to return if not satisfactory. Send for Summer Bargain List of Publishers' Remainders and Used Books.

A. R. WOMRATH, INC.
Mail Order Dept., 21 W. 45th St., N. Y.

The famous humorist invades the theatre with a burlesque program of American plays and films that are uproariously funny. $1.50

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York

75th Thousand

DIM LANTERN

By Temple Bailey

"THE CLEAN BOOK"

At All Bookstores $2.00

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
Philadelphia

WHAT TO EAT
By BENJAMIN HARROW
Author of "Vitamines," "Glands," etc.

Scientifically sound, simply written, and readily applied.

All bookstores, $2.00, postage extra

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

MR. PODD

A new novel
by

Freeman Tilden

MR. PODD—"The most important book of the year's fiction." *New York Herald.*

MR. PODD—"Folks will consume the story with relish and smack their lips over its thousand delicious comments." *New York Times Book Review.*

Meet MR. PODD at the bookstores. You will enjoy his humor. Don't keep him waiting too long.

$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S

BAROQUE

A MYSTERY STORY

Alluring **Absorbing**

At all bookstores, $2.00; postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

THRIFTY STOCK

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Author of "Evered," "Black Pawl," etc.

In each short story he drives straight to the touching, surprising or gripping point with a stark brevity and truth which make them classics of their kind.

At any bookstore, $2.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Soul of Woman

By GINA LOMBROSO

RUTH SNYDER, after registering her individual exceptions, closes her review in The World with:

"It may seem we are doing an injustice to 'The Soul of Woman.' Not at all. This is a book which we highly recommend to all readers, both male and female. It is a book created in thought and nourished with wisdom. It is a book that should help men and women to an understanding of woman, complex though she be. It is a book bubbling and boiling over with ideas."

At all bookstores, $2.50; postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Fourth Printing.

The Rose of Santa Fé

BY
EDWIN L. SABIN

A dashing romance of the old Southwest. $2.00.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia

own your own bookshop!

Little capital required. The demand is everywhere on the increase. Hundreds of openings throughout the country. Our special service makes it easy to start in this congenial vocation. Write for 16-page booklet of practical information.

BOOK SALES PROMOTION BUREAU
354 Fourth Ave., New York.

Americana for Americans

(Continued from Page 3)

the Clements Library has a rich selection. More than a generation ago the elder Quaritch was quoted as saying that "book collecting * * * has gradually declined since 1830." Reading Mr. Clements's account of the prizes which he has secured within the last twenty years, one comes to believe that the great dealer was wrong in his reading of the signs.

It is perhaps in the section on the De Bry collections, those nobly illustrated narratives of early voyages, completeness in which bookmen regard as the test of a collector's assiduity and success, that there appears most clearly expressed the reason that the Clements library is to become a centre of research rather than a mere collection of books. The author has been telling of his possession of three notable sets of the American parts of De Bry, and after mentioning the tendency of the historical student to be satisfied with one set provided its text is fairly complete, goes on with this declaration of faith:

Undismayed by such opinions, the bibliographers and their allies in the collecting fraternity persist in their search, knowing well that each new variation not only brings its own satisfaction to the discoverer, but brings him also a little nearer to the solution of all the puzzles. When this is found, the whole broad subject of bookmaking and distribution, which underlies in large measure the history of human culture, will move one step forward.

This is only another way of saying, with Mr. A. W. Pollard, that "the publication of every book which has issued from printing house or Scriptorium is an event in the spiritual history of the human race," and whether applied to the collecting of De Bry variations, to Jesuit Relations or to Stamp Act pamphlets, the maintenance of such an ideal marks the difference between the great collector, the library maker, and the tyro interested in margins and dentelle borders.

There are some books in the Clements library of a most particular interest to the bibliophile. "This little quarto volume of Hariot's 'Virginia' is as important as it is rare, and as beautiful as it is important." So writes Henry Stevens of one of the most delectable single volumes known to the collector of Americana. Published in 1588 with text by Thomas Hariot and illustrations by John White, two adventurers of Raleigh's first colony, the original edition is represented now by only seven known copies, of which number four already were in public repositories when the Huth copy came up for sale in 1914. Mr. Clements bid on it at that time, but lost the item to Quaritch, from whom he later bought it at private sale. The Clements and the Lenox copies are the only copies known in America, and next to possessing it one's self comes the satisfaction that these rare, important and beautiful volumes are preserved for the common good. With this delightful book must be mentioned Captain John Smith's "True Relation" of 1608, as showing the character of the library in Virginia material, but lest Virginia should triumph over the northern colonies in his collection, Mr. Clements brought together on his shelves Brereton's "A briefe and true Relation" of 1602, and Hester's pamphlet describing the Weymouth expedition to Maine, two small books which have been called "The Verie Two Eyes of New England Histories." When to these are added the important Winslow tracts, the "basic accounts" of New England are represented in peculiarly high quality.

Of a more spectacular nature than any of the other Clements books which have been mentioned is a French manuscript copy of Las Casas's "Brevissima Relación," made in 1582, with "illustrations which must have satisfied the bitterest enemy of Spain." This brief tract, first published in 1552, brought to the attention of Europeans the methods of exploitation of the native Americans by their Spanish conquerors. Its influence is felt even now throughout the world, for out of it grew the conception of "Spanish cruelty" which, often with cause, has been fostered by the enemies of Spain, political or religious, to this day. The illustrations in this manuscript version were those which were made use of in the De Bry edition of the tract of 1598, and it is probable that the plates were made from this very copy of the original drawings.

One feature of Mr. Clements's book must be remarked upon, and that is its restraint and good taste. Where pride in an unusual acquisition would often justify him in vaunting himself, he has been content merely to point out the significance of that acquisition to scholars and to collectors. He has not given way to that species of exultation which often lies serious bookmen display. Moreover, and this is a pleasant thing, there appears in the book no mention of prices. It is a dignified relation of acquisitions in which there is found none of that graceless spirit of huckstering in the materials of knowledge which is too often a prominent feature of similar narratives. Books have been to this collector as documents in the history of the human race. He has not confused them with snuff boxes, old pipes or little china dogs.

The Clements library goes to the University of Michigan with a generous endowment, so that one may expect from it a normal growth toward the ideal of perfection which its founder has set, the state of bibliographical blessedness in which no inquiry concerning America between the years 1492 and 1880 need go unanswered.

The author gratefully thanks Lathrop Harper and Henry Stevens, who have helped him build his collection, and most particularly and fully acknowledges his indebtedness to George Parker Winship, who for ten years has been his adviser, and who as a culminating favor has seen the present book through the press.

The Tournament of the Boy Scout Duke

(Continued from Page 6)

Castle, and one is tempted to wonder to what extent the character of this young Duke of the twentieth century will be influenced by the portrait looking down upon him in his Boy Scout garb—the portraits of these forebears of his that have met with violent deaths on the scaffold.

The romantic championship of the fifth Duke of Norfolk for Mary, Queen of Scots, for whom he lost his head, is commemorated by the presence at Arundel of numerous relics of Mary. Among them is the identical crucifix and rosary which she wore on the day of her execution at Fotheringay Castle, in February, 1587. It is of record that when she ascended the scaffold she took off her beads and crucifix and handed them to Sir Andrew Melville, the loyal and devoted master of her household, charging him to convey them to the Earl of Arundel as the last token of affection for his, the Earl's, father, who had befriended her during her long and severe imprisonment. Guarded as a sacred relic, the rosary measures fifty-three inches in length, the beads being hollow spheres of gold, delicately chased. The cross, which is also gold, is hung with three pear-shaped pearls, two from the arms and a third from the foot, the figure of Christ being in white enamel. A record of the rosary figures in Andrew Lang's book on the portraits and jewels of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Every corner of the huge old castle is filled with relics and mementos of the historic past. Each one of the successive owners of the castle has added to its beauties, at no expense whatsoever to his revenues. For many hundred years ago a strip of real estate in London, off the Strand, now of immense value and producing an enormous income, was set aside with a proviso that all the money yielded by its rentals should be expended exclusively upon the maintenance and improvement of Arundel Castle. It was thus that the late Duke was able to spend more than $5,000,000 upon the castle without affecting his ordinary income.

A. N. Holcombe, Professor of Government at Harvard, has written a book on "Foundations of the Modern Commonwealth," which Harpers will bring out in August. The author discusses justice, liberty, freedom of speech and of the press and kindred subjects and points out some popular misconceptions of the real meanings of these terms.

BORZOI BOOKS

The CELESTIAL OMNIBUS
by E. M. Forster, author of "A Room with a View"
Refreshing short stories of an unusual character—philosophically observant and yet airily charming. $2.00

REVOLVING LIGHTS
by Dorothy Richardson
Another instalment in the story of Miriam Henderson. $3.50

The PYRENEES
by Hilaire Belloc
A delightful book for stay-at-homes and a practical guide for those who would travel in the Pyrenees. *Illustrated.* $2.75

MEMOIRS *of* WILLIAM HICKEY (Third Volume)
Another instalment of the inimitable Hickey's fascinating picture of life in London and abroad during the middle years of George III's reign. $5.00

Lady Into Fox
by David Garnett
"There are few perfect books, but this belongs with them. English fiction has another minor classic."
—*Carl Van Doren*
Third Edition. $1.50

A BRIEF SURVEY *of* PRINTING HISTORY *and* PRACTICE
by Stanley Morison and Holbrook Jackson
A book for book lovers which develops the printed book from its manuscript model through the craftsmanship of Bruce Rogers. *Illustrated.* $2.00

The PRINCIPLES *of* PUBLIC FINANCE
by Hugh Dalton
A clear compact description applicable to the public affairs of a modern community. $2.50

HIEROGLYPHICS
by Arthur Machen, author of "The Hill of Dreams."
"Under the classification of books about books, *Hieroglyphics* may be considered one of the best."—*Carl Van Vechten.* $3.50

DOSTOEVSKY: Letters and Reminiscences
Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry.
A faithful pen picture of Dostoevsky by his wife, and a remarkable collection of letters just released by the Soviet government. $3.50

At All Bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF
220 West 42d Street New York

SCISSORS

"A story of English youth written by a young Englishman who writes exceedingly well . . . A story of the whole-hearted love of life told with zest and sincerity . . . The spirit of beauty permeates it."
—*Boston Herald.*

CECIL ROBERTS
$2.00 Stokes, Publisher
Third Printing!

FOR THE CAMP OR SUMMER HOME

Everyman's Library

Most of the great books. Send for a Catalogue of 750 volumes. Each, 80c.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Av., N. Y.

OF WORLD-WIDE IMPORTANCE, AND UNDOUBTEDLY THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

AMERICAN TRANSLATION	*Eighth Edition Printing*
BRITISH TRANSLATION	*Sixth Edition in the Press*
FRENCH TRANSLATION	*30,000 copies issued*
ITALIAN EDITION	*Over 100,000 copies already sold*

LIFE OF CHRIST
By
GIOVANNI PAPINI
Translated by Dorothy Canfield

From British Reviews:

"Papini's book belongs to the same class as Farrar's . . . but he is superior to Farrar in his vivid and penetrating interpretation of the character and teaching of the Master, in whom, after being an agnostic, he has come to believe with all his heart."—DEAN INGE in the *Evening Standard.*

"The book is a live thing."—*The London Times.*

"It deserves its popularity, written as it is by a poet with conviction and fervour, and with a surprisingly wide knowledge."—*London Daily Mail.*

"Papini's book, which is surely a masterpiece, should command an attention which is not given to all those who attempt to rewrite the Gospel narrative . . . a book which one cannot choose but read."—W. L. COURTNEY in the *London Daily Telegraph.*

"It is the work of a man burning with desire, with zeal, with love for the holiest things."—*London Daily Graphic.*

"Any page taken at random will at once hold the attention."—J. C. SQUIRE in the *London Observer.*

"I consider that this Life of Christ is one of the greatest triumphs of mankind in the cause of belief of the last hundred years. Papini has shown me a new Christ, a Figure I may meet in my garden, in my work, and feel rather lost if He is not there."—The EDITOR of *Cassell's British Weekly.*

"Papini is madly in love with his subject. Everyone must read this book."—FATHER JAMES ADDERLEY.

"Papini's mastery of the Bible is astounding. The book will be read, discussed and preached. Its publication is an event."—*Christian World.*

No one can read this book without being stimulated to think afresh on the meaning of the wonderful life here set forth."—Mrs. CREIGHTON in the *Church Family Newspaper.*

"A really remarkable book."—*Methodist Recorder.*

$3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

AMBITION

By the Baroness LEONIE AMINOFF

A brilliant novel of some of the most exciting years in the amazing rise of the great Napoleon. For the first time he has grasped success; he has married Josephine and we see him establishing himself as conqueror at Milan. $2.00, postage extra.

AMBITION is the third of the remarkable series of historical novels which together give the most powerfully vivid portrait in fiction of Napoleon and the France of his time.

REVOLUTION sets the scene—Paris under the Terror—upon which the young Napoleon enters. $2.00

LOVE paints Napoleon chafing in inaction in post-Revolution days, and wooing Josephine. $2.00

You can buy these at any bookstore; or, if not, from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

VALLEY WATERS

"CHARLES D. STEWART

has proved that his creative powers as a novelist are as fresh and vigorous as in his youth. He has proved it by his latest book 'Valley Waters,' a well-constructed, well-written, and altogether delightfully populated story."—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS in *Scribner's Magazine.*

A refreshing novel, thoroughly modern, told with imagination. Mr. Stewart's delicate touch and essential truth produce an atmosphere which is indescribable yet fills the book with charm and deep interest.

Any bookstore, $2.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Current Magazines

AN essay by Maurice Hewlett, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, appears in the July number of the Cornhill.

It is a study of La Bruyère, with some interesting relationships with Thackeray, Addison and Steele.

"Whether Thackeray owed anything directly to La Bruyère I am not able to determine," Hewlett writes; "but he owed a fair amount to Steele, who assuredly did."

This passage from "Les Caractères" is quoted:

"How comes it about that Alciopus bows to me this morning, smiles, throws himself halfway out of the carriage window for fear of missing my eye? I am not a rich man—and I am on foot. By all the rules he ought not to have seen me. Is it not rather so that he himself may be seen in the same coach with a lord?"

And Hewlett adds:

Thackeray all over; but I don't think Thackeray had it straight from "Les Caractères." The first translation into English was in 1699, and by "Eustace Budgell, Esq." There were many others—two, anonymous, in 1700 and 1702, one by Nicholas Rowe, in 1709, one by "H. Gally" in 1725. Was not Budgell one of the Spectator's men? Steele and Addison both may have quarried in his version. Here is a specimen Spectator paragraph:

"Narcissus rises in the morning in order that he may go to bed at night. He takes his time for dressing like a woman, and goes every day regularly to mass at the Feuillants or the Minims. He is an affable fellow, who may be counted on in a certain quarter of the town to take a tierce or a cinquième at Ombre or Reversi. So engaged you will see him in his chair for hours on end at Aricia's, where every evening he will lay out his five gold pistoles. He reads punctually the Gazette de Hollande and the Mercure Galant; he will have read his Cyrano, his des Marets, his Lesclache, Barbin's story books, assorted poetry. He walks abroad with the ladies; he is serious in paying calls. He will do tomorrow what he does today and did yesterday; and after having so lived, so he will die."

The sting in the tail is perhaps too sharp for Steele, though it is not for Addison. You will find the former more exactly foreshadowed in the fable of Emira, an insensible beauty of Smyrna who finds that she cannot love until she has first been jealous, and finds that out too late. Style and handling are the very spit of Steele's. I have not seen the suggestion anywhere, and put it forward for what it may be worth, that Budgell's translation inspired our pair of Essayists to hit off friends and foes under the stock names of Belinda, Sacharissa, Eugenio and the like. The "portrait" had been a popular literary form in France from the days of Richelieu; but it was new to England when Addison and Steele went into journalism. Are there "keys" to the Spectator and Tatler? I suppose so.

Arts and Decoration for July contains a reproduction of Howard Chandler Christy's portrait of President Harding which hangs in the main salon of the Leviathan in the same frame and the same position formerly occupied by the ex-Kaiser when the Leviathan was still the Vaterland. David Belasco writes on "Beauty as I See It," and incidentally takes a fling at certain literary bad habits. He says:

This is an age of infatuation with words. A phrase becomes the fashion. It enjoys a brief vogue. It vanishes as a butterfly disappears in the Autumn. For example: "the last analysis." Everyone grew weary of that group of words. Someone threatened to kill the next man who used it. It was not I, though my fatigue might have expressed itself in that impulsive utterance. We had, then, "intrigue," used as a verb. Then "gesture," that tiresome illusory set of letters! And how "complex." Maddening word! The attempt to fit it with life is oftenest made. Life is not a set of complexes; it is not even complex. Its aims, its duties, its functions are simple. Simplicity, which is directness, is a part of truth, therefore a part of beauty.

In the August number of Radio Broadcast, Burnham McCleary tells how Dr. MacMillan came to take radio with him to the Far North, and how by means of it he hopes to relieve the greatest hardship of this expedition, the loneliness which often drives men mad. Dr. MacMillan and his companions will be able to hear what is going on in the world they left behind, and will be able to send out bulletins of their own adventures and discoveries. Lloyd Jacquet tells of an experiment in "Teaching School from a Broadcasting Station," and there are numerous articles on various phases of radio.

The July Dial contains the concluding instalment of George Moore's drama "The Apostle"; an illustrated article on "German Art After the War," by Julius Meier-Graefe; "An Autobiographical Fragment" by William Butler Yeats; "Henry James: The American Scene," by Van Wyck Brooks, and several poems. Virginia Woolf contributes a story called "Mrs. Galloway in Bond Street."

The July number of the Adelphi, John Middleton Murry's new English magazine, contains an article entitled "More Recollections of Tolstoy," by Maxim Gorky. The opening paragraphs present an intimate picture of the great Russian in his old age.

One hot day he overtook me on the lower road. He was riding on horseback toward Livadia. He was mounted on a quiet Tartar pony. His gray hair loose under a light, mushroom-shaped white felt hat, he looked like a gnome.

He reined in his horse and began to talk to me. I walked beside him, at his stirrup. Among other things I told him I had had a letter from Korolenko. Tolstoy shook his head angrily.

"Does he believe in God?"

"I don't know."

"Then you don't know the principal thing. He does believe; only he's ashamed to confess it in front of the atheists."

He spoke grumblingly, capriciously, angrily screwing up his eyes. It was clear I was in the way, but when I made as if to depart he stopped me.

"Where are you off to? I am riding slowly enough."

And then he grumbled again:

"Your Andreyev — he's also afraid of the atheists, but he also believes in God, and God seems terrible to him."

At the boundary of the estate of the Grand Duke, three members of the Romanoff family were standing close together in the road, talking: tall, soldierly men, all of them. The road was blocked by their dogcarts, and a riding horse also stood across the road. Leo Nicolaievich could not pass. He fixed a stern, imperative glance on the Romanoffs. But they had already turned away. For a moment the riding horse fidgeted where it stood; then it turned aside, letting Tolstoy's horse pass.

He rode in silence for a minute or two. Then he said:

"They recognized me — the fools!"

And a minute later.

"The horse understood that it had to make way for Tolstoy!"

"The Horizon of God," by Max Pemberton, in the August number of McCall's Magazine, is a romance of Egypt in the days of Tut-ankh-Amen. Other short stories in this number are "The Lawless," by Virgie E. Roe, and "Bloom of the Plum," by Sophie Kerr. Ruby M. Ayres contributes the opening chapters of a two-part serial entitled "The Romance of a Rogue," and Robert W. Chambers brings "Eris" to a close. There is an instalment of Ethel M. Dell's "Tetherstones" and one of Hendrik van Loon's "Story of the Bible." Gene Stratton-Porter discusses "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady;" May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe tell about "Making Jelly the New Way," and May Marvin writes about perfumes in an article entitled "They Whisper Our Secrets." And, of course, there are the usual departments dealing with fashions, domestic economy, &c.

The July National Geographic Magazine contains an article by Charles Buxton Going on "The Mysterious Prehistoric Monuments of Brittany," illustrated with excellent photographs of monoliths and tumuli, some of which are believed to have been erected as early as 2000 B. C. "Through the Back Doors of France" is a description by Melville Chater of a seven weeks' voyage in a Canadian canoe from St. Malo, through Brittany and the chateau country, to Paris. G. Dallas Hanna and A. W. Anthony tell of "A Cruise Among Desert Islands," the islands being those off the coast of Lower California. Neil M. Judd writes of "Pueblo Bonito, the Ancient," recording the results of the National Geographic Society's third expedition to the Southwest undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining the age of these ruins. Sixteen pages of this number of the Geographic are devoted to full-page photographs of "Rural Scenes in Brittany."

Writing in the June issue of the quarterly magazine, Foreign Affairs, on "Scandinavian Sympathies and Destinies," Georg Brandes says:

"In consequence of the World War Denmark gained Northern Slesvig and Finland became an independent republic. Nevertheless—human passions remaining as they are—it is impossible to foresee whether Germany, once she is reorganized, will not seek to regain the part of Slesvig which she has lost, and still more impossible to foresee whether Russia will be resigned to the loss of Finland.

"In order for Scandinavia to have an important future it is first of all necessary that there be a Scandinavia. But to this there is an apparently insurmountable obstacle: geography. There are no natural frontiers and there is not even a unity of languages. In these northern countries classes are divided as they are elsewhere. There are Socialists and Communists, who have more or less sincere sympathy for the Russian Bolsheviki, who in turn are the horror of the upper classes.

"Since I began this article Denmark has followed the example of Sweden and has negotiated a treaty of commerce with the Soviet Government. This is a beginning of the work of restoring normal relations, but one which will give little enough satisfaction to industrialists and traders. The Russians promise to pay for the goods which they buy in the future, but they pay nothing for the millions' worth of goods which they confiscated during the revolution. Attempts will be made to get along with more or less cordiality. The Danes, however, have not merited any too much good-will from the Russians. After the revolution the Danish Ambassador, who had remained at Petrograd some little time after the departure of the legations, made a trip to Paris to urge the French and British Governments to declare war on revolutionary Russia. Nor, on the other hand, has Russia merited much good-will from Denmark. Two young Danish brothers, for example, who carried some millions to hungry and suffering Russians were killed and plundered. But as the world is governed by economic interests these matters will be arranged in the course of time.

"The new Germany enjoys much sympathy in the Scandinavian world. Little as the empire was admired for its use of brutal force, there nevertheless is sympathy for Germany now that she is vanquished and mistreated. The intellectuals are indignant that the Allies, after having given their signature to Wilson's Fourteen Points as the condition of the Armistice, have broken their word and begun a war during the peace. In Scandinavia it is not forgotten to what a fate Germany consigned Belgium, and the injuries done the north of France are understood, but that does not justify the demand for impossible sums of money, still less the invasion of the Ruhr Valley."

Architecture for July contains illustrated articles on "The Wilmington Public Library, Its Inception and Development," by Edward L. Tilton and Alfred Morton Githens; "The Medical Group at the University of Virginia," by Fiske Kimball; "How the Parthenon Was Planned, Part II.," by William Bell Dinsmoor; "Tendencies in High Buildings," by Emil Lorch; "Construction of the Apartment House," Part VI., by H. Vandervoort Walsh, and "The Quality of Materials," by Richard P. Wallis. Home builders and owners will be interested in the photographs of several homes at Santa Barbara, Cal. There are photographs also of three branch libraries at Bridgeport, Conn.; of the library at Terryville, Conn., and of the Wade Memorial.

TWO STRIKING NOVELS JUST OFF THE PRESS

WHATEVER GODS

By MAURICE SAMUEL
Author of "The Outsider"

The passionate struggle between an idealistic son and his successful father—the bitter cry of a pure mind against the deadly intrusion of business psychology into art, patriotism, friendship. And a strange love story, revealing the battle of two untarnished souls to preserve their ideals from corruption.

A MEDITERRANEAN MYSTERY

By FRED. E. WYNNE

A story of swift and unexpected action, as told by the vicar, who was unconsciously drawn into this network of Levantine smuggling, Egyptian intrigue and villainy by his ne'er-do-well but none the less lovable brother. As deliciously humorous as it is exciting.

Each $2.00. All Bookstores

DUFFIELD

A New Novel By the Author of "Far to Seek" and "The Strong Hours"

LONELY FURROW

By MAUD DIVER

"A fascinating book, a richly rewarding book, a book that will surely outlast regiments of 'best sellers.' . . . . For tense drama it rivals the most popular of popular fiction. . . . Because of the high theme, the courage with which she treats it, the clean workmanship, the passages of beautiful description, the powerful picturing of modern India and the sheer human quality of her story, Mrs. Diver must be credited with a literary performance of the very first class."—*Edward N. Teall in The Worcester Gazette.*

$2.50 at all bookstores

Houghton Mifflin Company

SWEET PEPPER

By GEOFFREY MOSS. A Novel

Intoxicating with the swing of gypsy music.
Brilliant as the dazzling cafés above the Danube.
Spicy with the flavor of Hungarian life.

The New York Times says: "Thoroughly pleasing . . . delightful."
The World says: "It interests us every instant."

At all bookstores, $2.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Farmtown Tales

By MARY WOLFE THOMPSON

Delightfully simple and amusing stories for children. They are supposed to be told by farm animals and fowls about their adventures. They are so natural, so sympathetically true to farmyard life that children find them absorbingly real. It is highly recommended by Mabel L. Robinson, author of "Little Lucia" and other books.

$1.50 at any bookstore, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

WHY GROW FAT?

You can find a safe, certain and not unpleasant Road to Slenderness in any Bookstore, $1.25 net.

By Vance Thompson

Eat and Grow Thin

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

Personal

200 SHEETS And 100 ENVELOPES

Your name and address printed on high grade white bond paper in rich blue ink. Durably correct size. Best grade for only $1.00. Wgt. of shipping add 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check, draft, or money order. E. Y. Stationery Co., 140 W. 70th St. N. Y. City

$1 Stationery

Why Be Seasick?

Don't waste a single hour of that enjoyable water trip in nausea and misery. Enjoy every instant on the boat. You can overcome and avoid seasickness by drinking freely of

AQUAZONE
ALKALINUS

Nature's most health-giving elements, oxygen and alkaline salts, held in perfect solution in pure water, give the most zestful drink imaginable, for ordinary table use as well as for special emergencies, such as a sea trip.

Free delivery and collection of empty bottles in New York City.

Don't sail without Telephoning or Writing to

AQUAZONE CORPORATION
342 Madison Avenue New York
TEL. VANDERBILT 9494

WICKER FURNITURE

This attractive 4-piece set, made of the finest willow, is the greatest value we have ever offered.

Complete with cushions. Your choice of cretonne.......... $31.75

Our stock includes a large variety of suites and single pieces.

"Wicker—The Ideal Furniture for the Summer."

Our furniture can be finished to harmonize with any color scheme.

Reed & Willow Craft Shop
129 East 34th Street, N. Y.
Bet. Park & Lex. Aves.
Caledonia 7787

HEUDEBERT
Aleurone Bread
for Diabetes
Imported from France

The Bread Supreme for Diabetes, containing the minimum of carbohydrate. Recommended by the medical profession the world over. Nutritious and very appetizing. About 60 muffins in box. Ask your grocer for Aleurone Bread or send $2.10 for a box. Sent postpaid anywhere in the United States. DIABETIC & OBESITY booklet on request.
Therapeutic Foods Company, Inc.
24 Stone St. Agents for U. S. A. New York

GUARANTEED EXTERMINATION

America's Largest Fumigators and Scientific Exterminators

Guarantee Exterminating Co
500—5th Ave (at 42nd St) New York

YOUR PERSONAL STATIONERY

$1 — 100 6 x 7 Hammermill bond note sheets and envelopes to match imprinted with name, two line address. Mailed prepaid to your home for one dollar. Double sheets, $1.50. West of Mississippi or foreign countries 10c additional. — $1

G. R. STOLZ 110 West 40th St. N. Y. City

TOBACCO BRICKS

Granulated, pound packages, pure, mild, sweet-aromatic Havana pipe tobacco; 100 smokes, equals ten 15 cent tins. The best smoking tobacco. Order a brick—try one pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco really is. $1.00 postpaid. Checks and stamps accepted.

JAMES V. LAGO, Importer,
14th St., cor. 7th Ave., New York

Improve Your Appearance

Cover your bald spot with a toupee or wig. Send for booklet. A. Walter Solomon, 720 Sixth Ave., New York

Reminiscences of Old Russia

(Continued from Page 9)

under the cover of these comical peculiarities and of the aristocratic tradition permeating every gesture of the old man you feel an intense spiritual life. It is he who neglected his estates, organizing and patronizing musical societies and musical schools in Moscow; his fortune was shaken, but the exuberant outgrowth of musical life of the Moscow of the 80s was to a marked extent his achievement, and he was perfectly satisfied. His children—the author of the reminiscences and his brother Sergey—you see them since the age of 14 years absorbed in the study of Plato, Leibnitz, H. Spencer, Kant, Auguste Comte, Schopenhauer, &c., whom they are reading in the original Greek, German, English and French text. When the boys entered the Moscow University, Professor Tchitcherin (one of the most outstanding Russian thinkers of the nineteenth century and * * * the uncle of George Tchitcherin, the Soviet Commissary for Foreign Affairs) was amazed by the depth of their philosophic equipment and declared with his usual frankness that to them the Moscow University could be of no use. Trubetzkoy conjures up the portraits of his famous contemporaries and friends whose names are immortal in the history of Russian science. Among them are Professor V. Kliuchevsky, the great Russian historian; Professor M. M. Kovalesky, this typical Russian "barin" (gentleman) and world-famous sociologist whose name is probably better known in England than it is in Russia, and Vladimir Solovieff, whom I have already mentioned and to whom Trubetzkoy was bound not only by personal friendship, but also by the similarity of philosophic views; both of them dreamed at the end of the nineteenth century of combining the Russian religious spirit with the Western science into the "Universal Christianity"—the idea of which Dostoievsky was the great promoter in literature and which, though with certain modifications, inspired the most outstanding Russian thinkers of the twentieth century (Mereshkovsky, Bulgakov, Berdiaev, &c.).

Such was the spiritual tradition, the particle of the "undying national soul" which lived in the aristocratic atmosphere of Trubetzkoy's family and in his old house at Akhtyrka, one of the best Russian country palaces consumed by fire in 1920. Prince Evgeny Nikolaievich survived by little the destruction of his home; in 1918 he fled on the buffers of a freight car from Moscow to Odessa, where I saw him for the last time in my life, and two years later he died from typhus in the Northern Caucasus.

Now, in the light of tragical events of the last years, it is amusing to remember that both Volkonsky and Trubetzkoy have had among their ancestors the first Russian revolutionists, the "Decembrists," who, one century ago (1825) disregarding their titles and the positions they held at the Russian Court, started, with other young officers of the Imperial Guard, the revolt for the liberation of peasants and for constitutional liberties.

Prince Volkonsky, the author of the reminiscences, had in his archives at Pavlovka an invaluable correspondence containing letters which his grandfather (for the exiled "Decembrist" was his grandfather) exchanged from Siberia with his friends and relatives.

A few years ago Prince Volkonsky edited and published the first volume of this "Archives," which was acclaimed by the Russian historians as a very valuable contribution to the history of the "Decembrists." The rest of the "Archives" was, however, not fated to appear; the manuscript of the second volume, among other of Volkonsky's documents, "was destroyed in the district Extraordinary Commission" by the provincial Bolshevist authorities, who, in their reckless thirst for destruction, did not spare even the memory of the first, idealistically noble, Russian revolutionists.

"The Out Trail" is the title of a forthcoming outdoor book by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Like the same author's "Tenting Tonight," it is a story of rough trails through mountains and deserts in many parts of this continent. It is announced for August publication by Doran.

"Even neglected cuticle is quickly transformed with Cutex"

Terminal Beauty Salons in New York's big hotels care for the cuticle the safe way

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA—PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL—THE KNICKERBOCKER

A great Frenchman once said there were more lovely women in New York than in any other city in the world.

No one can tell the secret of all this grace and loveliness so well as those mysterious experts who preside over New York's smartest beauty parlors. For it is their scientific knowledge of the care of the face and hands that gives the last touch of chic.

It is their subtle skill that transforms even neglected nails to lovely gleaming things, with that smooth unbroken rim around the base of the nail that is the envy of everyone.

How do they do it?

What these authorities say

At the WALDORF-ASTORIA, the PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL and the KNICKERBOCKER, where the beauty shops are under the skillful management of the TERMINAL BEAUTY SALONS, they say, "Cutex is the best thing we know of for giving that rim of smooth unbroken cuticle that is essential to well-groomed hands. It softens and shapes the cuticle and it is the safest way to remove any particles of dead skin. Even neglected cuticle is quickly transformed with Cutex. We always rely on it, too, for bleaching the nails and giving flawless nail tips."

Each manicure table in the Terminal Beauty Salons of these famous hotels has its own little bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. The girl loosens the dead cuticle and ragged shreds by working around the base of each nail with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and wet with Cutex. Then she rinses the fingers and wipes away all surplus cuticle leaving the nails framed in soft skin. A touch beneath the nail tips with the wet orange stick bleaches them and leaves them transparent, stainless, with that lovely fragile look.

Cutex is 35c anywhere. Complete sets 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Give yourself this perfect manicure and keep your own hands lovely always.

TERMINAL SHOPS *in all these convenient places give expert service to the best groomed New Yorkers*

Over 125 expert manicurists give these safe manicures each day to hundreds of particular men and women at the Terminal Shops in these prominent places:

Beauty Salons at
The Waldorf-Astoria
The Pennsylvania Hotel
The Knickerbocker
The Hotel Commodore
120 Broadway
195 Broadway
Hudson Terminal Building
50 Church Street
Cotton Exchange Building

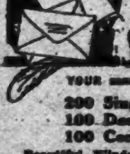
Shops for Men at
The Waldorf-Astoria
The Pennsylvania Hotel

Haddon Press
INCORPORATED

THE most completely equipped Daylight plant for large edition Printing and Binding.

It will pay you to get in touch with us before closing any large contracts.

Where Federal crosses Nineteenth Street
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY



Personal Writing Paper
ORDER BY MAIL
SOCIALLY CORRECT STATIONERY

YOUR name and address printed on each sheet and envelope. In fine dark blue ink.

200 Single Sheets and 100 Envelopes.......... $1.00
100 Double Sheets and 100 Envelopes.......... $1.50
100 Correspondence Cards and 100 Envelopes... $1.50

Beautiful Windsor Silver Bond Paper, pure White. Write plainly printing you desire, not to exceed 3 lines. Mailed Prepaid. Send Check, Cash or Money Order. West of Mississippi River and Canada, add 15 cents postage.

WINDSOR STATIONERY CO., 184—14th Street Long Island City, N. Y.

"Don't forget yourself, Washita, my name's Duncan, of Van Buren, Arkansas."

Black Buttes

by Clarence E. Mulford

The author of "Hopalong Cassidy" writes of a two gunman's adventure in the bad Black Buttes country.

Price, $1.75

Doubleday, Page & Co.

FATHOMS DEEP

by Elizabeth Stancy Payne

When landlubbers set sail, even in a house-boat, things begin to happen. A glorious girl, a college professor and a boat with a leak—result in a humorous love story.

At All Bookstores $2.00

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
Philadelphia

BARRIE MARVELL
His Dreams and Adventures
By
CHARLES VINCE

The New York Times says: "This charming book is another of those studies of childhood written by a grown-up for grown-ups which are so difficult to do well, but which are exquisitely beautiful when they are written with the right feeling and with skill. This one is quite good enough to bear comparison with those classics of this kind of literature of which Kenneth Grahame is the author. Whether one loves children, or good literature, or both, the reading of this book affords unalloyed delight."

$2.00 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, Boston

The Girl Next Door
By LEE WILSON DODD
Author of "The Changeling"

is a lively and entertaining bit of fiction, delightfully humorous.

$2.00, at all bookstores, postage extra
J. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N.Y.

Books and Authors

THE Library of Congress is revising its list of manuscript collections in the public and private libraries and the historical societies of the United States, and all persons having knowledge of historical manuscripts or important collections of papers of Americans prominent in political, military and business life, or in literature and the fine arts, are requested to communicate with the library. This list was first compiled and published in 1918 and has been of great value to historical students. The present revision is being undertaken in the hope of making the list more nearly complete.

In "Palestine, the Land of Three Faiths," which Jonathan Cape will publish soon, Mr. Philip Graves describes Palestine as it is today and gives an account of what has happened there since the war, with particular attention to the work of the British administration. Mr. Graves is the correspondent in Palestine for The London Times.

"The Trail of the Elk," which the Century Company announces for publication in August, will introduce to American readers another important Norwegian writer, Mikkjel Fonhus. The publishers describe the book as being fictional, but hardly a novel—rather a sort of contemporary folk-lore. It is the story of an elk with the soul of a man.

"The Lover and the Dead Woman" is the title of a group of six plays by L. Stanley Jast, published recently by Duttons. Mr. Jast is President of the Unnamed Society, a group of artists and amateur dramatists in Manchester, England, which experiments in the writing and producing of plays along the line of the Little Theatre movement. All of the plays in this collection have been successfully produced. They are of varied types, including a ballet, a Japanese dancing play and an allegorical fantasy. The book takes its title from that of the first play in the collection.

A thirteen-volume Centenary Edition of the works of Francis Parkman has been published by Little, Brown & Co. in anticipation of the Parkman centenary which the Massachusetts Historical Society is planning to celebrate on Sept. 16.

Edward M. Earle, Lecturer in History at Columbia University, is the author of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway," which Macmillan will bring out in August. It is chiefly a story of the rôle which the Bagdad Railway has played in European history and diplomacy.

Ernest Ingersoll, Secretary of the Authors' Club, has written a book on "Birds in Legend, Fable and Folklore," which will be published soon by Longmans, Green. In gathering material for this work Mr. Ingersoll investigated innumerable superstitions and absurdities regarding the nature and habits of birds and traced them to their sources.

Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D., F. S. A., Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, is the author of "Tutankhamen: Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism," announced for immediate publication by Dodd, Mead & Co. The book was written with a view of giving in a handy form the historical facts necessary for understanding the origin, development and decay of cult of Aten and the points at issue in the religious controversy between Amenhotep IV. and the priests of Amen.

Elsie Singmaster, author of "Hidden Road" (Houghton Mifflin) is of mixed English, German and Dutch ancestry. She was born in the Lutheran parsonage at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., and when her father became professor in the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg the family moved to that place. She attended Cornell University and Radcliffe College. "I know of no ancestor who was not in America by 1750, and of none who was not American in spirit," she says, "but the persistence of German in the section in which I lived gave me two tongues, two literatures and in a sense two civilizations. Later I perceived that in their religious life, in their church music, in their love of the soil, they presented a background of unmatched richness."

France in the thirteenth century is described by William Stearns Davis in "Life on a Mediæval Barony," which Harpers will publish early in August. It is a picture of feudalism with its pageantry, chivalry and deep religious fervor on the one side, and its squalor, brutality and superstition on the other. Mr. Davis is also the author of "A Victor of Salamis" and "A Friend of Caesar."

"The Spirit of Islam" by the Right Hon. Syed Ameer Ali, published by Doran, is a life of Mohammed based on Islamic records, and an account of the social, political and religious ideals of his followers. It is of peculiar interest to students of Islamism because it is written from the Islamic point of view.

"Living with Our Children" is the title of a little book of essays for mothers just published by Duttons. The author is Mrs. Clara D. Pierson, a training teacher known for her talks before mothers' clubs and parent-teachers' associations. She discusses such subjects as "The Gentle Art of Managing," "Constructive Criticism," "Courtesy," "Parental Prestige," &c.

J. A. Hadfield, M. A., M. B., Ch. B., Lecturer in Psychology, King's College, London, is the author of "Psychology and Morals," announced for August publication by McBride. The author, who is a specialist in nervous and moral disorders, applies the latest developments of psychology to the practical problems of moral conduct. To deal with such problems he has developed a special technique which is fully described in this volume.

July publications of the University of Chicago Press include "Algebras and Their Arithmetic," by Leonard Eugene Dickson; "The Worker in Modern Economic Society," by Paul Howard Douglas, Curtis N. Hitchcock and Willard E. Atkins; "Readings in Psychology," by Edward Stevens Robinson and Florence Richardson-Robinson; "Dumping: A Problem in International Trade," by Jacob Viner, and "The Manly Anniversary Studies in Language and Literature."

John Masefield has written an introduction and a prefatory poem for E. Gordon Craig's "Scene," published by the Oxford University Press, American Branch. The volume deals with the history of the European stage. It contains reproductions of nineteen original etchings by the author.

It is probable that Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle" (Knopf) will be translated into French. There is a difficulty, however, about the name, for "Whiffle" would be hard for a Frenchman to pronounce. Le Figaro suggests a translated name—"Pierre Girouette," on the assumption that "Whiffle" means the changing wind. French critics are much pleased with Mr. Van Vechten's descriptions of Paris and with his gastronomic reflections.

Italo-Americans Explained

(Continued from Page 13)

work to be done in America that machinery has not yet mastered. What will become of it if the men and women who are willing and able to do it no longer come? It is a mistake to suppose that we have passed the pioneer stage in all things. On this subject also, as is perfectly obvious, Mr. Bosi has pages which should be printed in English. For, if they explain things to Italians, they expound them to Americans.

There is also the commercial phase of the question. In round numbers, trade with Italy increased from 1898 to 1915, from $43,000,000 to $322,000,000. In 1921 it reached $361,000,000. In 1922 it had dropped to $196,000,000, while America's favorable trade balance, reaching the enormous sum of $343,000,000 in 1921, dropped to $77,000,000 in the following year. You cannot divorce immigration from commerce and expect the latter to thrive as before.

The pages devoted by Mr. Bosi to the industrial and social life of Italo-Americans will come as a surprise to many who are in the habit of studying that life only in the large cities. Although New York City, from the point of view of its Italian population, is only surpassed by Naples, each State has a large percentage of factories and farms owned by Italo-Americans, and in California their communities have been named after towns in Italy, and in them the life of a new, enterprising Italy pulsates as amid its native fragrant vegetation and under its azure skies.

Italian influence on American painting, architecture, sculpture and music is treated of from a vast store of information not yet to be found in books, and the sketches, sometimes exhaustive and critical, which identify the protagonists, measurably add to our information concerning the development of America's "arts of expression." From Costanzo Bruniidi, "the Michelangelo of the Capitol," to Attilio Piccirilli, the sculptor of the Maine Monument, the list of artists is long; while, in order to show the influence of Italian music, composers and singers, as well as similar influences on our drama, we have, of paradoxical necessity, an actual history of the American theatre and its two forms of drama, with the contributions made by visitors like Adelaide Ristori, Eleonora Duse, Rossi, Novelli, and the Salvinis, as well as those lyric artistes, from those who sang in the first theatres of New Orleans and Baltimore to the present-day favorites of the Metropolitan Opera House—from da Ponte and his venture with the Garcia troupe to Gatti-Casazza and his unequaled organization. Nor have the Varesis and the Rotollis of the second generation been forgotten.

The chapters dealing with the heroes of Italian unification, who found asylum in this country, reveal the author's gift of history and biographical writing at its best. Many of the facts have already been incorporated in American literature, but not all. The fact that Garibaldi once made candles on Staten Island is in the school books, but it is not generally known that his host was Meucci, the precursor of Bell, of telephone fame; nor that President Lincoln once offered the famous condottiero the command of an army corps; or that without General Luigi Palma Cesnola the Civil War would not have been quite what it was nor the Metropolitan Museum at all what it is today; or that the body of the Italian patriot, Pietro Moroncelli, lay for forty years in Greenwood, when with fitting ceremony it was returned to the land of his birth. Then, too, there are General Dassi, the friend of Hugo; Carlo Botta, who wrote a four-volume history of the American War for Independence a century ago, preceded, however, by the work of Filippo Mazzei, the friend of Benjamin Franklin.

As has been said, the author's prime aim is to inform Italians in Italy. Not less important is the mission he has undertaken to promote mutual sympathies and understanding between the two countries. This is peculiarly in the closing chapters, when he writes like a journalist of the part Americans of Italian birth or descent played in the war, of the reception given here to Italian missions and war heroes, the speeches of welcome and the replies. This is all a record which should certainly be read in English, for it is a matter of history; many of the phases of which and all of the atmosphere may not yet be read in that language.

The King of Italy has just decorated the author of "Cinquant' Anni di Vita Italiana in America." No one can read the book without feeling that the honor has been well deserved. The effort at least is honorably registered. The influence should be awaited without misgiving.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PUTNAM BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Of Course, You Recall

the eminent "Gentleman With A Duster," famous among other things, for "The Mirrors of Downing Street." The Gentleman has turned his talented pen from politics to something a bit more personal and perhaps more interesting. In his new volume,

SEVEN AGES

he presents a narrative of the human mind, intended to help the average man to understand how it is he holds his opinions, and to trace the origin and development of his ideas. Some time or other all of us have tried to dig down to the roots of our thoughts. In this book "The Gentleman" does just that, and the result is an extremely interesting and illuminating picture of human thought through the ages of Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, Augustine, Erasmus, Cromwell and Wesley.

The book glitters with brilliant observation, epigram and philosophy. It exudes the personality of the author, and charms with the pure originality of its style.

Here are some "Nibbles" from the book—

EVOLUTION, let us learn as the alphabet of all future thinking, is a movement in thought, not the swing of an axe. It is leaven, not dynamite.

To listen to Socrates was as good as going to a play. There was wit in almost every line of his conversation. He unmasked impostors with a smooth gentleness which was extremely humorous. He created a new art: the art of turning the soul inside out. The search for an honest man become almost a sport.

UNBELIEF is the only religion which has never existed.

IT is natural for a man to seek happiness, and in seeking happiness he is seeking virtue, and he has only to look about him to see that virtue is another word for prudence.

TRULY it may be said that if the life of Socrates was a life of inspiration, and the life of Aristotle was a life of observation, the life of Jesus was supremely a life of revelation.

CROMWELL was something much greater than the soldier of Puritanism. He was the soldier of liberty. His terrible sword was not drawn to set up a sectarian democracy, but to win for the English people their civil liberties.

Seven Ages—$2.50—at all booksellers

* * *

Now is the time
to examine
that wonderful first volume
of the

OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

edited by

John Drinkwater

432 pages

142 black and white illustrations

8 color plates

$4.50

The story of the world's literature right up to date, simply told, gorgeously illustrated. It puts you on intimate terms with the great writers of all ages.

G. P. P.

Queries and Answers

Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as an evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

Classmates.

K. K.—I shall be very grateful to any one who can tell me the author and where I can find the complete poem, the first stanza of which reads:

'Twas midnight and the halls of Yale
Were desolate and lone.
Commencement Day had come and passed
And with it all had gone
Of those who oft in daily quest
Of learning there had met.
All gone? Ah! no! within its halls
Six classmates lingered yet.
Six classmates lingered yet to spend
An hour before they part
In social converse, friend with friend,
In interchange of heart,
To breathe their plans for future years
Into each other's ears
And set a time to meet again
In the dim lapse of years.

Dreams.

A. H.—Will you kindly tell me who is the author of the poem in six verses, the first of which runs:

A dream of Spanish galleons riding
High above a golden sea;
The sunset scarlet fire behind them,
The shadows lapis-lazuli;
With atolls like dark fingers pointing
Outward thro' the Caribbee.

A Master Symphony.

E. S. B.—Will you kindly try to find the author and the complete verse as follows:

It's all a master symphony, a glad, sad song
Of sunshine and shadow, where footsteps march along
Adown the ways of magic
Through happy and the tragic
Labor laden souls of God's eternal plan.
We that are but shadows
Across the * * * meadows
As flowers bloom to vanish across the endless span.

"One Finer Thing."

A. B. C.—Can you locate for me the verses which include the line "One finer thing I do"! I think the next line is "than all the worthies did."

"The Great Unknown."

E. C.—Can any reader tell me where to find the following lines? I am not sure they are correctly quoted.

"More friendly seems the great unknown,
Since thou hast entered there."

"The Lark."

M. E. M.—I would like to know the author of the poem entitled "The Lark," beginning as follows:

How sweet is the song of the lark,
As she springs
To welcome the morning
With joy on her wings
The higher she rises
The sweeter she sings
And she sings till we see her no more.

The World Beautiful.

A. W.—Will some one give me the complete poem beginning:

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

"Fiddle and I."

L. M. M.—Will some reader kindly supply the author and the rest of the poem "Fiddle and I," one of whose stanzas runs:

On, on forever
Till the journey ends,
Who shall dissever
Us two trusty friends?
Who can bring the past before me,
Make the future gayly glow,
Lift the clouds that darken o'er me
Like my trusty fiddle bow?

"O My Dear One"

LOVEY.—Will you please give me the author and the complete poem which reads as follows:

O my dear one,
O my lover
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
Drearily the rain keeps falling,
I can hear it on the pane,
Will he ever hear my calling,
Will he ever come again?

"Men and Mountains"

A. V. D.—I shall greatly appreciate it if you can furnished me with the author and balance of the following quotation:

Give me men to match our mountains.

ANSWERS

"My Long Tail Blue"

MAY L. EDWARDS, Oklahoma City, Okla.—In reply to "R. H. W." in your issue of June 10 for the poem, "My Long Tail Blue," I take pleasure in sending the complete poem copied from a book of negro songs belonging to my grandmother a hundred years ago:

MY LONG TAIL BLUE

1.

I've come to see you all,
I ask you how d'ye do.
I'll sing a song, not very long,
About my long tail blue.

Refrain

Oh, for the long tail blue,
Oh, for the long tail blue,
I'll sing a song—not very long,
About my long tail blue.

2.

Some niggers they have but one coat,
But you see I've got two;
I wears a jacket all the week
And Sunday my long tail blue.

3.

Jim Crow is courting a white gal,
And yaller folks call her Sue,
I guess she backed a nigger out
And swung my long tail blue.

4.

Jim Crow got mad and swore,
With sword and pistol he'd fight too,
But I guess I backed the nigger out,
When he saw my long tail blue.

5.

As I was a-goin' up Market Street,
I hollered arter Sue,
The watchman came and took me up
And spilt my long tail blue.

6.

I took it to a tailor's shop
To see what he could do;
He took a needle and some thread
And mended my long tail blue.

7.

If you want to win the ladies' hearts,
I'll tell you what to do;
Go to a tip-top tailor shop,
And buy a long tail blue.

8.

Now all you chaps that wants a wife,
And don't know how to do,
Just look at me and I'll show you how
To swing your long tail blue.

The Saviour Unrecognized

MARTHA N. LOOMIS, New York—The poem requested by Joseph M. in your issue of June 24 is "The Master Is Coming," by Mrs. Emma A. Lent and is published in tract form by M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York.

Several other readers answered this query.

"Where Men Can Die"

H. H. MELANSON, Montreal, Canada—The lines asked for by "R. D. W." in your issue for May 27 are by Michael J. Barry and were published in the Dublin Nation in 1843. The complete poem follows:

WHERE MEN CAN DIE.

How little recks it where men lie,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last.
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness return
Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold.
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled
Upon the battle plain
Where reinless war steeds gallop wild
Above the mangled slain;
But though his corpse be grim to see
Hoof trampled on the sod,
What recks it, when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God!

The coward's dying eyes may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose
In garments o'er him spread,
But ye who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go—strip his coffin lid away
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upward by their sighs
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the waters high,
Or in the battle's van
The fittest place where man can die,
Is where he dies for man.

Other correspondents answered this query.

The Smartest Boy

LUCY S. V. KING, Shawnee, Okla.—The poem asked for by "W. E. Y." in your issue of June 24 is by General Basil W. Duke, entitled, "David and Goliath," and so far as I know is to be found only in "Blades o' Blue Grass," a collection of Kentucky poems published by John P. Morton, Louisville, Ky.

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"The End of the Road."

BEATRICE G. HUSSEY, Albany, N. Y.—The poem asked for in your issue of June 24 by "G. W. J." is entitled "The End of the Road—and You," by J. P. McEvoy, and runs as follows:

What if the load be hard to bear
And weary the way and far,
I have a dream that is wondrous fair,
A hope like a shining star;
After the dark of the night is fled,
In the dawn of a day that's new
I will see through the glow of the path ahead
The end of the road—and you.

The end of the road, and rest at last
And happiness past compare.
The peace of the dawn about you cast
The gold of the sun in your hair.
A heaven I hope for love's abode,
Roses and birds and dew.
This is my heaven—the end of the road,
The end of the road—and you.

New MACMILLAN Books

WATCH YOUR THIRST

A Dry Opera in Three Acts

By Owen Wister

The lines, sparkling with keen satire and wit, and the amusing verses interspersed make this a most original burlesque. *Limited autographed edition.* $5.00

POEMS FROM PUNCH 1909-1920

With an introductory essay by **W. B. Drayton Henderson**

This collection includes not only humorous verse but many emotional poems, war poems, and verses of the hunt and kindred sports. $2.50

FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY

By **Cunliffe and De Bacourt**

This book makes a complete study of individualists from Zola to Maeterlinck, and also discusses thoroughly the Symbolist Movement, Contemporary Poetry and Drama, and the New Novel. $2.50

OPEN-DOOR DOCTRINE

In Relation to China

By **Mingchien Joshua Bau**

The origin, history, meaning and application of the Open Door doctrine in the Orient and particularly in China. This is an account of admirable clarity and fair-mindedness. $2.50

At all bookstores

The MACMILLAN Company

64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

Womrath's Library and Bookshops

By joining our Library you receive

THE BOOK YOU WANT—WHEN YOU WANT IT.—Referring to any new and popular book of fiction and the more important non-fiction.

ONLY FRESH, CLEAN COPIES ON SHELVES.—Books are never allowed on shelves after they are broken and worn.

TRAINED EMPLOYES TO SERVE YOU.—Our librarians help you select your books. They are courteous and efficient.

CHARGES ARE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.—Rental fees are as low as the good service we give will allow.

EACH BRANCH A WELL STOCKED BOOKSTORE—Books, stationery, greeting cards and novelties are for sale.

BRANCHES

63 Broadway & 55 New St. 17 E. 28th.
21 W. 42th. Grand Central Terminal
Pershing Square Bldg. (opp. Gd. Cent.)
B'way at 78th, 94th, 106th & 142d Sts.
Mad. Av. at 41st, 63d, 68th, 79th Sts.
151 West 57th. Heckscher Building
Bloomingdale's (59th St. & 3d Ave.)
Brooklyn—966 Flatbush Avenue.
[illegible] Nostrand Ave. (Cor. Park Pl.)
Hanover Pl., opp. Montauk Theatre
1416 Kings Highway (nr. Brighton L)
Newark—871 Broad Street.
Chicago: Room 902, Stevens Bldg.
Room 418 McCormick Bldg.
Philadelphia: 15 South 13th St.
Baltimore: 16 W. Saratoga St.
Washington: 607 13th St. N. W.
Atlantic City: 1901 Boardwalk
Albany: W. M. Whitney & Co.
Utica: J. A. Roberts & Co.
New Haven: Shartenberg's
Hale: Trask, Prescott & Richardson

If you live too far from one of our libraries, rent by mail from our

Parcel Post Service

Write for information to 21 West 45th St., N. Y.

The International News Company

23-25 Duane St., New York

Importers of

English, German, French books and periodicals

Write for subscription rates to Illustrated London News, Graphic, Sphere, Sketch, Punch, etc., etc.

Free catalogues on application

LOST $1200—

Because He Didn't Know a Simple Point of Law

SMITH good naturedly loaned $500 to two partners. As a sign of appreciation these partners allowed him to share in the meagre profits of the firm. Soon the business went bankrupt. The creditors sued Smith for $700 and won! So he lost $1200 because he didn't know that sharing in the profits of a partnership and giving advice to the partners makes him a partner too, and liable to all the debts which that partnership incurs!

Every day thousands of men and women are actually throwing money away and don't know it! They pay entirely too much for rent, exorbitant fees to lawyers—and allow themselves to be cheated out of deserved raises, damages and even entire salaries—merely because they don't know their legal rights.

It's a wonderful feeling to be sure of the little points of law. It saves you lawyer's fees, prevents costly and embarrassing mistakes and guides you accurately in your business and social life. Especially now, in your relations with landlord or tenant, in your office or on the street, a knowledge of the more important elements of law is indispensable.

Easy Way to Learn Law

You need not go to college to know your legal rights. You can now find out in your own home in 15 minutes a day what most colleges take years to teach you—thanks to six wonderful new books written by Albert S. Bolles, Ph.D., LL.D. These six handsome volumes are beautifully bound in buff colored cloth and stamped in gold. They are written in an interesting style. Unlike any other books on law, these are very easy to understand because they were written not for lawyers, but for the thousands of people who don't know the first thing about law.

These six interesting volumes cover the entire range of Commercial Law. There are chapters on ownership, deeds, landlord and tenant, corporations, insurance, marriage, divorce, bankruptcy, domestic relations between employer and employee, etc. Almost every conceivable phase of Commercial Law is covered in the 1800 pages of text. And a ready reference index tells you instantly just where to find the answers to your perplexing problems.

Do You Know?

How your landlord can be prevented from raising your rent?

An automobile owner's liability as regards the road, as regards his chauffeur's negligence, as regards his son while driving the car?

What happens to a lease if the man who gives it dies?

That in some circumstances you have to continue paying your rent even if the building burns down?

To what extent a husband is liable for debts contracted by his wife before marriage?

How to draw a contract that will not be broken?

If your partner sells out his interest, what you can do to protect yourself from the closing of the business by the new owner?

What constitutes a sound, legal will?

Now Only $2.98

In order to get a large number of sets of this valuable work in as many homes as possible within a few weeks, we are bringing down the price to only $2.98 for the entire library of six books. That's an amazing bargain!

Send No Money

Just sign the coupon below and examine these six big books at our risk. When the postman delivers them, deposit only $2.98 (plus few cents carrying charges) and look them over for five days. Then, if you are satisfied to keep the books, you may do so without any further payments. Otherwise return the set and get your money back. That's fair, isn't it? So sign and mail the coupon now before the amazingly low price offer is withdrawn! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. H-37, Garden City, New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. H-37,
Garden City, New York.

Without a cent in advance, you may send me the complete six volume edition of Everybody's Legal Adviser for five days' examination. I will pay the postman $2.98 (plus postage) in full payment, with the understanding that you will quickly refund my money if I return the books within five days. This is not to be considered a purchase.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

The PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

who wrote "Balkanized Europe" is very widely known as a distinguished foreign correspondent, one of the best informed of Americans on European conditions. But he is also a poet, an enchanting companion with whom to share delight in flowers and growing things, with whom to dream before a dancing fire, or with whom to recall the charm of a vanished summer:

The Good Comrade and Fairies

By the Author of "Hours in France"

Can be bought through any bookstore, $2.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

WITTER BYNNER

has translated from the French, the wonderful poetry of

CHARLES VILDRAC'S

A Book of Love

with all the force, beauty and personality of the original. Introductory note by Emile Verhaeren.

Buy it at any bookstore, $2.50, postage extra; or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

BOOK EXCHANGE

Bargain Offers

BARGAINS—WOMRATH'S. PRICED FOR rapid selling. Only one of each item. The Unknown New World, a description of America and the Borderland, many illustrations made from life in America, by Jacob Van Meurs, Amsterdam, 1673—small quarto original vellum, good condition $30.00. De Bry's Voyages, wonderful but truthful description of Virginia, etc., Frankfort, 1600, contains rare maps and illustrations, two of which are torn and mended, $25.00. Memoirs and Secret Chronicles of French Court, 10 vols., fac-simile binding of rare books in National Library, published at $200.00, bargain at $50.00. Thousand Nights and One Night, Payne translation, 15 vols., buckram, $35.00. Modern Eloquence, 15 vols., ½ morocco, fair condition, $22.50. G. Henry, 13 vols., lev. specially bound, $45.00. Discussions of History, Houghton Mifflin, ¼ levant, $9.50. Americanization of Bok, autograph edition, $7.50. American Statesmen Series, Houghton, 40 vols., new, $40.00. A Tale of Two Cities, first edition, Thoreau, ¼ levant, $5.00. Dickens, 48 vols., ¼ lev., Estes subscription edition, original price, $200.00, now $150.00. The Complete Angler, Walton and Cotton, 4 vols., ½ lev., London, 1860, illustrated with 114 extra plates, $60.00, a beautiful copy. The King in Exile, The Travels of the King (Charles II.), 2 vols., ¾ lev., Eva Scott, London, 1907, $6.00. Works of Middleton, notes by Dyce, first edition, London, 1840, 5 vols., ½ cf., fair condition, $15.00. Harvard Classics, 51 vols., cloth, as new, $55.00. Ten large tables filled with recent purchases. Come in and look around or send for monthly list of new offerings. E. Womrath, Inc., 42 Broadway, N. Y. City. Phone Broad 3909.

SCHULTE'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE, 20% discount for cash from our already low marked prices. All books plainly marked. Money refunded on unsatisfactory purchases. Following are few items selected from our large stock with 20% discount already deducted. Prices are only when cash accompanies order. Worck's Stained Glass (Handbook on Art of Stained and Painted Glass), 20 illustrations, $2.80; Brann's Iconoclast, 12 volumes, $12; Ingersoll New Dresden Edition, 13 volumes, $14.80; Thomas Jefferson, 20 volumes, $18; Ambrose Bierce Neale Edition, 12 volumes, $18; Riley, 10 volumes, $14.40; Fraser's Golden Bough, complete edition, 12 volumes, $40; Burroughs complete edition, 13 volumes, $10.20; Boswell's Johnson (Birkbeck Hill's notes), 6 volumes, $6.40; Carlyle, 10 volumes, $10; Craig Kennedy, 12 volumes, $7.20; Eggleston's History Confederate War, 2 volumes, $2; Hart's American Nation, 28 volumes, $15; Poe, 10 volumes, $6; Ibsen, 6 volumes, $7.20; Jowett's Plato, 4 volumes, $5.00. Numerous other bargains. Catalogues mailed. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 & 82 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

HARRY F. MARKS' OFFERINGS:—THE Caerleon Edition of The Works of Arthur Machen. Limited to 500 sets, signed by the author. 9 volumes, cloth. London, 1923. $67.50; Arabian Nights, Burton's complete and unabridged translation, including the Supplemental Nights, Terminal Essay, Anthropological and Ethnographical Notes, etc. Illustrated by Lalanne, Letchford, etc. 17 volumes, original published price, $75. My special price, $41.50; R. F. Burton's Works, Memorial Edition. Edited by his wife. Containing: Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah, 2 vols.; Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome, 2 vols.; First Footsteps in East Africa, 2 vols.; Vikram and the Vampire, 1 vol.; Together, 7 vols.; illustrated; London, 1893-4; $47.50. Numerous other scarce, interesting and unusual books. Catalogue sent upon request. Harry F. Marks, New York's Finest Book Shop, 187 Broadway, N. Y.C.

"ONE THOUSAND AND ONE PLACES to Sell Manuscripts," $2.50; Writer's Book, $2.50; Modern Photo-Play Writing, $3; Foltz's Art of Inventing Characters, $2.50; Foltz's 39 Dramatic Situations, $1.50; Technique of Fiction Writing, $1.75; Plotting the Short Story, $1; How to Write a Short Story, 65c. What Editors Want, 25c. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve, Publisher, Miami Ave., Franklin, Ohio.

FRIEDMANS' SPECIAL OFFER. NEW York City Directories, 1905 to 1923. Send for list and prices: De Quincy's Works, 16 volumes, $15; Lord Morley's Works, Edition De Luxe, Limited to 250 sets, 15 volumes, $45; Pennell, Pen Drawings and Pen Draughtsmen, $17.50; Pennell, Lithography and Lithographers, $15. Send for our latest list. Friedmans', 53 West 47th St., New York. (Bryant 6626).

SHAW'S BACK TO METHUSELAH, First Edition, $4; Antique Greek Dance, $5; Maupassant, 17 volumes, limp leather, $14; Encyclopedia Britannica of Modern Cooking, 5 volumes, $5.50; Huneker's Old Fogy, First Edition, $3.50; Empire State Book Co., 107 East 59th Street, New York. (Plaza 0650).

FOR SALE—A PRIVATE LIBRARY, THE owner going out of the country; 1,500 volumes. Standard works, Belles-Lettres, History, Biography, Science and Miscellanies. Also a complete set of the books published by the Bibliophile Society of Boston. Correspondence solicited. A. B. Hervey, 34 Water St., Bath, Maine.

STORY OF THE BATHER AND THE King, illustrated, 50c. Musical Playlet of Poe's "Raven," 25c. "Happy Howie" (Village Laugh Book), 25c. Send for all for $1. Trend Publications, 5 East 12th St, New York.

CATHER'S MY ANTONIA, $1.35. HUNeker's Old Fogy, $1.35. Mencken's Europe After 8:15, $2. Frank's Rubaiyat Island, 50c. Gotham Book Mart, 128 West 48th St. (Bryant 6002).

THE TALMUD IN ENGLISH. ONLY complete edition, 10 volumes, offered to the trade and collectors. For quotations, write J. C. Williams, Publisher, 10 High St., Boston.

AMERICAN THEATRE PROGRAMS AS far back as 1788, for sale. State wants. James Madison, 1,495 Broadway, New York.

USED CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL courses bought and sold. Bargain catalogue 1,000 courses free. Students' Exchange, 47 West 42d St., New York.

CLEARANCE CATALOGUE OF MISCELlaneous old books now ready. R. R. Robinson, 416 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Advertising rate 12 cents a word.

Literature of Other Nations

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, 22 languages, $1.94 each language. Arabic, Cantonese, English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish. Pronunciation-Tables, 100 languages, 30c. each language; Afrosemitic, Amerindic, Eurindic, Indopacific, Siberic, Sinidic. Languages Publishing Company, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL BOOKSTORE, 5 Columbus Circle. Most complete line of Russian books and English translations of Russian authors. All English books on Russia. Expert salesmen in attendance. Krassnoff's "From Two-Headed Eagle to the Red Flag," on sale. Phone Columbus 7814.

G. E. STECHERT & CO., 151 WEST 25TH Street, New York, supply from stock or by importation books and periodicals in any language. Branches: London, Paris, Leipzig. Ask for catalogue, mentioning subject interested.

FRENCH GUIDE TO LATEST BEST sellers; get our list with short, clear plot and character analysis of the most recent. A new kind of catalog for discerning readers. Chagnon & Co., 804 6th Ave.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN NEWSpapers and Magazines. Open until midnight. Foreign News Depot, Times Building (Subway Entrance, Downstairs), 42d St. and 7th Av.

SWEDISH, NORWEGIAN AND DANISH Books, Scandinavian Art Magazines. Books in English by Scandinavian Authors. Catalog free. Bonnier's, 561 Third Av.

FRENCH BOOKS AND MAGAZINES. Also French authors in English. Lists on request. French-American Book Shop, 71 West 96th.

LIBRAIRIE FRANCAISE, HOTEL BREvoort, New York—Latest French publications on sale. Information, lists mailed on request.

FOREIGN BOOKS, ALL LANGUAGES. Established 1853. Catalogue of French, Italian, Spanish or German. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH NOVELS AND PERIODICALS. Latest issues and titles received weekly. Meyer Mueri, 111 West 28th, New York.

SPANISH BOOKS AND MAGAZINES—Large stock, wholesale, retail, catalogues. James V. Lago, 128 West 14th.

VERY ATTRACTIVE FRENCH CATAlogue just out. Sent upon request. Zabala & Maurin, 5 West 47th.

GERMAN BOOKS—LARGE, WELL SElected stock. Beyer's Bookshop, 207 Fulton St., opposite Terminal. Upstairs.

FRENCH BOOKS, OLD AND NEW. Dorbon-Aine, 561 Madison Avenue, at 56th St.

Stamps and Coins

BOOKS, STAMPS, MAGAZINES, ANY quantity; old United States stamps especially wanted. Open evenings. Miller's Book and Stamp Exchange, 194 Second Avenue. Tel. Stuyvesant 6602.

100 DIFF. STAMPS, 15C. BETTER, 25C. The best, $1. Jos. Gallant, Hempstead, N. Y.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND STAMP COLlections bought. William Casement, 233 West 42d Street.

COLLECT STAMPS—I BUY AND SELL. A. Atha Love, Syracuse, N. Y.

Circulating Libraries

THE LATEST FICTION AND NONfiction books brought to your home or office at a nominal rental fee; regular weekly service, parcel post department for out-of-town residents. Write or phone for book lists and terms. Morrison Library Service Company (founded 1913), 170 Broadway. Cortlandt 0643.

FRENCH CIRCULATING LIBRARY—All the new books, La Martyre de l'Obscy, Lucienne. Shog, 713 Madison Av., New York.

Scientific Books

G. E. STECHERT & CO., 151 WEST 25th Street, New York, have stock of half million books and periodicals, new and second-hand. Ask for catalogue on subjects interested in. Libraries purchased.

CHEMICAL, MEDICAL AND TECHNIcal Books; French and German. Monthly catalogue of importations gratis. Lemcke & Buechner, 32 East 20th St., New York.

Code Books

BENDINGER, 23 WHITEHALL ST., N. Y., most widely known publishers and distributors of Commercial Code-Books. Buy, Sell, Trading encouraged; circulars free upon request.

Community Book Shops

SEXOLOGY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS. Send for new catalogue. The Bookery, 14 West 47th St., New York.

Bargain Offers

BURTON'S ARABIAN NIGHTS, 17 volumes, $40. Books bought. Furman, 244 West 41st St., New York.

BARGAIN CATALOG OF NEW BOOKS sent free. C. W. Clark Company, 131 West 23d St.

Rare First Editions

LOVES OF CLITIPHON AND LEUCIPPE —"Most Delectable and Pleasant Historie"; fine example Elizabethan prose and modern bookmaking; Burtonian interest. Free prospectus. Bluefann Books, 122 E. 25th St., N. Y. City.

WE SPECIALIZE IN FIRST EDITIONS—modern and old—private press books and art books. Catalogues issued. Books bought. Miller & Beyer, Inc., 50 West 49th Street, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, CATAlogue five, parts one and two just off the press. Catalogue six, old rare and curious books, in preparation. The Aldus Book Shop, 232 East 49th St., New York.

AN ANNOTATED CATALOGUE OF books printed prior to the year 1800 will be sent to collectors upon request. W. A. Gough, 41 East 60th St., N. Y.

RARE BOOKS: OLD, MODERN; FIRST editions Curious, Cruikshank, etc. Send for catalogue. Bibliophile, 106 Brookside Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

PRIVATE SALE, 400 GRAND STREET, Newburgh, N. Y. Only worth while books. Catalogues. John Gallotti.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS, MODERN First Editions. Books by Private Presses. Catalog on request. Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Ave., City.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS—SUMMER catalogue just issued. Centaur Book Shop, 1224 Chancellor St., Philadelphia.

Out-of-Print

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS THOROUGHLY searched for and found expeditiously. No charge or obligation for this service. Our system locates books and magazines of every nature and description that you greatly desire and cannot obtain ordinarily. We have perfected our methods, which bring your particular inquiry and requirements to the attention of One Thousand antiquarians and booksellers in this country and Europe. We specialize in English books. First editions supplied. Imperfect sets completed. Send us your list of Out-of-Print Wants for immediate attention. Send your name for special announcements. American Library Service, Dept. 100, 500 5th Ave., New York. Telephone Longacre 10435.

FOR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND SPEcial subjects, write, phone or call Stammer, the bookhunter, 61 4th Ave., (opposite Wanamaker's), New York. Stuyvesant 2448.

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." Books out of print searched for gratuitously. Ginsberg's Book Shop, 1,821A Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FURNISHED. Catalogues issued. E. R. Robinson, 410 River St., Troy, N. Y.

50,000 RARE AND SCARCE BOOKS. Lists issued. Aurand's Book Store, Harrisburg, Pa.

Binderies

JAMES MACDONALD COMPANY — ESTablished 1890—216 West 18th St., City. Finest equipped bindery in America. (Purchasers of the "Club Bindery"). Special bindings for collectors. Extra fine binding for private libraries. Solander and slip cases of every description. Representative will call at your request.

I SPECIALIZE IN BINDING THE National Geographic Magazine. Prospectus on application. Missing numbers and complete volumes supplied; also do all other bindings. M. Kaufman, Bookbinder, 306 East 30th St. Regent 2197.

SEND YOUR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, Magazines, Periodicals for Eggeling's guaranteed binding. $1.50. Request descriptive literature. Eggeling Bookbindery, 10 E. 13th St. Stuyvesant 5913.

CORLISS, MACY & CO., 441 PEARL St., New York. Magazine, periodical and fine book binding. Established 1867.

Professional Services

TYPEWRITING — STORIES, PHOTOplays and poems accurately typewritten. Manuscripts revised and correctly prepared for publication. Mrs. J. L. Houck, Cordova, S. C.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHERS: PLAYS, Novels, Scenarios, Short Stories. Room 6, 133 West 44th Street. Bryant 8719.

INDEXING, CATALOGUING AND EDITing. Estelle L. Liebmann, care Ann Randall, Southbay Harbor, Maine.

Printing

WE PRINT: BOOKS OF FICTION, Poetry; Plays; Essays; Travel; History; Medical; Scientific; Convention Reports; Year Books; Cook Books; Directories, &c. Victor O. Boyle, Book Manufacturer and Publisher, 257-275 West 17th St., New York City.

PRINTING—CATALOGS FOR BOOKSELlers. Small editions for authors. Eugene Brothers & Bold, 313 Eighth Ave. Circle 4822.

Art and Applied Art

AT 14 EAST 57TH ST. SEE OUR Javanese Batiked Papers. Books on Costumes, Textiles, Graphic Arts, etc. Portoberg.

Books Wanted

WOMRATH, INC., LARGEST BOOKSELLers in New York, dealers in new and old books; largest circulating library in the world; 13 stores in New York, 20 stores in other cities. We buy books in any quantity; entire libraries or small lots purchased for cash. Our representative will call, make you an offer, which, if accepted, we will send expert packer with our automobile truck and remove books promptly at our own expense and without inconvenience to you. Calls made anywhere, whether you have a few books or thousands of volumes. We are interested and are in the market to buy them. Do not sell your library until you have received our offer. You are dealing with one of the largest most reliable firms in the City of New York. We have traveling representatives on the road at all times. If you are a great distance from New York, we will arrange to have one of them call on you when in your section of the country. If you live near New York we can usually arrange to have our buyer inspect your books within two or three days. E. R. Womrath, Inc., 42 Broadway, New York. Tel. Broad 3909.

THOMS & EBON INCORPORATED—A corporation with experience of thirty years in New York City, dealing in fine editions of Standard Sets, old and rare books and other literary property, etc., etc., are the largest buyers and distributers of standard works in sets and second-hand books in this country. We are in the market to buy for spot cash books in large or small quantities and entire private libraries. We especially desire fine sets, editions de luxe, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Book of Knowledge, Harvard Classics. Absolutely the highest prices paid. Our buyers make calls by appointment to appraise and pay cash for purchases. Books packed and removed promptly at our expense. Executors of Estates having books to dispose of should get in touch with us. The advantages accrued to the seller of books in dealing with a large concern are obvious. Thoms & Ebon, Inc., 24 Barclay St., New York. Telephone Cortlandt 8092-9065.

GET THE BEST PRICES FOR THE books you wish to sell. We make calls everywhere and buy for cash large or small lots, single volumes or entire libraries, and remove them promptly at our expense. Phone or write Henry Bee Company (Arcade Book Shop), 50 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Telephone Broad 4970.

SELL YOUR BOOKS TO US. WE ARE ready to buy any large or small collections at books, complete libraries or any literary property. Calls made everywhere. We pack and remove all books at our expense. For information write, phone or call Bargain Book Store, 80 Fourth Avenue, near 11th St. Stuyvesant 4818.

LIBRARIES WANTED — ESPECIALLY desired: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Harvard Classics, Book of Knowledge. All the standard authors in fine sets; and general literary property. Estates, executors and others will do well to consult Williams' Bookstore, under the Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS BOUGHT—FULL VALUE PAID for complete libraries or small collections of sets or miscellaneous works. Our representative will call and estimate. We remove books purchased immediately at our expense. Open evenings. Madison Book Store, 61 East 59th street, New York. Telephone Plaza 7391.

ABSOLUTELY HIGHEST PRICES PAID for entire libraries, large or small collections of books, magazines, pamphlets, prints, autographs, Spot cash; prompt removal. Will call anywhere. Libraries installed, appraised, catalogued. Correspondence invited. Samuel Dauber, 81 4th Av. Stuyvesant 1362.

SPOT CASH PAID FOR BOOKS, MAGAzines, pamphlets, complete libraries. Will call everywhere. Immediate removal. Stammer's Bookstore, 61 4th Av. (opposite Wanamaker's), New York. Phone Stuyvesant 2448.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LITERATURE Libraries, Old Historical Books, Old Acts and Statues of all States, purchased and sold. Rare Book Company, 30 Nassau St., New York City.

LITHOGRAPHS BY CURRIER & IVES and other American Lithographers, showing all field sports; also views of American Cities, of historical interest. Wanted by Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Avenue, New York.

CASH PAID FOR BOOKS CONTAINING colored pictures of birds, ships, Indians, Hudson River and New York. Arthur Carlson, 1,229 Barnes Avenue, New York.

McDEVITT-WILSON'S, 30 CHURCH ST. (Hudson Terminal). Private libraries bought for cash. Phone (1779 Cortlandt) and representative will call.

PERSONAL CALLS MADE FOR INSPECtion of your salable books. Write us! Large display new and old books for sale. Franklin Book Shop, 127 East 59th St.

PARK BOOK SHOP, 120 EAST FIFTYninth Street, will give good prices for your old books. Telephone Plaza 8067.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FINE sets and rare books. Thoms & Ebon, Inc., 24 Barclay St., N. Y. C.

WILL PURCHASE FINE SETS AND rare books. Guy Stonestreet, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Law Books

OLD LAW BOOKS WANTED—RARELY Acts and Laws especially. Send list or brief description. Business established twenty-five years. Address C. S. Hook, Weymouth Apts., Atlantic City, N. J.

Advertising rate 12 cents a word.

Specialists

THE NORTH NODE, AN OCCULT BOOK Shop, 24 East 52nd Street. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

AUTHORITATIVE WORKS OF BLOCH, Klaeh, Krafft-Ebing, Forel, Malchow, Talmey, Hebb, Robinson, Ellis, and others on Sexological and Psychoanalytical problems. Professional and Advanced Readers, catalog on request. The Book League, 17 West 60th Street, New York.

RARE AND OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND pamphlets relating to early American history, Western travels and explorations, State and Town History, Maritime, Revolutionary and Indian History, etc. Catalogues mailed on request. C. F. Libbie & Co., 2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

CALIFORNIA, INDIANS, BOOKS ON the Far West and American local history. One of the finest collections assembled now on view, or send for catalogues. I will buy any rare Western item, price no object. Edw. Eberstadt, 25 West 42d St.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Eleventh Edition. Handy volumes, 24S. Poetry, Volumes 1 to 14, complete, from 1912 to 1919 (including Amy Lowell, Masters, etc.), $25. Aldine Book Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ORIENTALIA, THE ONLY SHOP IN America dealing exclusively in Books on the East. Open from 10 to 6:30 the year around. Latest catalogues sent on request. 32 West 58th Street, N. Y. City.

INDIANS, WESTERN HISTORY AND Adventure. Over 5,000 volumes. Catalogues ready. Aldine Book Company, 418 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES — GRAMMARS and dictionaries. Benj. F. Gravely, Martinsville, Virginia.

General Items

OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSPAPERS—STREET News Stand, north end of The Times Building, Broadway and 42d St., 500 papers on display. Open all night.

ASTROLOGICAL AND RARE OCCULT books sold; also horoscope writing. Dr. Smallwood, 667 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS — CATAlogues free. B. Atkinson, 188 Peckham Rye, London, S. E. 22, England.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES TO be had at Abraham's Bookstore, 145 4th Ave.

BOOKS ON OCCULTISM AND KINDRED subjects. List free. The Grail Book Shop, Desk X, Washington, D. C.

Autographs

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. Letters of Washington, Lincoln and other Presidents of United States particularly wanted. Highest prices paid. "The Autograph Bulletin" mailed on request. Thomas F. Madigan (successor to P. F. Madigan, established 1888). The Autograph Shop, 9 West 47th Street, New York.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF FAMOUS People Bought and Sold. W. R. Benjamin, 1,476 Broadway, N. Y. Pub. "The Collector." 21 year. Established 1857. Send for free sample copy.

Children's Books

CHILDREN'S BOOKSHOP, 5 WEST 47TH St. Let us help you with the children's Summer reading.

NO SECT IS SACRED

How the Soviet Russian Government is endeavoring to stamp out religion, stirringly told by Louis Fischer, who knows Russia intimately.

Children are taught to despise ministers, priests and the Deity and religious instruction to children under 18 years of age is prohibited.

Christians, Jews and Moslems alike are ridiculed and their faiths held up to scorn.

JULY CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE

On News Stands 25 cents

$3.00 a year

Published by The New York Times Company

Latest Books

History and Biography

THE EARLY GENERATIONS OF THE DU PONT AND ALLIED FAMILIES. By H. A. du Pont. 8vo. New York: National Americana Society. Two volumes.

Genealogy of the well-known French-American family.

MY FATHER AND I. By Alice Hughes. 8vo. London: Thornton Butterworth.

Reminiscences by the daughter of Sir Edward Hughes, the painter.

ENGLISH DIARIES. By Arthur Ponsonby. 8vo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $7.50.

A review of English diaries from the sixteenth to the twentieth century.

OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME. Edited by George Depue Hadzsits and David Moore Robinson. 12mo. Boston: The Marshall Jones Company. MATHEMATICS. By David Eugene Smith. WARFARE BY LAND AND SEA. By Eugene S. McCartney. ROMAN POLITICS. By Frank Frost Abbott. CICERO AND HIS INFLUENCE. By John C. Rolfe.

Short studies of classical subjects.

HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA UNDER THE COMPANY AND THE CROWN. By P. E. Roberts. 12mo. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.20.

Being an edition in one volume of Volume VII. (Parts 1-3) of the historical geography of the dominions, edited by Sir Charles Lucas.

THE MAKING OF THE WESTERN MIND. By F. Melian Stawell and F. S. Marvin. 8vo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

A short survey of European culture.

THE SPIRIT OF ISLAM. By Ameer Ali Syed. 8vo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $5.

A history of the evolution and ideals of Islam.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ALVAH CROCKER. By William Bond Wheelwright. Folio. Fitchburg, Mass.: Douglas Crocker.

A biography.

THE GLASS PALACE CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF BURMA. Translated by Pe Maung Tin and G. H. Luce. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.25.

Most important of the native histories of Burma.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1800. University of Chicago Press.

Volume XIV., Part 2, of the papers of the Bibliographical Society of America.

Essays

SAILOR TOWN DAYS. By C. Fox Smith. 12mo. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Sketches of ships and sea ports in various parts of the globe.

IGNORANCE. By John Burnet. Pamphlet. New York: Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

The Romanes lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre May, 1923.

Poetry, Drama and Art

A BOOK OF LOVE. Translated by Witter Bynner from the French of Charles Vildrac. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Verse translations of the work of a French poet.

THE LOVER AND THE DEAD WOMAN. By L. Stanley Jast. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Six plays in verse.

LYRICS OF THE LINKS. By Francis Bowier Keene. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Collection of poems on the general subject of golf.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1922. Selected by Thomas Moult. 12mo. London: Jonathan Cape.

An anthology of American and British work.

THE GOOD COMRADE AND FAIRIES. By Paul Scott Mowrer. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A collection of verse.

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE. By A. Emerson Palmer. Pamphlet. Brooklyn: The Montague Press.

A philosophical poem.

AMERICAN POEMS AND OTHERS. By J. C. Squire. 12mo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

A collection of poems written in 1921 and 1922.

THE TRUMPETER OF THE DAWN AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred T. Story. 12mo. London: Selwyn & Blunt.

Collection of verse by an English poet.

THE ETCHINGS OF ANDERS ZORN. 8vo. New York: The Empire State Book Company.

Contains an introduction, notes and a hundred and one reproductions.

POEMS. Pamphlet. Michigan Agricultural College, Writers' Club.

Contains a selection of the work of a group of writers at Michigan Agricultural College.

Religion and Philosophy

ST. PAUL AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By F. R. Barry. 12mo. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.35.

An introduction to the Epistle to the Ephesians.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM IN RELATION TO THE PENTATEUCH. By Edouard Naville. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Translation of the work of a Swiss scholar.

PROPHECY AND THE PROPHETS. By Theodore H. Robinson. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Psychological study of the Biblical prophets.

PRESENTISM. Pamphlet. New York: The Presentist Society.

The philosophy-religion of and for today.

THE ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN AND OTHER SERMONS PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By R. H. Charles. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Sermons by the Archdeacon of Westminster.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A brief essay.

Fiction

ERIS. By Robert W. Chambers. 12mo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

New York theatrical and literary life form the background.

SNAKE DOCTOR. By Irvin S. Cobb. 12mo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

A collection of short stories.

THE DESERT HEALER. By E. M. Hull. 12mo. Boston: Small, Maynard Company. $2.

A new story by the author of "The Sheik."

NORTH OF 36. By Emerson Hough. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

A tale of Kansas and Texas in the days soon after the Civil War.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS. By Stephen Leacock. 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Humorous sketches.

ROMAN PICTURES. By Percy Lubbock. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Sketches of Roman colonists of "more or less English speech."

OCTAVIA. By Seymour Van Santwood. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

A story of ancient Rome.

THE NIGHT OF THE WEDDING. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 12mo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

Described as a romantic mystery novel.

Travel and Description

IRISH SPORT OF YESTERDAY. By Major A. W. Long. 8vo. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

Deals with life in the western region of Ireland.

New Editions

JASCOYNE. By R. M. Ballantyne. 12mo. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company. $2.

A new edition of a boy's book.

THE BODLEY HEAD QUARTOS. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. ROBERT GREEN: A Notable Discovery of Cosenage (1591); the second part of Conny-Catching (1592); the third and last part of Conny-Catching, a Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-catcher and a Shee Conny-catcher. GABRIEL HARVEY: Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets, especially Touching Robert Greene (1592). HENRIE CHETTLE: Kind-hartes dreame (1592). WILLIAM KEMP: nine dales wonder (1600). Four volumes. $1.60 each.

Reprints of old English texts.

Juvenile

FLORA, DORA AND MORA VISIT THEIR FAIRY GODMOTHER. By Martha Ellis Kramer. Pamphlet. New Orleans: The Louisiana Printing Company. 50 cents.

Story for children.

Science and Politics

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS. By Richard Maurice Bucke. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

A study of the evolution of the human mind.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES. By Sir Bampfylde Fuller. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

A study of man's relation to the past and to the future.

THE REFORMATION OF WAR. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

The author believes war is inevitable, but that the weapons will be completely changed.

PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS. By Amos Daniel Morse. 8vo. Boston: The Marshall Jones Company.

Collection of political essays.

THE DOMINANT SEX. By Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 8vo. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $3.

A plea for the absolute equality of the sexes.

Miscellaneous

FISCAL FUNCTIONS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS. By John D. Chapman. 12mo. New York: The Ronald Press. $2.50.

An explanation of the handling of Government funds by the Federal Reserve Banks.

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE. 8vo. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.

A dictionary of business and legal terms.

A PRIMER OF CITIZENSHIP. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

A simple statement of the American system of government and the requirements of good citizenship.

SELF-HEALING BY AUTOSUGGESTION. By A. Dolonne. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

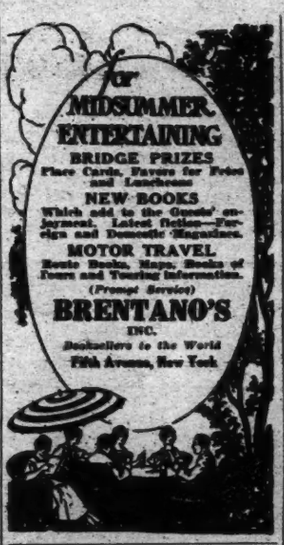
Translation of a French study.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT OPIUM. By Herbert A. Giles. Pamphlet. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons. 9 pence.

Written by the Professor of Chinese in Cambridge University.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. By Henry Parker Willis. 8vo. New York: The Ronald Press. $10.

An extended account of the legislation leading up to the Federal Reserve system.



Edwin Francis Edgett in the Boston Transcript says of

THE MYSTERY ROAD

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"Its scenes are diverse, moving from France to England and back again to France, and it is in many ways the best plotted, the best written and the most entertaining of Mr. Oppenheim's stories. And as he has written almost a hundred of them, this seems to be saying a great deal."

$2.00 at all Booksellers

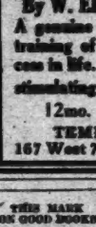
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, Boston

THE EARLY GENERATIONS of the
Du PONT and ALLIED FAMILIES
by
Col. H. A. Du Pont
In Two Volumes — $10.00 Net
A genealogy entwined with the story of
THE HUGUENOTS.
National Americana Society
44 East 23rd St., N. Y. C.

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS
By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI
Do not miss reading it
All bookstores, $3, postage extra
E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N.Y.

The Psychology of
SUCCESS
By W. ELLIS WILLIAMS
A genuine guide book to the training of the mind for success in life. Clear, convincing, stimulating.
12mo. Cloth, $2.00
TEMPLE SCOTT
167 West 72nd St., New York

THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS



In this space Mr. HUEBSCH names an important book every week. See it at any book store.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE
by
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
75c

West of the Water Tower

"I have just finished 'West of the Water Tower' and like it immensely, as a piece of brilliant and original realism. The entire relation between Guy and Adrian Plummer, — its changes, tragedies and comedies—is a masterpiece. 'West of the Water Tower' is a wonderful performance. All good luck to it!"

—*Edith Franklin Wyatt*

Wherever Books Are Sold $2.00

Harper & Brothers
49 East 33rd Street
Established 1817
New York, N. Y.

The House of the Secret
From the French of CLAUDE FARRÈRE

N. Y. Times: "A new stunt in the story of romantic mystery."
Boston Herald: "The weirdest mystery story of the season."
Literary Review: "Extraordinarily tense and hair-raising."
The Outlook: "A tale which startles by its vividness and its fascination over one's imagination . . . supremely well done."

First American edition, $2.50, postage extra. Any bookstore.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Self-Healing by Autosuggestion
From the French of A. DOLONNE

A. DOLONNE, the author, says:
"To some people autosuggestion appears to assume the character of occultism. They think they have to deal with some suspicious and dangerous natural force. I propose to dissipate their mistrust by showing that it acts here only as a therapeutic treatment, based on the widest and most assured scientific principles."

At all bookstores, $1.50, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

CLARA D. PIERSON'S
Living With Our Children
Little Essays for Mothers

MRS. CLARA DILLINGHAM PIERSON, author of "Among the Meadow People," and similar stories, has had a unique practical experience in the care and training of children. This book has a broad sympathy with modern methods and yet it holds to the elementals in the training of a child and clearly shows that the best of child training has not yet been reached. It makes for a better proportioned sense of social relationships.

At all bookstores, $2.00, postage extra,

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Diary of a Drug Fiend
By ALEISTER CROWLEY

A terrible story, yet one of hope and beauty, a revelation of a startling abyss, and of a saving power. The feeling grows as one reads that this story is true not only of one weakness but of all kinds of human weakness. It is not the painful pages which haunt the reader; the vision of strength sublime is what remains.

All bookstores, $2.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

"A solid chunk of entertainment from cover to cover".
STRICTLY BUSINESS
By MORTON HOWARD

A rollicking wharfside yarn of four jolly and carefree "happy rascals" who use their wits to make a living after their old coaster, the "Jane Gladys," is stranded at last.

Any bookstore, $2.00, postage extra.

The Times: "His stories are extraordinarily good and most amusing."

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

This actually happened in a directors' room

It helps to explain why executives are turning to the Alexander Hamilton Institute in larger numbers than ever before

IN the quiet, almost luxurious, directors' room the department heads of a certain large manufacturing company were called together by the general manager.

One after another the production manager, the purchasing agent, the head of the planning department and the sales manager expressed themselves. The burden of each man's excuse was the same: "If I had received proper co-operation from the other departments we would have met our quota easily."

The general manager spoke last, a keen, aggressive man of thirty-eight, who had been brought in from the outside.

"Gentlemen, you have told me far more than you imagine," he said. "It's perfectly clear what is the matter with this concern. You men have forgotten that it is *a business* and not merely a collection of departments. You are first-class specialists, cracker-jacks in your own departments, but

Gentlemen, you are mighty poor business men"

They were too stunned to answer.

"I'll repeat it," the general manager said, "You—all of you—are poor business men. You're a group of stars, but you aren't a team. Each of you knows his own viewpoint; he knows his work and knows it well. But you do not know enough about each other's problems to make this company an effective business unit.

"The sales department has got to know more about production, and accounting and costs; the production department has got to think more in terms of sales and credits—each one of you has got to get some *vision of business as a whole*, in all its varied and inter-related departments. That's what this company needs—and it needs it badly."

The next day, at the general manager's invitation, a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute visited that office; and every department head enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute was founded by a group of business leaders who recognized that modern business was tending to produce specialists rather than to develop executives.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

That the Institute's training is vitally sound and practical is proved by the fact that men like the following form its Advisory Council:

Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; General Coleman du Pont, the well-known business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the Engineering Colleges, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and member of the firm of Hurdman and Cranstoun; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

More than 27,000 presidents enrolled

Its appeal has been always to successful men, to men of mature years who had already made a favorable start in their chosen line of work. More than 27,000 presidents and business heads have enrolled, many of them in company with their most trusted associates.

This is the significant thing, however: *In the past six months the number of enrolments received by the Institute has been larger than that at any similar period in its history; the average age of the men enrolling has been higher; their present position in business higher on the average than ever before.*

As never before, the *leaders* of business enterprises are demanding better business training for themselves and for the men on whom they most depend. The coupon below will bring you information about how *you* can get this training.

These universities and colleges have used parts of the Institute Course in their classroom work:

Albion College
Boston University
Brown University
Cedar Crest College
Coe College
College of the City of New York
College of William and Mary
Colorado College
Columbia University
Cornell University
Creighton University
Dartmouth College
Denver University
Duquesne University
Elmira College
Georgia School of Technology
Gonzaga University
Grinnell College
Kansas City University
Kansas State Agricultural College
Lafayette College
Lake Forest University
Lawrence College
Marquette University
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Miami University
Middlebury College
New York University
Northwestern University
Ohio State University
Ohio University
Oregon Agricultural College
Pennsylvania State College
Purdue University
Queens University
Rose Polytechnic Institute
Simmons College
South Dakota State College
State College of Washington
Syracuse University
Trinity College
Vanderbilt University
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
University of Akron
University of Arizona
University of British Columbia
University of California
University of Chicago
University of Cincinnati
University of Colorado
University of Illinois
University of Indiana
University of Iowa
University of Kansas
University of Michigan
University of Minnesota
University of Montana
University of Nebraska
University of Oregon
University of Pittsburgh
University of Texas
University of Washington
University of Wisconsin
Washington and Lee University
Yale University

Subjects Covered

The subjects covered by the Course and Service are treated under the following main heads:

Business and the Man
Economics—The Science of Business
Business Organization
Plant Management
Marketing and Merchandising
Salesmanship and Sales Management
Advertising Principles
Office Administration
Accounting Principles
Credit and Collections
Business Correspondence
Cost Finding
Advertising Campaigns
Corporation Finance
Transportation
Foreign Trade and Shipping
Banking
International Exchange
Insurance
The Stock and Produce Exchanges
Accounting Practice and Auditing
Financial and Business Statements
Investments
Business and the Government

Will you spend an evening with the facts?

The facts about the Institute's Course and Service are condensed into a booklet that aims to answer every question which a thoughtful, ambitious man is likely to raise.

To promote a wider understanding of its training, its purposes and its results, the Institute offers a copy of this booklet to any reader of this publication who will request it. In a single evening you can have the full facts. The booklet is called

"Forging Ahead in Business"

Just what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; just how it has helped to solve the problems of hundreds of businesses in every line; just how individuals have used it to increase their own progress and earning power—all this is contained in "Forging Ahead in Business." It is a book worth adding to any business library; for your convenience in sending for your copy a coupon is attached.

Alexander Hamilton Institute,
396 Astor Place,
New York City.

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Name .....
Print here
Business Address .....
.....
Business Position .....

Copyright, Alexander Hamilton Institute.